EUROPEAN DAYS AND WAYS

JAMES · F · RUSLING

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St. Paul's Cathedral

EUROPEAN DAYS AND WAYS

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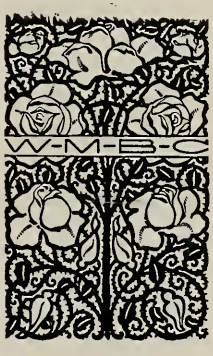

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AT HOME AND

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PREFACE

F course, there are many Books of Travel, and yet there seems room for this one more. In 1899 I went abroad, with my wife, son, and daughter. We landed at Naples, and traveled thence through Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England, and Scotland. Before leaving home, after much inquiry and searching many libraries, I could find no single book covering our entire proposed route and these several countries well, and have found none since giving things as we saw them. Moreover, my son had already been over twice, and so enabled us to see, I think, at least twice as much as Americans usually see, and to see things twice as well. Hence this volume, which really seems needed by Americans going abroad, and by others fond of European travel by proxy. It is not a Guide-book, nor a "Sentimental Journey," but a common-sense account of Europe as it is.

It goes without saying, no two persons see the same things when abroad, nor see the same things

in the same way. Their opportunities are different, and their view-points different, and so, of course, their impressions will be different. But I have endeavored faithfully to report what we saw and experienced, and this volume is the result. In the hope that it may prove not altogether uninteresting to the reader, but may lighten some dull day or cheer some passing hour, it is now sent forth.

J. F. R.

Trenton, N. J., 1902.

For he who knows a book to read
May travel lightly without steed
  And find sweet comfort on the road.
He shall forget the rugged way,
Nor sigh for kindly company,
  Nor faint beneath his load.

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Chapter I

ND so at last we were going abroad. It had been my eager desire since my college days. But somehow something always intervened—business, illness, the war, or otherwise—until it seemed we never would get off. But now, in 1899, we decided to go anyhow—partly for rest, partly for pleasure—and so on May 27th we sailed from New York. What Route

Our first thought had been to make a short trip, and go only to England, Scotland, France, and Switzerland; but afterwards we decided to take in Italy, Austria, Germany, Holland, and Belgium also. How should we go? If to England first, and then down to Italy, we would have to pass over the same route twice, in whole or part, and take the chances of hot weather in Italy. But if to Italy first, we could then come north with the summer, and keep always in "fresh woods and pastures new." We weighed both routes well, but finally decided to go *via* the Mediterranean and land at Naples.

Our next question was, by what line should we go—by swift or slow steamers? The one would take five and a half or six days; the other ten or twelve days. As we were in no hurry, and wanted the sea voyage anyhow, we decided for the slow steamers,

and were never sorry we did so. They go plenty fast enough—about four hundred miles a day. They are more easy and steady in heavy seas, not being "rushed" so much. And for comfort, enjoyment, and safety, I think they are much to be preferred.

And so we sailed May 27th, as I have said, on the good steamer *Aller*, of the North German Lloyd Line. We left the pier at Hoboken soon after 11 A. M., with farewells to the friends who had come to see us off, and passing New York and Staten Island (they never seemed more lovely) were off Sandy Hook by 12.30 P. M. Here we struck straight out to sea, and were soon out of sight of land. It was an ideal day, with May still lingering in the lap of spring, and the ocean swells were just enough to remind us that we were venturing into the realm of Father Neptune. A little land-bird flew aboard and hopped cheerily about the deck for a while, but presently stretched his wings and departed for Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. It was a little incident, but we accepted it as a good omen, and bade him God-speed back to America.

We found the *Aller* large and roomy, and everything that could be desired. Her staterooms were clean and sweet; her cabin spacious, if not palatial; her table profuse and excellent. We had only ninety cabin passengers on board, though she had a capacity for about three hundred. We had several hundred steerage passengers besides, chiefly Italians tired of America and returning to sunny Italy. Many, however, were only going over for a visit, and expected soon to return here again. Our cabin passengers were chiefly Americans bound for Italy and the usual European tour,

though two or three were going on to Turkey, Russia, and the Caucasus. They were mainly from Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois. But we had one from Mexico, and a newly-married couple from Australia. The Mexican was a German, who had gone to Mexico in the days of Santa Ana, and had served under Juarez against Maximilian, and was now a prosperous coffee planter and warm friend of President Diaz. He had two sons—one a coffee planter, the other a mine-owner—and he was never weary of praising Mexico and the Mexicans. He declared Mexico was the best country and the finest climate in the world, and her government in some respects superior to the United States. But he liked Americans, too, and was only sorry more of them did not come down to the land of the Montezumas. He was on his way to Italy and Switzerland, where he always spent his summers, returning home in the autumn *via* Germany and England. The Australians were art students *en route* to Rome and Florence, to study music and painting. We had also an Italian opera-singer or two, returning for rest and refreshment, and expecting to revisit America again the following winter.

Our New Englanders were largely a "personally conducted party," chiefly from Boston and near-by places—schoolteachers, business men, etc.—and flocked much together, of course. We had also two young collegians from New York, just fresh from graduation, and still frolicsome as colts; also a bevy of young ladies from there, who kept the ship from getting dull. Also grave physicians, anxious bankers,

and hard-worked lawyers, from New York, Newark, Philadelphia, and other cities, and matronly ladies, the wives or friends of these. The Westerners were breezy and affable, as usual. We had also two or three Roman Catholic clergymen; but these kept much to themselves, though not averse to a talk or smoke when duly approached. One was from Washington, D. C., a scholarly and modern man, on his way to the "Eternal City" to see things for himself. He was as full of romance and enthusiasm about Rome as Luther when he first journeyed there. I wonder whether he got his "eyes open," like Luther also? Or did they become more than ever hermetically sealed? We were two Sundays on the ocean before we reached Naples, but were favored with no religious services of any kind by anybody.

Our good ship *Aller*, as I have said, belonged to the North German Lloyd Line, and was a good illustration of German enterprise and skill. She was admirably built and equipped, and had been a first-class liner in her day, though no longer new. But she was large and roomy, with great steadiness and fine seagoing qualities, and has but few superiors afloat. She was 455 feet in length, of 5,217 tons burden, of 7,500 horse-power, and could easily make four hundred miles a day, and keep it up. Her decks furnished an excellent promenade, and we took daily walks here at all hours, but especially mornings and evenings. She was really a floating hotel more than a ship, with hot and cold water everywhere, salt-water baths, electric lights and bells, etc., and everything that could reasonably be desired. Here are a few of her staple equip-

ments: About 35,000 yards of carpet, 12,000 napkins, 10,000 towels, 7,000 sheets, 6,000 plates, 3,000 knives and forks, 3,000 spoons, 2,000 tumblers, 1,000 napkin-rings, 1,000 cups and saucers, 1,000 counterpanes, 1,000 pillows, 500 mattresses, 500 finger-bowls, and 500 salt-cellars. Besides these she had a cold-storage room, a butcher-shop, a bakery, an apothecary-shop, a hospital, a printing-office, and an elaborate kitchen, with supplies of all kinds to last both ways—including American ice-cream — this for her cabin passengers alone. And then there were her steerage passengers and crew besides. Furnishings

Steerage Passengers

This was only one of the many steamers of this great steamship line. Its headquarters are at Bremen, Germany, and from there it runs lines to New York, Baltimore, Galveston, Brazil, Argentina, the Mediterranean, India, Japan, Australia, and about all over the globe. It was organized in 1857, with only $3,000,000 capital; but now has a capital of $20,000,000. It began business with only one steamer, but now has a fleet of nearly one hundred, with as many more lighters, with a total tonnage of over 30,000. Its total crews comprise nearly six thousand officers and men, mostly first-class, all on a common roster, like the navy, and promoted from

ship to ship, as vacancies occur. The order and discipline of the *Aller* were superb; every man knew his place, and kept it; every one his duty, and did it. All this speaks well for the German marine, and a German navy will follow as a matter of course—"first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." Her marine will be only the nursery of her navy, and all the world may as well take warning. The German emperor evidently "means business;" but I think John Bull and Brother Jonathan will know how to care for themselves.

One day a little party of us descended into the engine-room of the *Aller*, and explored the bowels of the great ship from stem to stern. It was hot and slippery, with grime and grease everywhere; but we saw a good deal that was interesting and instructive, and learned more about the practical workings of an ocean steamer than otherwise obtainable. The firemen, at work before the roaring furnaces, were stripped to the waist, with the perspiration streaming from their faces and bodies. The throb of the engines was like the beating of one's heart. And the long shaft leading to the screw, as thick as one's body—upon whose strength and solidity the very life and speed of the vessel depended—worked away as smoothly and regularly as a bicycle or a sewing-machine.

The second day out we struck the Gulf Stream, and for two or three days the weather was warm and muggy, with dashes of rain. But after that we had mostly ideal weather, with the sea like a mill-pond, and the sky serenely blue by day and ablaze with stars by night. We saw schools of porpoises racing with

the ship, and flying-fishes every day, but only a solitary whale, and he so far away we were not sure it was a whale. We met very few vessels, scarcely any until we passed the Azores; but from there to Italy had sight of one or more every day. It was a long sail from New York to the Azores—nearly a week—and the ocean seemed daily more vast and illimitable, if possible. No wonder the poets speak of it as "the image of Eternity!" On land you have always something to go by, and to measure with—such as houses, fields, forests, mountains, etc; but at sea you are only a speck among boundless and trackless waters—vast, illimitable, sublime—with the sun mocking at you by day and the moon and stars by night, and a man never seems so infantile and helpless. In this six days' voyage we sighted only two or three vessels—far distant as a rule—and what would have happened in case of a fire or accident, we did not care to think much about. Few of our passengers were seasick, the ocean was so smooth, and all soon got their "sea-legs" on, and walked the decks constantly, or reclined in their steamer chairs wrapped in their rugs and shawls. It was not cold, but often breezy and damp, and the sea-air usually necessitated an extra coat or wrap. Our fellow-passengers, as a whole, were social and agreeable,—chatty, well-mannered, well-conducted, and far less addicted to card-playing and wine-drinking than we anticipated. Nearly everybody smoked, but there was no drunkenness, and little gambling or profanity. The chief occupation was talking and reading, sleeping and writing diaries. I slept much the entire voyage, but especially the first week. I had been very busy for

several weeks before leaving home, and needed rest, and now got more solid sleep to the square inch than ever before in my life. My physicians had often prescribed an ocean-voyage as a means of rest and recreation (re-creation, in the true sense of that word), and now I took their prescription to the full. We had three full meals a day—breakfast, 8 A. M.; lunch, 1 P. M.; dinner, 7 P. M.—with refreshments on deck between meals, and, as a rule, all ate heartily. Our meats and fowls were excellent—kept in cold storage. Our fruits—apples, cherries, oranges, bananas, grapes, etc.—kept in the same way, and fresh as in New York or Naples. May 30th was "Decoration-day," and our ladies suddenly blossomed out in Red, White, and Blue, with miniature American flags everywhere. The ship's band at dinner gave us all the American airs, winding up with "America" and the "Star-spangled Banner," and all responded with hearty applause. We had no speeches, as we ought to have had. But we were just out of the Gulf Stream.

We struck the Azores, June 1st, late in the afternoon, and encountered a large three-masted schooner well in shore. Flores and Corvo were the first in sight, and we welcomed their green fields and fleecy waterfalls. We did not stop, but could see the scattered farmhouses and distant villages as we skirted by, with the surf breaking on the rocky cliffs. It soon grew dark, and then we could only catch the lights twinkling here and there on land. The next morning, before sunrise, we sighted Pico, a magnificent conelike peak, shooting up over seven thousand feet, as if out of the very sea, and the sun came up out of the ocean like a ball of

fire while I was gazing through my porthole at the glorious little island. From thence on until well into the afternoon the Azores were all about us, and land never seemed more beautiful. There are nine of these islands—San Miguel, Santa Maria, Terceira, San Jorge, Pico, Fayal, Graciosa, Flores, and Corvo—with an area of about seven hundred square miles, and a total population of about two hundred and sixty thousand. The Carthaginians seem to have been here once, and then the Azores were lost sight of, and not rediscovered until 1432, or thereabouts, by Cabral, a Portuguese navigator. Portugal in those days was a great power, and the Portuguese a live people. The Azores still belong to Portugal, and the population is mostly Portuguese, with a considerable influx of Flemish blood, which took place in the fifteenth century, when Spain was harrying the Netherlands, and it is still apparent here. The climate is mild and equable, the thermometer seldom rising above seventy-five degrees or sinking below fifty degrees; and hence Fayal, San Miguel, etc., are great health-resorts. I think I would like to spend a winter here, and get away from the dreadful cold and fog and snows of New Jersey in January, February, and March, usually so

THE AZORES

trying to one's health and temper. The islands are all of volcanic origin, and their soil astonishingly fertile—producing oranges, lemons, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits in great abundance. Many of the orange-trees are two and three hundred years old, and still in full bearing and beauty. They blossom from January to March, when the air is loaded with their delicious perfume, which is often wafted out to sea to passing vessels. The largest town is Punta Delgada, a place of twenty thousand inhabitants, and quite a winter resort. We did not stop at any of the Azores, but slowed up off Punta Delgada, and threw a package of newspapers and letters in oilskin overboard, as mail for the German consul there, and which his rowboat, manned by two ragged and picturesque Portuguese, hastened to pick up and carry ashore. Our captain invited many of us up on the "bridge," and from this greater elevation we had charming views of the town and surrounding country. The islands seemed to be well cultivated and fairly inhabited, with stately churches gleaming here and there; but the roads were only donkey-trails, "over the hills and far away." Fishing-boats were numerous, and evidently the inhabitants cultivate the sea quite as much as the land.

We were here on the track of Columbus, and had been for several days, sailing over his original course, when he discovered America.

"Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him only ghosts of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas."

But he stuck to his job, in spite of all obstacles and opposition, and so won at last, all honor to his heroic soul! Here, indeed, were the "gray Azores," gray and spectral, in truth, in the morning mists, but sparkling like diamonds at midday, and seeming like bits of Paradise or real Gardens of the Hesperides after our long sea voyage from New York. In 1493, returning from his first voyage of discovery, in the little *Niña*, Columbus was overtaken by a terrible storm in mid ocean, and he and his crew made a vow to the Holy Virgin, that if saved, on reaching land they would walk bareheaded and barefooted, and with no clothes on save their shirts, to the nearest shrine, and offer thanksgiving. The storm abated, and they landed on Santa Maria, and proceeded to fulfill their vow; but the governor, one Don Joao de Castanheda—doubtless a hard-headed old soldier, and with little respect for saints and vows—ordered them all arrested as scandalizing pirates, and only released them when Columbus subsequently produced his great commission from the King of Spain. This was February, 1493, and in June, 1899, four hundred and six years afterwards, we passed the same spot, but without any such pious pilgrimage or possibility of arrest.

Two days afterwards we sighted the coast of Spain (June 4th), and soon were off Capes St. Vincent and Trafalgar, where, a century ago nearly, Lord Nelson won his great victory over the combined French and Spanish fleets, and broke the sea-power of Napoleon forever. It was a rude awakening for the great Corsican, as he counted on victory there; but English grit and skill were too much for him, and Trafalgar sounded

the knell of his power on sea, as Waterloo soon did of his power on land. Had he won at Trafalgar, there likely would have been no Waterloo, and the face of the world would have been greatly changed. But Horatio Nelson was too much for Villeneuve, and it is no wonder the French admiral blew out his brains; and he was a brave and capable officer, too. We recalled Nelson's great battle-signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." And they did it, too, and made the names of Nelson and Trafalgar memorable in history forever.

Here we encountered steamers and sailing vessels again, as off Sandy Hook; and gulls, wild ducks, and porpoises became much in evidence. On shore there were lighthouses and cable-stations, and soon signal-flags were flying, announcing the *Aller's* safe arrival thus far. The waves broke everywhere apparently against a bluff and rocky coast, and the country inland, as a whole, seemed barren and sterile. A range of mountains loomed along the horizon, but they were brown and treeless.

That night we passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and the next morning early (June 5th) anchored off the celebrated rock. We had coffee at 5 A. M., and at 6 A. M. a little steam tug or lighter took everybody ashore who wanted to go. Some did not care to do so, as they had been there before. But nearly all were glad to touch terra firma again. Soon we were ashore, and walking along the great mole and narrow streets, or climbing up the great rock. Of course, soldiers and military works are everywhere; but Gibraltar strikes you first as truly a cosmopolitan and polyglot place.

The town itself contains about twenty thousand population; but English, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, Arabs, Moors, Jews, all abound—each with their native tongue and in their national costumes—and the confusion and babel are picturesque and charming to the passing American. Here were Greeks, in their showy dress, with antiquities from Athens; Moors, in their flowing robes, with knives and curios from Tunis and Morocco; Spaniards, with grapes, and cherries, and exquisite oranges and lemons; but not a single Negro, which seemed extraordinary, Africa being so near.

GIBRALTAR

We took a carriage, of course, and drove through the city, and along the water-batteries, and through the Alameda, and out to Point Europa, and across the Neutral Ground (between England and Spain), and then ascended to the rock galleries and batteries, and indeed saw everything possible or permissible. The whole place is simply a gigantic rock, a quarter of a mile high and seven miles around, on the extreme end of the Spanish Peninsula, dominating the Straits of Gibraltar, and well called the "Key of the Mediterranean." No wonder Spain craves it and England holds it! Besides the immense batteries along the water front and sides, there are vast tunnels or

galleries through the rock itself, on different levels, with portholes and cannon every few yards—over three miles in all—and, first and last, over a thousand pieces of artillery are mounted here. A garrison of several thousand soldiers have their barracks and quarters near the top of the rock, and supplies of all kinds, enough to last for several years, are kept constantly in store.

The town is mostly along the water, but essays to climb the mountain also. Its streets are few and narrow, chiefly only ten or twelve feet wide, with footwalks two or three feet or more; and these zigzag up and down the mountain everywhere, but are well-paved and clean, and a delight to an American. The houses are of rough stone, or of cement and stucco, and generally are of white or cream color, though some are blue and red from Venice or the Orient. Many are built around little courts or gardens in the old Moorish style, and all seemed densely peopled. Children and goats swarmed everywhere, and everybody seemed industrious and contented. I did not see a frame building in the town; all were of stone or cement. I noticed an English church, a Roman Catholic church, a Wesleyan (or Methodist) church, a Young Men's Christian Association building, and several public schools, all of which seemed well attended. There was an excellent public market near our landing place, clean and well kept and supervised. Fruit-stands and wine-shops also abounded everywhere; but we saw no drunkenness or disorder, nor much real poverty.

There was a general absence of trees and soil, Gibraltar being mainly a sheer and naked rock over

thirteen hundred feet high. But the inhabitants make up for this by planting trees and shrubs and vines in the crevices of the rock, and in barrels and boxes; and Spanish chestnuts, English locusts, Italian pines, oranges, lemons, roses, geraniums, hollyhocks, palms, daisies, and morning-glories grow everywhere, all the year round. The general flora did not seem much different from what we have in New York and New Jersey in summer time; but here everything was on a larger scale, and more luxuriant, as if growing perennially. I never saw such big geraniums and magnificent morning-glories, and the mere recollection of them is an abiding delight.

We saw no apes or monkeys, though formerly abounding at Gibraltar. They were said to breed in the rocks and cliffs, and to appear and disappear periodically; but none were now visible. We were shown an old and dilapidated tree, called the "Ape-tree," in the Alameda, or public gardens, which monkeys were said formerly to frequent; but it bore no such fruit when we were there, and had not done so recently. What had become of the simians no one seemed to know, but at all events there were none there. The old tradition of their crossing from Africa under the straits by an underground passage (they are of an African breed) is evidently a myth, and such a transit clearly an impossibility. The straits are from ten to fifteen miles wide at the narrowest place, and, if there was such an underground passage, how could the apes and monkeys travel it in pitch darkness and mud and water? The Rock of Gibraltar itself abounds in natural caves and

caverns of unknown depth, never yet explored, as said, and the scenes of many a Moorish and Spanish tragedy. Doubtless the English do not care to have them known, but prefer to keep the Rock as mysterious and awe-inspiring as possible.

We saw several Spaniards with a herd of a dozen or so goats each, driving from house to house and milking them as wanted, selling milk pure and fresh from the fountain. Also another, with four handsome "Jersey" cows, doing the same thing. We did not see a milk-wagon or a milk-store in the whole place, and doubt if there is one. It is Spanish and Mediterranean generally to deliver milk only as above. And, it must be confessed, the plan has its advantages. No chance for the milkman to use the pump as his best cow!

The fine harbor, one of the best on the Mediterranean, was thronged with vessels arriving and departing. English, German, Spanish, Italian, and other liners halted while we were there—English for Egypt and India, German for North America and Australia, Italian for South America. Gibraltar is indeed a busy place, and abounding with interest. A great dock-yard and naval station are maintained here, as well as the gigantic and impressive fortress; and England clearly means Gibraltar shall defy the world. It certainly seems well able to do this. We saw her garrison on drill, a fine body of well-set-up officers and soldiers; and evidently they will give a good account of themselves, if ever called upon to do so.

It is an old, old place. The Romans were here once, and the Carthaginians and Phœnicians before

them. Then came the Moors—and there is an old Moorish tower and wall here still. Then came the Spaniards. But in 1704 Great Britian wrested it from Spain and has held it ever since, though Spain has often tried to recover it. In 1782, after Burgoyne's surrender, in the midst of our American Revolution, when things looked black for England, Spain made a supreme effort, aided also by France; but England proved too much for them both. How it stirs one's blood even to read about it! Spain and France sent two great fleets and forty thousand men—soldiers and sailors together—against Gibraltar, and the old rock seemed indeed doomed. But General George Elliott was there, with only 7,500 Englishmen, and he held on with a heroism and courage worthy of the best traditions of the British race. Two princes of France presided over the siege, and nothing was left undone to capture the place. They besieged it closely for over three years and a half, with land batteries and water batteries raining shot and shell by day and by night. Elliott's supplies ran short; he had not expected such a prolonged siege, nor anybody else. England failed to re-enforce him promptly, and famine and disease also joined force with the besiegers, and finally mutiny and insubordination temporarily also. But Elliott held grimly out, with the tenacity of a bulldog, with the courage of Grant and the genius of Dewey, and so saved Gibraltar to England and to Anglo-Saxon civilization at last. It was a great achievement, nobly and heroically done, and worthy of Gibraltar. Ever since, Gibraltar has been the "Key of the Mediterranean," never more so than

now, and to-day is England's first step on her great highway to India and China, and so well safeguards her "morning drumbeat" and march around the world. Of course, it goes without saying, England duly knighted the gallant Elliott, and to-day the stately statue of "Sir George Elliott" stands in the Alameda as a memorial forever, one of the royal family being sent from England to help dedicate it. All honor to the British Government and people!

From Gibraltar we passed on up the Mediterranean, often in sight of the coast of Spain or France, with their magnificent mountains looming along the horizon, and, skirting Sardinia, reached the Bay of Naples about midnight, June 7th. This whole Mediterranean voyage was hot and muggy, with showers threatening every day, but none coming. The sea was intensely blue by day, and the sky superb with stars by night. The sunsets were surprisingly beautiful. But the days were long and the nights tedious, and we were all glad when the last night came, with its customary ball on deck, with the German and American flags everywhere intertwined, and the band playing American airs. Soon after midnight we caught sight of the lights along shore at Naples, and presently dropped anchor. But we did not disembark until after breakfast next morning. And so ended our voyage over—4,224 miles from New York—without a mishap, thanks to Captain Peterman and his excellent officers and crew. It had taken us twelve days nearly, including our stops at Gibraltar—about a day beyond our schedule time.

Of course, we had to pass the ordeal of the Naples

custom-house. But this was soon over, only one of our several pieces of baggage being even looked into; and we did not have to "tip" the customs inspectors, either. My son's previous European trips and knowledge of Italian and Italian ways helped to speed things here. Then we called a Neapolitan cab, and drove to the Hotel Vèsuve, on the Via Partenope, and were in Italy at last.

Chapter II

E found the Hotel Vèsuve clean and inviting. It is six stories high, on the corner of two nice streets, and with a fine outlook to Mount Vesuvius across the bay. The broad Via Partenope, a new and handsome street, extends along its front and skirts the bay and harbor. The hotel itself is modern, and its decorations purely Pompeian. How simple and beautiful these are, both in drawing and coloring, was a surprise and delight. And then there are old Pompeian bronzes, marbles, and other antiquities besides, scattered about the hotel. It has an elevator—or "lift," as called everywhere abroad—baths, electric lights and bells, and most modern improvements. Its table was good, and the water pure and delicious.

Having secured our rooms and unpacked somewhat, we started out to see Naples. As a preliminary view we decided to take a street-car, trolley-car, and omnibus ride, that together would take us much around the city. As a rule, there is no better way in a new place, as you thus get a general view quickly, and then can go to special points afterwards on foot or by carriage. We went first up the Via Partenope, by the Villa Nazionale, to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and, ascending this, wound along the heights of St.

Elmo overlooking the city and bay, and so down to the National Museum, and then by the Via Roma and Toledo back to our hotel again. Afterwards we took our time to it, and saw Naples more at leisure, on that and subsequent days there.

The first thing that strikes you is, that Naples is an old place and a good deal of a city. The bay and harbor are magnificent, and renowned from antiquity. The Greeks, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Germans, Spaniards, and French have all been here, and all left their marks on the place. It is the metropolis of Southern Italy, with over five hundred thousand population and a garrison of ten thousand soldiers, and is a busy and growing city. It absorbs the trade and commerce of all that region, and reaches out to France, Spain, Tunis, and Mediterranean countries generally. It also has steamship lines to England, North America, and South America, and with all its historic past believes in itself and its future. It is widening and extending its streets, and building new and handsome suburbs, and is unquestionably the New York of Italy, and destined to continue so.

Naples is situated mostly on a mountain side, rising up abruptly from the sea, and extending, with its suburbs, from Mount Vesuvius on the east around to Pozzuoli on the west. Indeed, as a whole, nothing could be more picturesque and enchanting. Its new streets are broad and imposing, but its old ones zigzag everywhere along and up the mountain, often as broad steps or stairways only, eight or ten feet wide, and with houses on either side five or six stories high. Here, in these ancient streets, the Neapolitans fairly

swarm like bees; men, women, and children living and working in the open air by day, and sleeping heaven only knows how by night; with poor light, bad air, and next to no ventilation; setting all our modern ideas of sanitation at defiance, and yet apparently healthy and happy. The shops and trades all go on along the sidewalks *al fresco*. The domestic occupations are all performed in the doorways or windows. Children are washed and combed at the curbstone or door-sill. The washtub is a public institution, and the family clothes wave in every breeze, on lines that criss-cross all the dark alleys and narrow streets. I don't know anything more picturesque than "Old Naples," filled with these narrow streets and alleys. But, all the same, I wonder how human life manages to endure there. And yet it has endured for centuries, now, and these Neapolitans are apparently a strong and healthy race, too.

I have said Naples strikes one as an old, old place; and so it does, with all its modernity in some respects. It has old streets, old houses, old churches, old forts, and there is an air of antiquity about the whole place that harmonizes well with its history. Old forts and old convents crown the highest points about the city. The old city walls and city gates still stand in part, though the city has grown away beyond them; and out in the harbor old forts and old prisons are still occupied, though crumbling to ruins more or less. Right opposite to our hotel was a notable one of these, the Castello dell' Ovo, or Egg Castle, so named from its oval shape. It was erected in 1154, and was at once a chapel, a treasure-house, a palace, and a fort for the kings of those days. Its chapel was once adorned with

frescoes by Giotto, but they have long since perished. For centuries it held Naples under its guns, but now it is only a military prison, with crumbling walls and portholes, and could not stand a day against modern artillery. A company or two of soldiers still occupy it, and go through the forms of guard-mounting; but it is mainly a relic and a ruin.

In architecture, Naples is not bad, and some of it is very good. Her National Museum, Galleria Umberto, Royal Palace, chief hotels, and many private residences—especially on the newer streets—are all handsome and creditable. She has three hundred churches, none of them very good, but many might be worse. Her old cathedral of Saint Januarius—begun in 1272 on the site of a heathen temple of Neptune—is a basilica, with aisles of Gothic vaulting, rich in marbles and paintings, but noteworthy chiefly for the blood of the saint himself, who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian in 305. His holy blood liquifies three times a year—May, September, December—and according as its liquefaction is fast or slow, the season will be good or bad, the priests say. In 1814, when Joachim Murat held sway here, in the days of the great Napoleon, it refused to liquefy at all, and Naples was in great commotion, not knowing what was going to happen, and there was revolution in the air. But Murat sent for the archbishop, and told him if Saint Januarius did not liquefy as usual before nightfall, a squad of infantry would march into his palace-yard before morning and bleed him. It is needless to say, Saint Januarius soon began to liquefy as usual, and Naples went about its business as before.

The churches all seem old, and none are new. They all abound with frescoes and paintings, but the worshipers were few. Many of them seemed very old, and to be in the narrowest streets, the poorest quarters, and most out-of-the-way places. They seem to have cared little for "corner lots," like our American churches, but got themselves built anywhere and everywhere, indifferent to surroundings. Possibly they may have been well located originally, and have been overgrown and crowded out by after generations and subsequent buildings. But we found shops, stables, and worse places jam up against some of them, and but little reverence outside, however much inside—even at the very church doors. The houses are all of stone or cement. Indeed, we did not see a frame house or barn in all Naples. The houses seemed well built, with little wood about them, with iron beams, their floors tiled, their stairways iron and stone, practically fireproof, and a credit to their architects and builders. All the houses have low iron balconies to every window of every story, with potted plants and vines running over them, where the people largely live when not down in the street; and Naples might well be called "The Balcony City." The streets are well paved, with stone blocks about two feet by three, and the water supply is abundant and excellent. The latter is a matter of recent years, I believe; but now fountains and hydrants everywhere abound. Men, with hose on little wheels, sweep and wash the streets and plazas every day and night, and Naples, as a whole, seemed cleaner and sweeter than many American cities of its size, after all that has been said and written against Italy and the Italians by some

passing travelers. I do n't deny that there are some dirty and ill-smelling streets and courts there; but so there are in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston even.

Naples, as I have said, is built on a mountain side, street rising above street and zigzagging "every which way," with magnificent views from above over the bay and ocean. She gets up and down chiefly by cable-cars or "funiculares," as the Italians call them, that run every few minutes, and make excellent speed. She has also ancient streets that go straight up the mountain side, with broad stone steps, that a sure-footed horse or donkey can readily climb. She has also overhead trolley-cars (made in America), that run everywhere, and everybody patronizes them. Besides these, she has cheap cabs and omnibuses, and no Neapolitan ever walks when he can ride, though the lower classes, of course, go much afoot. The popular vehicle is the one-horse cab, to carry two or four, with low wheels, and a mere pony of a horse, but hardy and enduring. These horses come from Sardinia, and it is a sight to see them go. Their harness is literally covered with mountings and brasses. They have no bits, but a halter-like bridle, with a nosepiece that guides them right and left, as you pull the lines, and their drivers literally have no mercy on them. They crack their whips like pistol-shots, and go off on the run in the midst of crowded thoroughfares even, and collisions would be common were these Jehus not experts.

One evening we went to dine at the Restaurant Pallino, high up on the mountain, past Crispi's beautiful modern villa, and not far from Virgil's tomb. It was a lovely evening, with the sun setting in an un-

clouded sky. At our feet lay the city and bay, tinged with a thousand shadows and colors, of a beauty and a glory no artist ever dreamed of. Beyond rose Vesuvius, with his mighty flag of perpetual smoke and flame streaming on the wind—a faithful and mysterious sentinel over Naples always. We shall never forget that dinner and the ride up and back. There were four of us, besides the driver, in a one-horse cab. But the little Neapolitan horse trotted right along all the way there. The street was well graded, though the ascent was considerable. But when we returned he literally flew down the mountain side, on a full gallop much of the way, and everybody made way for us as a matter of course. In any American city we would have been arrested for fast driving; but Naples thought it all right—it was "the custom of the country." The drivers always carry a mess of oats and a wisp of grass somewhere about their cabs, and take good care of their ponies, though driving them unmercifully. They all belong to a General Cab Company, that controls the cabs of Naples, and their fares are moderate. We saw some two-horse carriages, or "landaus," also in use; but they were infrequent. It is these little one-horse cabs, that go racing and spinning everywhere, and at all hours of the day and night.

In one of these cabs we invaded "Old Naples" (as a whole section of the city is called) several times, and threaded its old streets, so narrow that two cabs can not pass in many places, and without sidewalks as a rule. Here everybody lives out-of-doors, and all passers-by walk in the middle of the street. Here everything smacks of antiquity—old houses, old churches,

old people, but with plenty of children sprawling everywhere; and I apprehend "Old Naples," in its manners and customs, people, occupations, and daily life, reproduces ancient Rome much as Cæsar and Virgil saw it.

Naples also abounds in street sounds, as well as street sights. Indeed, it is said to be the noisiest city in Europe, and one can well believe this. What with the trolley-cars and omnibuses, the clatter of the cabs, the cracking of whips, the braying of donkeys, and the shrill cries and songs of the street venders, Naples is never quiet by day or night. Her street noises, indeed, are constant and appalling. Everybody and everything seems screaming all the time, with a shrill tenor we never hear in America. And the mighty volume of her noise rises with a roar and resonance that wakes you in the morning, and is the last thing you hear at night. New York seems bad enough in this respect; but Naples is ten times worse.

Strada S. Lucia, Naples

As an art center, Naples has long been of interest, and she has done some good work, though much that is bad. Her climate and scenery naturally attract lovers of art, and her artistic sense is much apparent. Painters and sculptors are numerous, and in gems, jewelry, and the like, she makes a good showing. She has many

public monuments of a good type, and her equestrian statues of Victor Emmanuel and others are striking and effective. Her National Museum is an imposing building, well located, and is filled with a collection of statuary, paintings, bronzes, etc., that does her credit. It was originally a cavalry barracks (1586), but a century ago was changed into a museum of antiquities and pictures. Here are the famous Farnese Bull, and the celebrated statue of Hercules, found in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, but long ago brought to Naples. Both are exquisite in conception and finish, and Naples is proud of their possession, as well as of hundreds of other antiques, both Roman and Etruscan, more or less good. Here, also, are the chief art treasures of Pompeii and Herculaneum, exquisite and wonderful, and one can make a good study of both of these interesting places without going nearer than Naples. Here also are some wonderful frescoes and mosaics, both ancient and modern, and, in the picture galleries, Correggio, Titian, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and the great masters of the German and Flemish schools are well represented.

Her Galleria Umberto is an ambitious arcade of recent construction, in the heart of the city, at the intersection of three main streets, with two naves—one one hundred and sixty yards long and the other one hundred and thirty-three, each sixteen yards wide and one hundred and twenty-five feet high,—with an octagon in the center forty yards in diameter, surmounted by a dome of glass and iron one hundred and eighty-five feet high. It is adorned with statues of Olympic deities in marble and of angels in copper,

and has stucco and gilding everywhere, and at night is ablaze with electricity. It is crowded with shops and stores and cafés, and swarms with people day and night. The best people in Naples, as a rule, may be met here. But we also saw some of her *lazzaroni* on the steps outside, asleep in the sun at noonday, when everybody else sought only the shade. It is said to have cost four millions of dollars, but looks like a good investment.

Her Villa Nazionale, or Public Park and Garden, fronts along the sea, and is the central point of her chief hotels and pensions. The grounds are flat, but beautifully laid out, and handsomely embellished with trees and flowers. Many magnificent palms grow here in the open air, and the place is well worth seeing. In the evening there are open-air concerts here, and the crowds are immense. Near the eastern entrance is a large antique granite basin, brought from ancient Pæstum nearly a century ago, and beyond this is her celebrated marine aquarium, unique in its way. Here is the largest collection of marine animals in the world, including many specimens of electric eels, of the great octopus or devil-fish, crabs, cray-fish, living corals, and all the civilized nations on the globe, including the United States, contribute to its support as a school for naturalists. The devil-fishes were gruesome-looking monsters, though much inferior to Victor Hugo's in his "Toilers of the Sea." But this aquarium is a place of great and unique interest, and well repays a visit. We spent part of a day there very instructively, and intended to return again, but lacked the time. Of course, it is her proximity to the sea that gave Naples

the opportunity for this marine aquarium, and she deserves credit for having made the most of it, not only for Italy, but the whole world.

Naples also has her botanic garden, founded a century ago, and full of rare tropical and temperate trees and plants. Many of its trees are immense, a wonder and delight to the eye, and its roses and flowers are charming beyond description. We wandered through its broad paths and wide alleys, and beneath its umbrageous trees, and found many of the same roses that bloom in our yards at home. Indeed, much of the flora of Naples is the same as ours, though usually on a larger scale.

Altogether, it must be confessed, we were delighted with Naples, and much impressed with her size, importance, beauty, prosperity, etc. She is, indeed, "beautiful for situation," and Lord Byron was not far wrong when he wrote, "See Naples and die!" However, this was not his own, but an old Italian proverb, and the Italians, fond of sunny Naples and her superb bay and glorious Vesuvius, knew what they were about when they coined it. The Neapolitans are certainly a much better people than they have usually been represented. They have a low-down class, that are evidently the descendants of the old Roman slaves, with the same habits and customs, making little progress, and between whom and the better classes a great gulf still exists; but above these are their mechanics, builders, architects, manufacturers, merchants, etc., that would be a credit to any city, and Naples has her face set well to the future.

We found the evenings cool and delightful, with

a sea-breeze sweeping in from the bay, and the mornings charming. But in the middle of the day it grew hot and oppressive, and everybody took a "siesta" for two or three hours. We readily fell in with "the custom of the country," and soon had to exchange our American derbies for Italian straw hats (made in England), and wore these constantly, to our great comfort and protection from the Italian sun. We had to buy a sole-leather hatbox to carry our derbies; but while this seemed absurd at first, it proved to be one of our most useful pieces of luggage, carrying collars, cuffs, and neckties, as well as hats.

Chapter III

IDDING Naples good-bye, temporarily, we went by railroad to Castellamare *via* Herculaneum, June 10th. We did not stop at Herculaneum, as we were bound for Pompeii, and knew the latter much exceeded the former. It was a superb morning, and the railroad swept around the glorious Bay of Naples, and so off to the south. Market-gardens filled the suburbs, with men and women everywhere at work among their vegetables and flowers. Irrigation was the rule everywhere, by ox or donkey or man power, from ancient wells, that date back no doubt to old Roman days. They were also everywhere at work making "macaroni," and drying it in the sun—an established Neapolitan industry; for what would the Italian be without his "macaroni?" We reached Castellamare, about twenty miles from Naples, in an hour or so, and found it to be a good Italian town, on the Gulf of Naples, of some thirty thousand people, with considerable business and some foreign commerce, with a dockyard, etc. At the station, guides and hackmen assailed us, and we were surprised to be addressed in good English by one better dressed than his companions, who said he had recently spent three years in Belvidere, N. J., and had there learned "to talk American." We might have gone to Pompeii

by railroad direct, but wanted to see Castellamare, and also wanted the carriage-ride from there to Pompeii. We soon engaged a carriage, and set off for Pompeii. As we turned a corner of the street, suddenly we caught sight of an American flag streaming on the breeeze, over the American consulate, and involuntarily lifted our hats and cheered it. It was the first American flag we had seen since arriving in Italy, and "good for sore eyes." A little farther on we came upon the English consulate, with the Union Jack flying over it, and saluted that also, but not like "Old Glory." Once out of Castellamare, the drive to Pompeii, some five or six miles, was dusty and hot; but, with Vesuvius ever before us and the great memories of the past with us, we enjoyed every mile of the way.

We reached Pompeii about noon, and lunched at the Hotel Suisse, the best place there, but none too good. Flies and fleas both abounded, and it is difficult to say which were the worst. After our "siesta," or mid-day rest—essential everywhere in Italy—we secured a guide, and two good carriers with a rude sedan-chair, and entered Pompeii. The entrance is through beautiful grounds, abounding in oleanders and other flowering shrubs, and so to what was once the old Marine Gate, though now far from the waters of the bay. Evidently the sea has here subsided, or the land been elevated, which amounts to the same thing. The street passing through the gate seems too steep to have been used much by vehicles, and was probably used only by saddle and pack animals. There is a narrow sidewalk on the left for foot-passengers, but it is all very different from our modern ideas.

Pompeii was once a goodly city of thirty thousand souls, but is now only the skeleton or ghost of its former self. It was the Newport or Long Branch of its day, the favorite summer watering-place of Naples and Rome. Originally Oscan, it afterwards became Greek and then Roman, and was renowned through all Italy for its civilization and culture. But in the year A. D. 63, Vesuvius woke up, after being asleep for centuries, and a great earthquake occurred, that destroyed much of the city, overthrowing its temples, colonnades, theaters, dwellings, etc. Italy took compassion upon her, and sent great companies of mechanics, architects, and artists, to restore and beautify her. But in the year A. D. 79 Vesuvius broke loose again, worse than before, and finally destroyed Pompeii altogether. There was first a dense shower of ashes, to the depth of two or three feet, which permitted many of the inhabitants to escape, though over two thousand, it is estimated, perished. This was followed shortly by a shower of red-hot stones, that covered the city to a depth of seven or eight feet, and this again by a fresh shower of ashes, and again by stones, until the present superincumbent mass is from fifteen to twenty feet thick. The city was entirely overwhelmed and wholly lost to view, and became utterly forgotten for centuries. But in 1592 its ruins were accidently discovered while constructing a subterranean aqueduct, and about a century ago the Italian Government began to excavate and uncover it. The Bourbons did something on this line; but Murat and Victor Emmanuel and Humbert have done more, and in a few years they hope to have this ancient and his-

toric city wholly in sight again. Many of the objects discovered have been removed to the great National Museum at Naples; but they have also a museum and library at Pompeii, and, of course, the old ruins are there, and always will be.

Mount Vesuvius rises up in isolated majesty from the soft Campanian plain, some seven or eight miles away, to the height of about four thousand feet. How could he erupt and disgorge all this vast mass of ashes and stones, and hurl them this great distance to Pompeii? But it seems he did, incredible as it appears; and there is a record that in 1631 he hurled one stone of even twenty-five tons weight a distance of fifteen miles. A great old volcano he certainly is when he wakes up, though vineyards and farms now cover his flanks and shoulders, and all seems peaceful and serene, except his perpetual gonfalon of smoke and occasional muttering and grumbling. The ascent of Vesuvius is now made partly by "funiculare" (or cable-road), and partly on horseback, and the view from its summit must be superb and glorious. But the fatigue is great, and we did not feel equal to the occasion. Some of our steamer friends, however, made the trip, both ladies and gentlemen; but from their

Vesuvius

accounts afterwards we concluded we were wise in not attempting it.

In entering Pompeii, just beyond the Marine Gate, you come first to the museum on the right, and find it full of interesting and wonderful things. Here are exquisite marbles, bronzes, mosaics, etc., taken from the ruins, though many of the choicest have been removed to Naples and Rome. Here also are casts of men, women, and children, and of dogs, that perished in the eruption, but their bodies left molds in the ashes, and these, being now filled with plaster of Paris, preserved their figures and attitudes after their death-struggles. Here also are the carbonized remains of loaves of bread, biscuits, etc., looking much like the same we use now, though buried here nearly twenty centuries ago.

Passing on, you are struck by the narrowness of the streets. They are all paved, but seldom over twelve or fifteen feet wide—usually less—with footwalks averaging only two or three feet. They have been much used, as evidenced by the deep ruts along them all, where the ancient vehicles went. So the sidewalks show much wear by pedestrians, and at the street-crossings are high stepping-stones for use in case of flooded streets after rains—quite like such as they used to have in Baltimore, and I suppose there still. The wheels of their carts and chariots passed between these. At the corner of the Forum and in other public places the footwalks are worn away diagonally, showing that the Pompeians liked "short cuts" quite as well as we moderns do. Along the streets are drinking-fountains for both horses and dogs, on every

block or so, so that they must have been pretty civilized and humane even in those old days.

The buildings are mostly of concrete, faced with brick or stone at the doors and windows. They are now chiefly of one story, but the remains of stairways show that originally some had other stories also. The dwelling-houses were mainly built around an open space or quadrangle, upon which the living-rooms faced, and where fountains and flowers once abounded. Some of these houses have been restored or produced as nearly like what they were originally, as can now be ascertained, and are very artistic and charming. They have little fountains and statues everywhere, and roses, pansies, daisies, and lilies growing profusely. Inside, these restored mansions are decorated beautifully but simply, with a wealth of design and color in the true Pompeian style, and one can well imagine himself back in old Pompeii again as he rambles through them. So also the ruined houses, many of them, have rooms and walls still standing, covered with light and airy decorations, both arabesque and grotesque, of graceful designs and harmonious colors, both of plants and animals, gods and goddesses, men and women, birds and fishes, that must

POMPEII WAGON-RUTS, 2,000 YEARS OLD

delight the soul of an artist. Here are airy birds poised on wing; exquisite vines and flowers; flying cherubs and Cupids; dancing fauns; divine boys and girls, and all that art can execute or poetry imagine. A beauty-loving, pleasure-enjoying, artistic people certainly these old Pompeians were, whatever may be said of their morals. Many of the houses have "*Cave canem*" (Beware of the Dog) by the side of their doorways, or *Salve* (Welcome) in their vestibules, done in good mosaic-work; and their ancient baker-shops, butcher-shops, tailor-shops, barber-shops, and the like, have some sign or symbol on the pavements or elsewhere indicating their business. On the street-corners are notices of municipal elections, with names of candidates, chalked or painted there two thousand years ago, but still fresh and visible.

The ancient Thermæ (or baths) are still there, with their hot rooms, cold rooms, and vapor rooms, for rich and poor, and both sexes, and must have been handsome and spacious in their day. The Forum stands near the center of the city, with an open space in the middle five hundred and fifteen feet long by one hundred and seven broad, and, with its temples, statues, arcades, and colonnades, must have been an honor and credit to the city. There were two theaters, one capable of accommodating five thousand spectators, and also an amphitheater capable of holding twenty thousand. They were all in the open air, cut out of the hillsides, or built up on masonry, and with their stone seats arranged in tiers one above the other in such a way that the feet of those sitting in one tier should not inconvenience those below. They were

richly adorned with statues and frescoes, most of which have disappeared, though fragments still remain. In the outer walls are still seen the stone rings and sockets for the poles or masts, which supported awnings on sunny or rainy days, and near by were reservoirs of water for gently sprinkling, and thus refreshing, the spectators in hot weather. All of these places of public resort and amusement are admirably located, just where the audiences could catch the best views of the sea and mountains, and old Vesuvius, and their engineers and architects must have understood and appreciated the wonderful landscape effects at Pompeii to the full. It must have been like paradise at Pompeii twenty centuries ago, with all that nature and art and science and literature and religion (their pagan religion) could do for her. No wonder all Italy hastened to rebuild Pompeii when she perished. But when she perished a second time, within sixteen years, with large loss of life and treasure, they gave her up for good, and turned her over to Mount Vesuvius.

Much of the city has been uncovered; but we found a hundred or so men and women still working away with shovels and baskets. They could work faster, of course, with better appliances, but prefer to go slowly, in order to save uninjured the precious antiquities they may discover. They are finding many of these still from week to week, both interesting and valuable; but the expense constitutes a heavy drain upon the Italian treasury.

Our trip through Pompeii was hot and fatiguing; there was so much to see, and we were so eager to see it. But we took turns in the "sedan-chair," and

rested in shady places in the shadow of her crumbling walls and columns, and altogether enjoyed Pompeii greatly. I read Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" when a schoolboy. But here I was in Pompeii itself, and with all her ghastly memories and ghostly glories around me.

Returning to Castellamare, we drove thence to Sorrento, some twelve miles farther. In all, we drove about twenty-five miles that day. The road follows the curving shore of the Bay of Naples, often hewn out of the solid rock or mountain side, and is a perpetual charm. Like all Italian roads, it is a fine piece of civil engineering, and we bowled along at a rapid pace. The only drawback was the dust when we encountered other carriages, but this was seldom. Fortunately we faced the breeze, which blew our dust behind; but we met half a dozen carriages of "Cook's tourists" going the other way in close procession, enveloped in clouds of dust, and they must have suffered much. We met parties of workmen here and there blasting stone or repairing the road, and now and then a drove of Italian black pigs, peculiar to the peninsula.

At Vico Equense we found a considerable town, situated on a rocky eminence, and beyond this passed the Bridge of Arco, a good specimen of bridge architecture. The little River Arco comes down to the bay here through a deep pass between the mountains, and a high bridge is thrown across the wide chasm to maintain the grade of the road. Beyond this we came to the plain of Sorrento, a level bit of country sheltered by the neighboring mountains, and noted for its salubrity and fertility. Here orange, lemon, and olive

groves, mulberry and fig trees, pomegranates, and other fruit trees, abound, and the whole district seems prosperous. As we got nearer to Sorrento the lemon and orange orchards increased, and, later on, the road was shut in by high stone walls on either side, excluding much view of the villas and fruit farms. At Piccolo Sorrento (Little Sorrento) we found banners and flags and flowers in great array, with much of the population in the street, arranging for a grand *festa* next day (Sunday), with fireworks at night.

We reached Sorrento early in the evening, and drove through an avenue of orange and lemon trees and a wilderness of roses and flowers—geraniums, pansies, hollyhocks, and pinks—down to the Hotel Vittoria. We were dusty and tired, and a hotel never seemed more welcome, nor a dinner more delicious. The Vittoria is indeed a fine hotel. It stands on a rocky bluff, overlooking the Bay of Naples, with lemon and orange grove back of it, and Vesuvius and Naples across the bay superbly in front. It is a modern structure, spacious and well appointed, and as it was between the seasons, a dozen or so of us, mostly Americans, had the hotel and grounds all to ourselves. We had choice rooms and good beds. We took our meals on the terrace, in the open air, with the waves breaking at our feet and Naples and Vesuvius ever before us. We had for fruit delicious oranges, figs, cherries, and strawberries, grown on the premises or near by; and the climate was so nearly perfect it seemed like Paradise Regained. By day we had the blue Italian skies over us, with scarcely a cloud to mar their sapphire beauty; by night, a wilderness of stars, with the

moon majestically overhead, and silvering the sea beneath. We went to Sorrento to spend a day and night only, but were so charmed with the place that we lingered nearly a week, and were reluctant to depart even then. Altogether, I thought Sorrento the most beautiful spot upon the earth, and have had no reason to change this opinion since.

The next day was Sunday. There was no Protestant service in the town, and so we went to a Roman Catholic church, and worshiped there. It was a grimy and dirty place, and we could not follow the service. But we said a "Paternoster" or two in our own way, as well as the few Italians present, and afterwards returned to the Vittoria.

Sorrento (the Surrentum of the Romans, and a favorite resort of Augustus, Agrippa, Antoninus Pius, and other great Romans) is a place of some ten thousand population, and renowned for its beauty and salubrity. It is a health resort for English and Americans in winter and for Italians in summer, and has a good deal of business and commerce of its own. It makes a specialty of inlaid wood in all its branches, particularly tables, chairs, and beds, of silk goods, and of fruit, the latter of which it exports in large quantities, especially oranges and lemons. The Sorrento oranges and lemons are celebrated all over Europe, but go mainly to London and New York. The workers in wood and silk have little shops in their own houses, where you can see all the processes going on, both men and women working. In the evening some of these workers make troupes of performers, and go from hotel to hotel, dancing the Tarantella, in brilliant costumes and with

great glee. Some of them are very handsome, and they sang and danced in the moonlight on the terrace at the Vittoria, nearly every night we were there, with a sweetness of voice and a grace and charm of action impossible out of Italy. An old priest told me they had twenty churches in Sorrento and about thirty priests. "Too many, too many," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, "for a place like Sorrento." He said the stipends of the priests had all been cut off by the new Italian Government (Victor Emmanuel and King Humbert), and now many priests hardly knew how to keep soul and body together. He said he received one franc a day (twenty cents) for saying mass during the week, and three and a half on Sunday (seventy cents) for masses then, or $1.90 a week in all, and some marriage and funeral fees occasionally; but his total income would not support him were it not for a legacy his father had left him. He said most of the priests were even worse off, that taxes were high and living dear; and yet they did not want to go back to the old Bourbon times. Then they were all slaves; their letters were opened; there were spies everywhere; nobody had any liberty of thought or speech. But now, at least, they were free, and he hoped

HOTEL VITTORIA, SORRENTO

the times would improve, and the laity after a while learn how to support the clergy voluntarily, as they did in England and America. He said the present trouble with Italy was "too many" priests and "too many" soldiers;* they produced nothing and cost too much, and evidently he was a wide-awake and progressive man. He had been to England, and wanted to visit America, but feared he never would. "It was a long way there, and he was a poor sailor!"

In ancient days Sorrento surpassed Naples, and was rich in temples and villas, but has fallen much into decay. It still has a piazza, however, where a band plays in the evening; a public garden overlooking the sea; a cathedral; a temple of Hercules; a temple of Neptune; and a statue of the poet Tasso, who was born here. His marble effigy stands in the little piazza; but the house in which he was born has been swallowed up by the sea. I amused myself in walking about the streets, inspecting the shops and stores, talking or trying to talk to the officers and soldiers, the sailors, the postmaster, the customs officers, the priests, and pretty much everybody I met, and picked up considerable Italian at the expense of much English.

Of course, we made the excursion from Sorrento to Capri and the Blue Grotto. This is the one thing to *do*, when at Sorrento, and every tourist does it. My son went by sailboat, with a young Philadelphian who was summering at Sorrento, and enjoyed the sail greatly. But the rest of us went by the little steamer which

*Italy, with a population of thirty million, has three hundred thousand priests and monks (about one-half monks), and nearly as many soldiers. "Too many! too many!" as the old Sorrento padre well said.

makes the trip from Naples *via* Sorrento twice daily. It is much like the trip from New York to Coney Island or Long Branch, but more picturesque and romantic. Capri itself is a small mountainous island, off the Bay of Naples, noted for its genial climate, and the Blue Grotto is a cavern in its side, only about three feet high at the entrance, but rising inside to the height of forty-one feet, with a length of one hundred and seventy-five by one hundred feet. The water is several fathoms deep, and the refraction of the light from the outside makes everything inside dazzlingly blue, while objects in the water shine like silver. It was known to the Romans, but lost in the Middle Ages, and rediscovered in 1826, since when it has been a favorite attraction. There are other caverns and grottoes along the coasts of Capri, but none so famous as this. The island contains about five thousand inhabitants, and its visitors are reported at thirty thousand annually. The men often emigrate to South America, to Argentina chiefly; but generally return home, they love Capri so dearly. Here also the Roman emperors used to come a-pleasuring, and they founded vast palaces, temples, baths, and aqueducts here. On one of the highest points of Capri the palatial villa of Tiberius is still pointed out; but it is now in ruins and used partly as a cow-house. They show you the cliff from which, it is said, Tiberius used to hurl his slaves headlong down into the sea as a pastime and sport for his Roman guests. But our modern human nature refuses to believe in such hideous and wanton cruelty, and modern historical critics declare this a myth.

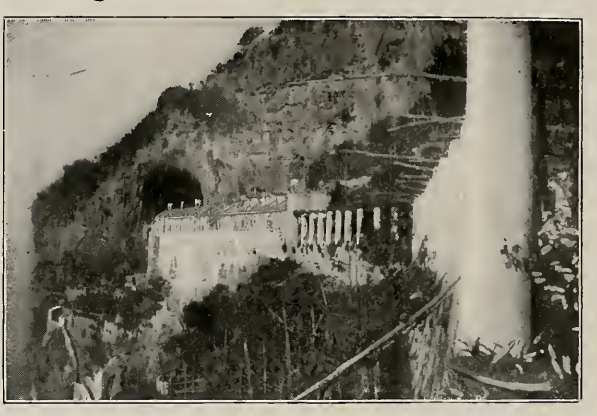
Capri

Leaving Sorrento after lunch (June 14th), we drove

thence by carriage to Amalfi the same evening. It threatened showers every hour, but we had only a few sprinkles, and the clouds served to veil the hot sun. The road ascends the mountains by abrupt passes, through lemon, orange, and olive groves, and then winds along the face and top of cliffs, overlooking the Gulf of Salerno, the entire way. This road is, indeed, a wonderful piece of engineering, and the whole ride picturesque and sublime. The blue and boundless sea is always in sight, with white specks of ships or fishing-boats dotting it here and there, and with its waves breaking and thundering at the base of the cliffs. The mountains are all about, and frequent mountain torrents rush down into the sea, under solid bridges built to last a thousand years. Much of the road is blasted out of the rock or built upon masonry, and in places even tunnels have been necessary. Olive-trees climb the mountain sides, and flocks of goats now and then appear; but the country, as a whole, is wild and desolate, with only a peasant's hut or hamlet here and there. Just the place for brigands, we all thought, and so it used to be. But every few miles we met a pair of mounted carbineers, patrolling the road (thanks to the new Italian *régime*), trim and soldierly looking fel-

On the Road Sorrento to Amalfi

lows, and this system seems to have ended brigandage all over Italy. The *contadini*, or country peasants, shaggy and hungry-looking customers, looked at us askance; but their children, ragged and wild-eyed as young deer, danced around our carriage, and sometimes ran for a mile by our side, with flying elfin locks and extended hands, crying, "Macaroni! macaroni, Señors!" A few centessimi (a fifth of a cent) would satisfy them, all scrambling for the coins, and then the lucky ones, with radiant smiles, would toss us kisses, and "May the Madonna bless you!"



Hotel Cappuccini, Amalfi

It was dusk when we reached Amalfi and clambered up to the Hotel Cappuccini, an old Capuchin monastery in use as a hotel, high up on a rocky cliff overlooking the town and sea. It was founded in 1212 by the Cistercians, but in 1583 passed into the hands of the Capuchins. It 1867 it was suppressed by the new Italian Government, and sold to the city of Amalfi, which now leased it as a hotel for eight thousand francs a year. There is no carriage-way up to it, but we had to ascend a broad flight of stone steps hundreds in number. It was a weary climb, but we were repaid by good quarters and an excellent dinner. We slept in the old cells of the monks, now converted into bed-

rooms, and the next morning had a delightful stroll around the cloisters, veranda, and flower-gardens, with orange and lemon trees and roses everywhere, and magnificent views along the coast and off at sea.

Amalfi is now only a little town of seven thousand inhabitants; but in the Middle Ages it was an active seaport of fifty thousand inhabitants, and rivaled even Pisa and Genoa. It is situated in the midst of wild and picturesque mountains and rocks, and a few months after we were there a landslide carried the whole Cappuccini cliff, hotel and all, nearly down into the sea, with the loss of many lives. Longfellow was once there, and wrote some verses on Amalfi, and the hotel proprietor had his portrait on the wall, along with Gladstone's and others who had been his guests. He was an old gentleman, of the true Italian Boniface type, taking great pride in his unique hotel and its belongings, and I wonder whether he perished in the landslide. He regaled us with many a good story in his broken English, more than half Italian, and we smoked and talked far into the night.

From Amalfi to Salerno the ride was much the same as the day before, but less wild and picturesque. The road follows the rocky coast overlooking the sea, with frequent villages and towns, and vineyards and lemon groves everywhere. The people seemed to be a hardy and industrious race, living partly on the sea and partly on the land, and it was easy to see where our daring Italian sailors come from. Salerno (the ancient Salernum) is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, at the northern extremity of the bay of the same name, and has considerable trade and commerce. In the Middle Ages it belonged to the Lombards and Normans, and

was a place of importance, but has much decayed. It has one fine street along the sea, called the Corso Garibaldi, with an equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel; but most of its streets are narrow and irregular, reminding one of the ninth and tenth centuries. Its old cathedral, erected A. D. 1084, has some fine antique columns brought from Pæstum, and some ancient sarcophagi, and some bronze doors made in Constantinople in 1099; but, as a whole, it is tawdry and disappointing. The main thing in all this region is the mountain and coast drive from Sorrento to Salerno, with its superb views of land and sea, and that repays one a hundred-fold. There is nothing finer in all Europe, I apprehend; and that means in the whole world.

Salerno

Positano, Gulf of Salerno

From Salerno we went by railroad back to Naples, first through mountains and hills nearly to Pompeii, and thence up the bay coast *via* Herculaneum, back again to Naples. We stopped at Naples again for a day or two, to complete some "sight-seeing," and then left for Rome (June 19th), arriving there the same afternoon. The distance is about one hundred and fifty miles, and it took us six hours, or about twenty-five miles an hour, the usual speed of the Italian railroads. It was an express train, with good European compart-

ment cars, and one American sleeping-car. It stopped at all the principal towns, of which Capua was chief. Capua, the scene of Hannibal's exploits and discomfiture, is still a fortified city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, in a bend of the Volturno, and nearly surrounded by it, with castellated walls and fosse, and looks like a good piece of mediæval architecture and civilization. The road skirts the base of the Apennines, or makes its way through elevated valleys, and the country as a whole is cultivated to the utmost. In places the mountains are barren and sterile, reminding one of our Rockies in Wyoming and Colorado; but, as a rule, they are terraced and cultivated up the slopes and almost to the summit, and every little shelf or cliff seems to have its olive orchard and goats, if nothing else.

Around Naples and Capua, and like places, market gardens and small farms abound, with irrigation from ancient wells everywhere, carried on by ox or donkey or man power, and with vegetables, oranges, lemons, cherries, and olives as the main products. But farther away large farms appear, with rye, barley, and maize as the chief crops. Extensive vineyards appear everywhere, with the vines trained to trees, planted in long rows, and crops growing between. Southern Italy was in the midst of her grain harvest, and harvesting was everywhere going on. Groups of men and women were everywhere afield—certainly two women to one man or more—all industriously at work with the sickle and rake. Not a reaper and binder, nor a horse-rake, did we see anywhere, but only the old-fashioned sickle and hand-rake. The laborers wore all kinds of garments, in all sorts of colors, but with blue and red predominating.

How hard they worked, early and late, and for a mere pittance of wages—fifteen to twenty cents a day only! But they did not seem to mind it, and, on the whole, appeared to be a happy, industrious, frugal, and healthy race of people.

Farmhouses and buildings, usually of stone, are scattered about these Italian farms, much as in America, contrary to our expectations. But the villages and towns are usually on some hill or mountain side. Here the people once huddled for protection, and, as a rule, they still cling to these mountain fastnesses. The mountains are everywhere crowned with castles and monasteries, now mostly in ruins, and the real life of Italy in former ages seems to have been largely there. Here were the homes of her "robber barons" and priests in mediæval days, and Italy seems to have been literally full of them. They at least protected their own serfs and liegemen, and would allow nobody else to oppress or plunder them.

As we neared Rome the whole country side went to vineyards, with grapevines trained to perpendicular stakes, looking for all the world like an American pole-bean field. At Frascati, about twenty miles from Rome, we struck the Roman Campagna, which is a great level meadow or prairie-like expanse, reminding one of the entrance to Chicago. Ruined towers and broken aqueducts dot the Campagna everywhere. But beyond it lies the "Eternal City," and over all and dominating the whole Roman landscape looms the mighty dome of St. Peter's.

Chapter IV

E were in Rome a week, and explored all parts of it, and yet saw but little of it really. One ought to be there a month, or a year, or ten years, and even then he would not see Rome completely. It is so old and so vast, so historic and artistic, and has so much to interest you. But you can see a good deal in a week, if you keep your eyes open; and that is what we did, or tried to do. Let me see if I can tell you a little of what we saw, or how Rome impressed us.

First of all, Rome strikes an American as a good deal of a city still. It is true it is inland—some twenty or thirty miles from the sea—and has no commerce or manufactures to speak of; but Rome now numbers nearly a half million of inhabitants, and seems fairly prosperous and progressive. As the capital of United Italy, all the Government offices and foreign embassies are here, and that brings much business and many people to Rome. So, also, as the capital of the Roman Catholic world and the home of the pope, she is the Mecca of all good Roman Catholics, and they literally swarm at Rome, both priests and laymen, not only from Italy and Europe, but from all over the world. It is said her priests and soldiers are the same—ten thousand each—in St. Peter's alone one hundred and fifty priests.

In some respects Rome is modern and progressive; but she lives chiefly upon her past glories, her antiquities and art, and foreigners. The Tiber, which once poured into her lap the commerce of the world, is now a tawny little stream about a hundred yards wide by ten to fifteen feet deep—except during spring freshets, when it booms like a Western river—and seems of little use except as an open sewer. It is well controlled by good stone docks or quays, and we saw a few little steamboats and sailing vessels using it, but few and far between. But she has railroads connecting her with all the other Italian cities, and these bring trade and travel to Rome, more or less the year round.

She has good streets, well-paved and clean as a rule, often wide and straight, though narrow and winding in her old quarters, and often very picturesque. Her buildings, as a whole, are good, of both stone and brick—not a frame house in all Rome, I think, and consequently no fires. The Italian architects and builders know how to erect fireproof buildings, with iron beams, and stone or tiled floors everywhere, and no woodwork anywhere, except doors and window-frames, and these also are of metal frequently.

Mediæval in some respects, yet Rome has electric cars and automobiles (one line to St. Peter's, another to the Forum, Colosseum, St. Paul's Beyond the Walls, etc.), and crowded omnibuses, and busy cabs, and electric lights, and flying bicycles (there was a Pilgrimage on bicycles from Padua to Rome along the old Via Æmilia recently), and a pure and abundant water-supply; and in many ways, indeed, Rome strikes one as a live and growing place still. Her water supply is from

the Sabine Mountains, by both ancient and modern aqueducts—fifty miles long and over two thousand years old—and is so abundant that she has gushing fountains everywhere. Some of these are old and curious, as the Triton and the Tortoises; others vast and imposing, as the Trevi, spouting thirteen million gallons daily; others simply beautiful and artistic, as those in front of St. Peter's; but they all abound in gushing waters, flashing and dancing in the sunlight, as if Rome had a superabundance of liquid silver, and knew not what else to do with it. Walk up to the Quirinal and see how the King of Italy lives; drive up the Corso, and see what shops and stores Rome has; ascend the Pincian Hill, the heart of Roman wealth and fashion, and look around you; go to the Villa Borghese, a great park and gallery near the heart of the city, but so secluded it seems the country; or drive up and around the great Janiculum Hill, and see the statue of Garibaldi against the opalescent sky, with St. Peter's to the left and all Rome beneath and around you, with new streets and trees stretching away to the wide horizon,—and you can't help thinking of Rome as a handsome city, with a great future still; or as if she were really and truly what her friends delight to call her, "The Eternal City!"

What a magnificent place she must have been in her old days, two thousand years ago, when she sat serene upon her seven hills, and overflowed into the valley of the Tiber and into the great plain of the Campagna beyond her! The Campagna is now malarious and pestilential, but was then smiling with farms and villages, the garden and granary of all Italy. The Italian Government has laid its firm hand upon it, and in due time

will subdue and civilize it, when it will yet rival our Western prairies, where, as Emerson well said, "You have only to tickle the earth with a hoe and she laughs at you back with a harvest." In those old days Rome numbered two or three millions of inhabitants. She was a walled city, with thirty-seven gates, from which roads radiated to all parts of the Roman Empire, which then embraced both shores of the Mediterranean and pretty much the whole of the then known world. According to Zacharias, a monk, who visited there in 540, Rome then had over 400 streets, 17,097 palaces, 13,052 fountains, 80 large statues of gods in gilded bronze, 66 in ivory, 3,785 in bronze of emperors and great men, 22 colossal equestrian statues in bronze, 31 theaters, 11 amphitheaters, 9,026 baths, and dwelling-houses innumerable, and was well called the "Mistress of the World," the "Eye of the Whole Earth," and the "Hub of the Universe." One can well believe all this, after gazing upon her enormous ruins and colossal antiquities; and yet she utterly perished, so that in the year 547, after her capture by Totila, it is recorded that for forty days there was not one living being within her vast walls. Her ivory statues have all disappeared. Of her gilded statues only two remain.

ROME FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S

Of her twenty-two bronze horsemen, only one now remains—Marcus Aurelius on the Capitoline Hill, spared by the Barbarians and the Romans of the Middle Ages because believed to be Constantine the Emperor, founder of Roman Christianity. (Rydberg, 303, etc.)

How vast her old ruins and antiquities are, it is difficult to realize, until one actually sees them. We had read about them all our lives, and dreamed about them many years, but here they were face to face. Rome's very origin dazes you, begun over seven hundred years before Christ. Her ancient walls of brick, planned by Romulus and Remus, so they say, are still intact in part. We wandered over the Palatine and Capitoline and Quirinal Hills, strewn with broken capitals and columns. We stood by the Arch of Septimius Severus and Trajan's Column. We walked into the Cloaca Maxima, old Rome's ancient and greatest sewer, still in good use. We rode through the Arch of Titus, built to commemorate his victories over the Jews and the Fall of Jerusalem (A. D. 81), with the table of showbread, the golden candlesticks, etc., carved thereon. We visited the Mamertine Prison, an underground dungeon, where Peter and Paul were incarcerated, and from which they were led forth to martyrdom. We walked through the Forum, where the Roman Senate and people used to assemble, and deliberate, and vote, and where Cicero spoke and Cæsar fell. We went to the Colosseum, where a hundred thousand Romans used to sit and watch their great games and shows, and shout over the victors; where, in Titus's time, they celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of the founding of Rome, with one thousand wild beasts roaring in the arena, and two

thousand gladiators fighting each other to the death. Next we visited Caracalla's Baths, where two thousand persons could bathe at once (hot, cold, and tepid baths); and they had a race-course also,—all embraced within the same walls, the area being over a thousand feet in length, by nearly as many wide. Here also, on the Palatine Hill, was once the magnificent palace of Septimius Severus, four hundred and ninety feet long by three hundred and ninety wide and one hundred and sixty high, a veritable "mountain of masonry," but now only indistinguishable ruins. Rome—Palaces

How colossal and magnificent these old edifices once were, built of brick and encased with marble, we can not conceive now; but we can imagine somewhat from the vast ruins remaining, and from the exquisite statues, bronzes, mosaics, etc., still unearthed there; such as the Farnese Bull, the Hercules and the Flora at Naples, and other marvels of art and architecture scattered through Rome, and indeed all over Italy and Europe, that once belonged there. For centuries Christian Rome regarded her heathen ruins as her best quarries, and literally gutted them of their marbles, bronzes, mosaics, etc., for her churches and palaces. And what she could not use herself she gave away, or sold abroad, until now scarcely a marble slab is left about her ancient buildings—only crumbling bricks and mortar.

What a wonderful people those old Romans must have been; what engineers, architects, and artists; what orators, poets, and philosophers; what politicians and statesmen, as well as great soldiers! You think of all these things as you wander about her old ruins, and want to sit down and meditate alone, tired of guides

and their chatter. Here Romulus and Remus located and once lived; they show you the old she-wolf and the famous twins in antique bronze on the Capitoline Hill still. Here great Cæsar rose and fell, assassinated in the capitol. Here Cicero spoke, as seldom man spake. Here Virgil and Horace sang. Here Severus, and Trajan, and Augustus triumphed. Here Fabius stood, like Washington and Lee; and Scipio and Belisarius fought, like Grant and Sherman. Here Peter and Paul preached and suffered. Here great Rome (and her soul or ghost) is still—"the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." What does it all mean? How could they all have passed away? And who and what are to come afterward?

All this comes to you and charms and humbles you, uplifts, and inspires, and subdues you. And yet, after a while, you come to yourself, and rise up from the broken capital or column upon which you have been sitting, and walk away to your hotel, and thank God you are an American citizen. It was a good thing to be a Roman citizen, but ten times better to be an American.

Of course, we went to her great galleries and gorgeous churches. We went to the Vatican, the Pope's Palace and vast museum and gallery, with its eleven thousand rooms, filled with paintings, mosaics, and statuary, unsurpassed upon the earth. For centuries the popes have vied with each other as great art collectors, and have ransacked the world for masterpieces, regardless of cost; and here they all are in the Vatican, or St. Peter's, just adjoining. Here are wonders of art from Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor; the best things of Phidias, Praxiteles, and perhaps Apelles. Here are

the best things of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, Guido Reni, Paul Veronese, Carlo Dolce, Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Van Dyck, Correggio, Murillo, Velasquez, Domenichino, Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, and others. Here are the matchless statues of Laocoön, the Apollo Belvidere, Father Nile, Torso of Hercules, Zeus, so world-renowned, and justly so. In the Sistine Chapel is Michael Angelo's great painting of "The Last Judgment;" the good ascending to paradise, and the bad sinking to perdition; angels wooing the one upwards, and devils dragging the other downwards. Every phase of human life and character, every variety of action and emotion, is depicted in it by the great master of modern art. And yet, it must be confessed, the great painting is disappointing at first, it is so vast and awful. But afterwards its true grandeur and sublimity and supreme genius appeal to you, and you are uplifted and inspired, as if standing on some lofty mountain-peak or soaring aloft on eagles' wings. The Sistine Chapel was closed the first morning we were there, preparing for some function where Pope Leo himself was to officiate. But a few coins to the liveried doorkeeper proved an "open sesame," and we had the famous chapel to ourselves. Subsequently we visited it again, and "The Last Judgment" grew constantly upon us as something wonderful, weird, and mysterious, as I think it does upon all beholders.

Next we went to the Rospigliosi Palace, and saw Guido Reni's great picture "Aurora," or Apollo as god of the day, seated in his golden chariot drawn by the fiery horses of the Sun, while Aurora scatters roses and

flowers before him, and the Hours, as lovely goddesses, dance airily around him. Altogether, to my thinking, this was the finest painting we saw in Rome. Then we went to the Barberini Palace, to see the famous picture of Beatrice Cenci, also by Guido Reni. Then to the Capitoline Museum, where the most antique and curious things of old Rome are collected—arms, armor, utensils, bronzes, marbles, and the like, including the "Dying Gladiator." Then to the Doria Palace, the Colonna Palace, the Borghese Palace, and others, where all that is beautiful in art or exquisite in taste seems to have been brought together; paintings and statuary in all these by the acre, by the great artists of all lands and all ages, though but few have been mentioned here.

Next we went to the Pantheon, an old heathen temple from old Roman days, but still well preserved, and now in use as a Christian church, with no side windows, but lighted by a single circular window in the dome, thirty feet in diameter. The dome itself is one hundred and forty feet high, and its diameter the same, the whole edifice being stately and impressive. It is of ancient Roman brick, and was originally coated with marble, but scarcely a block of this remains, it having been quarried away and used for buildings elsewhere about the city. Its old walls are twenty feet in thickness, and it is said to be "the only ancient edifice at Rome which is still in perfect preservation;" that is, whose original walls and vaulting still stand. Here are the tombs of Raphael and other great artists, and, though stripped of much of its ancient beauty and glory, the Pantheon still charms all observers.

Rome—Churches

Then we went to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, the pope's own church, the largest of the eighty churches in Rome dedicated to the worship of the Holy Virgin, and one of the most ancient churches there. Then to St. Peter in Vinculis, containing Michael Angelo's great statue of "Moses"—something of a disappointment, I think, but greatly celebrated. Then to Santo Maria de Capitoli, on top of the Capitoline Hill, the oldest church in Rome. Then to St. Paul's Beyond the Walls, on the Campagna, just outside of Rome, with its superb ancient mosaics and splendid marble columns, one of the finest churches in all Europe, surprising everybody, but so fever-stricken that nobody dares to stay there at night, and absolutely without worshipers as a rule, its rich stained-glass windows shattered by the explosion of a powder magazine several years ago, and not yet restored.

The Forum, Rome

Next we went to St. John in Lateran, one of the best preserved basilicas of old Rome, dating back to the first century of the Christian era, and long called "the mother and head of all the churches of this city and globe," with its ancient baptistery and museum, and antique busts and statues and mosaics, and leaden pipes from ancient aqueducts, and exquisite frescoes

and paintings, and wonderful ancient bronze doors; a pair of the latter from Caracalla's Baths, with silver mixed with the bronze, and so pitched and tuned that their very creaking is melodious, and hence called St. John's "musical doors." Then to Scala Santa, or Church of the Holy Stairs, containing twenty-eight broad marble steps from Pilate's palace at Jerusalem, which Jesus is said to have once ascended, and may now be ascended only on one's knees, descending by two adjoining flights. They are now protected with wood at the edges, having been deeply worn away by the knees of sometime worshipers there. These are the "stairs" which Martin Luther mounted, partly on his knees, after his long pilgrimage from Germany, and then suddenly rose and turned Protestant, light breaking in upon his soul and dissipating his old superstitions when the memorable words, "The just shall live by faith," rang in his ears like the chime of distant church-bells. Then to the Church of the Cappuccini, with its four thousand skulls and skeletons ranged about its walls and grinning horribly at you. There are four great open-air burial-vaults here, decorated in a ghastly manner with the bones of about four thousand departed Capuchins, grouped about the walls and sides—skulls and skeletons everywhere—some of them arranged as lamps, candelabras, and chandeliers. Each vault serves as a tomb, and contains holy earth brought from Jerusalem. When a monk or priest died the body which had been longest interred was removed to make way for him, and then the old corpse was boiled and stripped of its flesh, and its bones paraded as aforesaid. Of course, all this is stopped now, but there is no con-

ceit these old monks did not indulge in, however queer or horrible. In a side chapel is a famous picture of Guido Reni's "St. Michael and the Dragon," one of the art treasures of Rome, and justly world-renowned. Rome—Dungeon

Then we went to the Mamertine Prison, an underground dungeon from old Roman days, where Jugurtha was strangled, and Peter and Paul were imprisoned, and miraculous springs then burst forth that they might baptize their jailers; and Peter's head made a deep indentation in the solid rock when slapped by a brutal Roman soldier, so the monkish guide tells you. He shows you the big dent in the rock still, and, of course, it must be so. How else would the dent have got there? This Mamertine Prison is a cold and clammy place, even in the Roman summer; and the wonder is how men managed to sustain human life in such a subterranean dungeon, even briefly. They have a dingy and dirty little chapel there now, with ill-smelling kerosene lamps and candles burning, and a shabby priest or two in attendance, and they show you an old opening in the ancient wall, communicating with the Cloaca Maxima, through which Roman prisoners, when dead or slain, or even half dead, it is said—if the prison was wanted for others—were cast into the Roman sewers. An uncanny and horrible old place, in very truth!

We did not take in all these churches in the above order exactly, and we saw many others. There are about four hundred churches in Rome altogether, of all kinds, and, of course, it is the most ecclesiastical place in the world. But these were the chief churches we saw, and then we went to St. Peters, and visited

it three times. Our first visit was for a cursory view only, and we drove all around and about it; our second for a more critical observation and examination; and our third to verify some details we were not certain about. The other churches, as a rule, are plain outside, but gorgeous inside; as a whole, I fear, somewhat disappointing. But St. Peter's is a great and wonderful ecclesiastical edifice, the largest building in the whole world, and, like the sea or some great mountain-peak, grows upon you the more you behold it. Its very history dazes you: founded by the Emperor Constantine in the first century after Christ, on the site of Nero's circus, where the early Christians were burned and sacrificed to wild beasts, and St. Peter himself is said to have suffered martyrdom; only a little tomb or mortuary chapel at first, where Christian men and women met to weep and pray, on the spot where Peter had died. But this grew at length into a noble church, with colonnades, chapels, and monasteries, its interior sumptuously decorated with gold and silver, mosaics and marbles. Here Charlemagne was crowned in the year 800 as chief of the great Roman Empire, and subsequently numerous emperors and popes came here to be crowned. In the course of time this old edifice became unsafe, and about 1400 it was pulled down, and the present church begun; but it was not finished until 1626—over two centuries in building. Rossellino, Bramante, Raphael, Michael Angelo—the greatest architects and engineers of their time—all had a hand in it, and the treasuries of the world were exhausted in completing it. How vast and grand it really is! Its great dome—the greatest in the world—dom-

inates the whole Roman landscape, and when you stand beneath it and look upward you seem to be gazing into the very Italian sky itself. This dome was designed and built by Michael Angelo himself, that wonderful painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer, all rolled into one; one of the most remarkable men that ever lived, seemingly half genius and half lunatic at times; who declared one day, in talking about St. Peter's, that he "would take the heathen Pantheon, colossal as it was and is, and swing it into the air, as a dome for our Christian Church." And he did it magnificently; for it is just about the size of the old Pantheon, and you could hide the Pantheon in it.

You get to St. Peter's by electric tram-cars, if you want to do so, which seems an anachronism in old Rome. Or you take a cab and drive through its narrow and winding streets, and crossing the Tiber by the castle of St. Angelo, so reach St. Peter's. Like most of the churches and galleries in Rome, it sits on a hill; you have to be forever climbing up and down while there. You approach it either through great elliptical colonnades, with four rows of travertine columns on each side, or by an ancient Egyptian obelisk from Luxor, between two magnificent fountains, over broad marble steps and platforms leading up to it. You ascend these, and enter the church through superb bronze doors, each one a work of transcendent art. You are struck first with the vastness of the edifice, and then with its exquisite harmony and symmetry—a very poem in stone. And then, as you pass up its great nave and through its long aisles and across the transept, and walk about the high altar, and see all

the elaborate popes' tombs, exquisite side chapels, confessionals, columns, mosaics, statuary, windows, Madonnas, and Christs—everything religion can conceive or art can execute—you become at last simply dazed and astonished. You take in its enormous size and superb finish, as if the jeweler as well as the architect and artist, had been everywhere at work, and St. Peter's at last becomes something sublime and awful, the most magnificent and awful edifice upon the earth, an ecclesiastical gem, an architectural miracle, the modern wonder of the world. Its greatest frescoes and paintings have been removed to the Vatican; but copies in mosaic have been substituted, and these are so exquisite in color and finish they look quite like the originals. They have a mosaic manufactory in the Vatican, where only skilled artists and workmen are employed, for the express business of copying celebrated pictures for churches and collectors; and in this delicate work they are said to use twenty-five thousand different shades of colored glass. Of course, such mosaics will never fade, while the best of frescoes and oil-paintings presently will; and hence St. Peter's has perpetuated the best of her Raphaels, and other artists, in mosaics.

But then the cost of St. Peter's! One could not help thinking of this also. No pains or expense seems to have been spared. The whole world, and all ages nearly, have contributed to it,—millions on millions of dollars,—until no man can compute its cost, wrung largely from human hopes and fears, and which ought to have gone mainly into human welfare and human betterment, as an American can not but think. What a lot of free schools and modern colleges the cost of

St. Peter's would have built! And would not Italy, and mankind, have been better off with these, and fewer priests; and Italians have been better men and better citizens? Rome—St. Peter's

Here are a few figures about St. Peter's, that seem to me impressive: Its total length is 696 feet; its breadth, 459 feet; height of dome, 403 feet; its area, 18,000 square yards (nearly four acres), or about seventy times the size of an ordinary American Protestant church. The cathedral at Milan contains only 10,000 square yards; St. Paul's at London, 9,350; St. Sophia's at Constantinople, 8,150; and Cologne Cathedral, 7,400. The cost of St. Peter's, to the year 1700 only, was $50,000,000, and its total cost is now believed to be over $100,000,000; its annual expense about $50,000. It holds 80,000 people, so they say, standing up, and in some of the great papal functions it is crowded to its walls and doors.

In sharp contrast with St. Peter's, and the Roman Catholic churches generally, are the few Protestant churches in Rome. Some of these are only hired halls, in the second or third story of back streets; others obscure and unsightly edifices, with little of the churchly about them. But "All Saints," the English church in the Via Babuino, is a credit to the Anglican Church, with a capacity of about six hundred, though the congregation consisted of only ten men and forty women, by actual count, the Sabbath we worshiped there. Few of these were Italians, but most Englishmen and Americans. So, also, the American Methodist Episcopal church, at the corner of the Via Venti Settembri and Via Firenze, opposite the Italian War Department, is

an honor to American Methodism, and is doing a genuine and great work for Italy. It is excellently located; could scarcely be better in all Rome. It is in a fine and growing quarter of the city, on the corner of two main avenues, and is on the site of an old Roman Catholic church, that was itself built on the ruins of an ancient heathen temple. It is a church, mission house, theological school, and college, all combined. It is five stories high, built of stone and brick, and absolutely fireproof. There is no wood in it, except the doors and window-sashes. The beams are of iron and steel. The floors are concrete and tiles. One might kindle a fire on every floor, and the building would not burn. On the first floor are an admirable church and chapel for both Italian and English services; on the next, printing and publication rooms; on the next, living-rooms for the officers and professors; on the next, lecture and recitation rooms; on the next, dormitories for the students. Among the students was a grandson of glorious old Giuseppe Garibaldi, and we had the pleasure of shaking hands with him. This church is well filled on Sunday morning, afternoon, and evening, chiefly by Italians, and its services are only distinguished from Methodist meetings in America and elsewhere by the Italian language. Its music and singing are superb. It stands there on its magnificent corner, in the heart of old Rome, as an American and Methodist protest against the mummery and imposture and rank paganism of much of what we saw in the Eternal City, and says to everybody and everything: "Here we are, the Methodista Episcopale Chiesa! We have arrived, and have come to stay!" It is true

it cost nearly $200,000, land and all; but it was Protestant money well spent, and our Protestant Churches must not hope to capture Italy without some such notable expenditure and sacrifice.

Rome has a bad name for summer heat and the Roman fever, so called. But in the latter part of June, even, we did not find the heat excessive, and the "Roman fever" is believed to be largely a thing of the past. The mornings and evenings were delightful. It was hot in the sun in the middle of the day, but cool in the shade, and so cool in the churches and galleries that an extra coat or wrap was really necessary. We were warned to beware of the evening air, but went everywhere at all hours the same as in America. We fell in with "the custom of the country," and took a "siesta"—a nap and rest in the middle of the day—because everybody else did; but otherwise went everywhere unharmed. The fact of the matter is, that the climate and sanitary condition of Rome have been vastly improved of late years (thanks to the new *régime*), by the better drainage and cultivation of the Campagna near by, and her death-rate now is, indeed, even less than that of Vienna or Paris. In 1899 her death-rate was only 17.8 per thousand inhabitants, and her percentage of deaths from typhoid fever was only 1.92, from diphtheria 0.34, from influenza or "grippe" 1.14, and from malaria 1.89. Her population, too, had increased from 248,208 in 1871 to 500,610, and her wards had been so extended to keep pace with this increase that what were but recently her suburbs are now among the most thickly populated quarters of Rome.

For street pavements Rome has mostly large blocks, like Naples, or well-fitting Belgian blocks, or asphalt; the latter coming into general use now. The old streets are without sidewalks or else very narrow ones, often only two or three feet wide, with the people walking in the middle of the streets; a European custom in all the old cities. Her new streets have wide sidewalks, the same as our American cities; but still many of the people take to the roadway, from old habit or "inherited tendency."

Of course, churches and shrines everywhere abound, and "patron saints" are innumerable. Every occupation and profession has its own saint, though all worship the Virgin, and many seem to worship even the pope. He never appears upon the streets of Rome, but confines himself to St. Peter's and the Vatican, and indeed calls himself "the prisoner of the Vatican," because not allowed civil jurisdiction any more beyond the walls of the Vatican. But when he appears in St. Peter's, at the great ecclesiastical functions there, he is borne in a great sedan chair, richly decorated, on the shoulders of Roman princes, with waving peacock plumes before and after him, amid the acclamations of the multitude, as if he were a demigod. Even the lawyers have their patron saint, though usually they know how to take care of themselves the world over. The story runs that, in the fourteenth century, one Evona or Ives, an eminent attorney of Brittany, was lamenting that men of his profession had no patron saint to bless and guide them. So he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and petitioned the pope to help the lawyers out. The pope, of course, was considerably puzzled.

But finally he told the attorney to go three times blindfolded around the Church of San Giovanni in Lateran, and, after he had repeated six Ave Marias, the first image he took hold of there should be his patron. Evona obeyed orders, and, laying his hands on an image at the proper time, he exultantly proclaimed, "This is our saint; this be our patron!" But when the bandage was removed from his eyes he found he had stopped at the altar of St. Michael, and instead of taking hold of St. Michael himself he had grasped the image beneath St. Michael's feet—the devil! It is alleged poor Evona was so overcome by the affair that in a few months he died. He ascended to Paradise, and when he knocked at its gates for admittance he was told by St. Peter that there was no room in heaven for lawyers. "O, but," said Evona, "I am an honest lawyer who never took fees on both sides, nor pleaded in a bad cause; nor did I ever set my neighbors together by the ears, nor live by the sins of other people!" Whereupon St. Peter's heart was moved, and he let him in, and thereupon the good advocate of Brittany became St. Evona, and the patron saint of all the lawyers! This story is too good to be true; but is probably as true as most of the other "patron-saint" stories.

Chapter V

DO not know whether it was too much "sight-seeing," or a touch of the Roman fever, but I broke down, and was glad to get away from Rome. We left there June 24th, and because I was ill went "first-class." We had a compartment all to ourselves, and enjoyed it much. The station at Rome—large and roomy—was dirty and discreditable for such a city, and was filled with contadina or farm-laborers, both men and women, *en route* to Ancona and the summer harvest-fields. They had their implements, clothing, cooking utensils, all with them, and it is the custom of Italian harvesters thus to travel from one district to another in harvest time, camping out near their work. We saw them thus all over Italy, and they were a merry, happy set of people as a rule.

Our route lay up the valley of the Tiber, constantly ascending, skirting the Apennines, and every mile we got away from Rome the air became more pure and bracing. We were bound for Perugia, an old mountain city of Italy, one hundred and twenty-eight miles north of Rome, and long before we got there I seemed like another man. The valley of the Tiber is never broad—from three to five miles only—but seemed wonderfully fertile and well-tilled. Harvesting was every-

where going on, and the fields were alive with both men and women actively at work with their sickles and hand-rakes, like their ancestors two thousand years ago. We did not see a single mower or reaper and binder; but it was hand-work everywhere, with the proportion of about two women to one man. The whole country was one vast vineyard also, with grain between the rows of trees and vines. Beyond the Tiber Valley, on either side, the land rises into mountains, with abrupt peaks and ridges, and these as a rule are crowned with villages and towns, or churches and monasteries, or the ruins of them. How they ever got the churches and monasteries up some of them, or why they built them there at all, and at what enormous labor and expense, surprises and puzzles one. I suppose each priest wanted to get higher up and build loftier than his brother, on the same principle as in America each church tries to build its spire higher than its neighbor, and cared little what it cost his people to climb up and down such mountain heights. All this would be "imputed to them for righteousness!" So he taught, and they devoutly believed.

As we neared Perugia we got more among the Apennines, the great mountain range which runs the whole length of Italy and is the backbone of the Peninsula. The day was warm, but showers chased each other along the Apennines, and when we reached Perugia it was raining hard. It is a ride of a mile or two from the station to the town, but we made it dry in a good hotel omnibus. Perugia is the capital of the province of Umbria, with about twenty thousand inhabitants, and is the residence of the prefect, of a

military commandant, and a bishop, and is the seat of an old university. Pope Leo XIII was formerly bishop here, and I think was so when called to the papal chair. It is a fine example of an old Italian mountain city, and hence our trip there. Indeed, Perugia was an old Etruscan city before Rome itself was born, and altogether is a very picturesque and remarkable old place. It lies on the top of a mountain, or rather a group of little mountains, about thirteen hundred feet above the valley of the Tiber, and seventeen hundred feet above the sea, with the Apennines surrounding and stretching away beneath it. It is built in an antiquated style, partly on top of the mountain and partly on its slope, with numerous buildings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when Perugia was in its zenith. From a distance it seems perched on the very top of an abrupt mountain, and one wonders how to get up or down. But a splendid road has been dug and blasted out of the mountain side, and this winds up and around and zigzags about, and at last lands you easily on the summit. A company had recently been formed to build an electric road from the station to the city, right up and around the mountain, and the engineer in charge, a bright young Dutchman

Rapid Transit, Perugia

from Antwerp, told us they expected to have it completed within a year or so.

We stopped at the Grand Hotel, on the very summit, near the Prefecture, kept by an English landlady, and in the best English-Italian style. The table was excellent, and our rooms all that could be desired. The guests were few, as it was out of the season. But in the winter, we were told, this hotel is crowded. The air was superb, and the views from the hotel verandas and windows magnificent, over the valley of the Tiber, and with the Apennines stretching away and around and beneath you like a grand amphitheater to the far horizon. It reminded us of the views from Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, where we had been two or three years before. But the Italian scenery is more subdued and cultivated, with farms and villages climbing all the mountains, as our American mountains may be centuries hence.

In the public square is the inevitable equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel, and in another piazza not far away one of Garibaldi also. The Italians have statues of these popular heroes in all their cities and towns, and they are so much alike they all seem to have been designed by the same artist, or as if built by contract. It rained all the evening the day we arrived; but the next morning was clear and glorious, a typical Italian morning. It was the Sabbath, but there was no Protestant service, and so about 10 A. M. we walked up the Corso or main street to the old cathedral of San Lorenzo, begun in the fifteenth century and still unfinished. The shops and stores were all open as usual, and the country people thronged the Piazza del Mu-

nicipio in front of the cathedral for their chief market of the week. They would slip away into the ancient cathedral for a few prayers and a touch of holy water, but were soon back at their produce and wares again, and Perugia gave few signs of an American Sabbath. In the quaint old cathedral itself we found two or three hundred people, chiefly women and children, and the usual Roman mass proceeding. The cathedral contains some paintings and statuary not without interest; for Perugino himself once lived and painted here, and had Raphael for a pupil, and indeed founded a school of artists. But we had seen so much of painting and sculpture at Rome that Perugia now palled on us.

The Palazzo Publico, or City Hall, is a huge old Gothic structure, with its principal façade towards the Corso, and another towards the Piazza del Duomo, or Cathedral Square. It dates back to 1281, and has some fine windows, a noble portal, and Gothic sculptures of the city arms, saints, etc. Over the portal in the Piazza del Duomo are a curious griffin and lion in bronze of the fourteenth century, and below are old chains and gate-bars commemorating the victory by the Perugians over the Sienese in 1358, a century and a half before Columbus discovered America. Perugia was even then a memorable and gallant city, for a place of its size; and on many lines it seems to be a live place still, for such a mountain town. That afternoon showers set in again, real American summer showers, chasing each other along and over the Apennines, and it rained steadily all the evening; and it became so cool and damp we had to have fires kindled in our rooms, in order to be comfortable. And this was June 25th, too.

The next morning was superb again, and we walked and drove all over Perugia. We passed through its narrow and winding streets, where Guelph and Ghibelline used to do valiant battle—so narrow wagons could not pass, and so steep that a few men-at-arms could keep back a multitude. We explored its quaint old palaces, and viewed its ancient Etruscan walls, old before Christ was born, and enjoyed the lovely prospects from its abrupt cliffs and historic promenades. We saw the garrison at drill, both infantry and artillery, and pretty good work they did, too. The men were a little slouchy, and not well set up; but the officers seemed bright and intelligent, as the Italian army officers generally are, and Italy will yet have a fighting force equal to her needs. All about the city, and scattered well over her mountain slopes are old olive-trees, knotted and gnarled, and Italian chestnuts, and every foot of ground seems cultivated to the utmost. The people seemed happy and contented, and beggars were at a discount. We did not take the drive to Assisi, as recommended; but it must be something charming and delightful, and Assisi itself is only fifteen miles away.

Leaving Perugia, we soon crossed the divide between the Tiber and Arno, and then descended the valley of the Arno by Lake Trasimene and Vallombrosa to Florence. At Lake Trasimene we passed the historic battlefield between Hannibal and Flaminius, June 23, B. C. 217 (just about two thousand years ago), where the Romans lost fifteen thousand men, or half their army, in three hours, and the other half was routed and dispersed. What a great soldier Hannibal really was, and how wonderfully he maintained himself in the enemy's

country, living on the country, for fifteen years; and what a wonder it is that Rome was not captured and her power destroyed by him! The ride down the valley of the Arno was beautiful and picturesque, and we reached La Bella Florence June 26th, late in the afternoon.

Chapter VI

A BELLA FLORENCE, or Florence the Beautiful, as the Italians love to call her. They have a fancy for giving surnames to their chief cities, as Rome is the Eternal City; Naples is, "See Naples and die;" Genoa is Genoa La Superba, or the Proud; Milan is Milan La Grande, or the Grand; Venice is Venice the Pearl of Italy, or the Queen of the Adriatic. But Florence is always La Bella or the Beautiful, the City of Flowers, and her very name is derived from the Latin *Florentia*. So a flower is her favorite ornament, and it is cut and carved or painted everywhere here. She is well named, as nothing could be more beautiful, situated as she is on the banks of the Arno, rich in art and architecture, surrounded by lovely gardens and picturesque mountains, with Fiesole on the north and Lucca on the west, in the midst of which she sits as an exquisite jewel, as some surpassing opal or diamond, dominating and glorifying the wonderful landscape; or, as another has written, "Like a water-lily rising on the mirror of the lake, so rests on this lovely ground the still more lovely Florence, with its everlasting works, and its inexhaustible riches," both of literature and art.

Florence

Florence was formerly the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and then of the Kingdom of Italy,

before Victor Emmanuel went to Rome; but now only of a province of the same name. It is the seat of an archbishop, the headquarters of an army corps, and ranks among the chief cities of Italy. As early as the fifteenth century it contained ninety thousand inhabitants, and now numbers about two hundred thousand. While Rome is the ecclesiastical and political center of Italy, Florence has long been the focus of its intellectual life, and the Florentines have always been distinguished for their vigor of mind and pre-eminence in artistic talent. Even now their superiority over most other Italians is apparent in their manners and dress. It was formerly a walled city; but its walls have been almost entirely removed, only its ancient gates having been spared, several of which are very interesting and beautiful.

We stopped at the Pension Picciola, on the Via Tornabuoni, in an old fifteenth or sixteenth century palace now in use as a pension, and were excellently entertained. The proprietor was an Italian gentleman, but his wife an English woman of unusual ability, and she, in fact, ran the pension. The parlors were spacious, overlooking the Arno, and our rooms quite palatial. We took all our meals here, and found none better in Italy. The location was central and handy to everything we desired to see, and the only objection was, it was a little noisy in the daytime, being near one of the chief bridges across the Arno.

We went first for a drive along the Arno and through the city generally, so as to get a general view of Florence, and then wended our way to the venerable baptistery, and to the Duomo, and Giotto's campanile, all

close together in the chief piazza. The baptistery is an octagonal structure, founded about 1100, and was originally the Cathedral of Florence, in honor of St. John the Baptist. All children born in Florence are now baptized there. Its chief glories are its three celebrated bronze doors by Ghiberti, decorated with Scripture subjects, each one of which is a poem in bronze by itself, and one of which is so lovely, that Michael Angelo declared it "worthy of forming the entrance to Paradise." The Duomo, or the Cathedral of St. Mary of the Lily (so called from the lily in the arms of Florence) was erected 1294-1462 on the site of an earlier church, and was the work chiefly of Arnolfo, Giotto, and Brunelleschi. It is built in layers of alternate white and black marble, which detracts from its general effect, though one can not help being impressed by its simple dignity and grandeur. It was nearly two centuries in building, and is larger than all previous churches in Italy, being five hundred and fifty-six feet long by three hundred and forty-two wide, with a dome three hundred feet high (larger than St. Peter's), and a lantern fifty-two feet above that. Inside it seems bare, compared with St. Peter's and the Roman churches generally; but it contains some fine monuments, mosaics, and stained-glass windows, many of the latter from designs by Ghiberti, and, on the whole, is a grand and noble ecclesiastical edifice. We visited it several times, and it was a rare treat to sit down and ponder it, and to think of what it had witnessed, or to wander through its great nave and dim aisles at will. Giotto's campanile, or bell-tower, was begun in 1334 and completed in 1387. It is a square structure two hundred and ninety-two feet high, built

Florence—The Duomo

in four stories, and richly decorated with colored marbles. It is covered with statues and bas-reliefs of saints and prophets; of the Seven Cardinal Virtues, the Seven Works of Mercy, the Seven Beatitudes, and the Seven Sacraments; of the Progress of Mankind from the Creation to the climax of Greek Science and Art; and altogether is a remarkable edifice. Ruskin says it possesses "the characteristics of power and beauty to a greater degree than any other building in the world;" and I suppose, of course, John Ruskin knew. But I confess I was disappointed with it at first. It was not so tall, nor so massive, nor so beautiful as I had anticipated. But the more one saw and studied it, the more it grew upon you, and wherever you go in Florence the campanile rises before you; and in the end you come to concede its majesty, and symmetry, and exquisite appropriateness, and humbly to acknowledge that only Giotto could have done it. Like campaniles, on a lesser scale, exist all over Northern Italy; but they all seem to have been patterned after this one of Giotto's. He meant to place a spire on top, one hundred feet high; but this would have seemed superfluous, would have detracted from its beauty and dignity; and I am glad he did not do it. Its magnificent chime of bells rings out over Florence at all hours of the day and night, as they have rung for five hundred years, and all Italy, indeed, seems to be a land of bells and bell-ringing. On one pretext or another, some of them are always ringing, and the "tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells," becomes a weariness to the tired tourist, until he gets used to their perpetual noise. The great bell in Giotto's Tower is called the "old Vacca" or Cow, and the lowing

of the Old Cow, as it is phrased, has been the chief signal to summon the Florentines to worship or to arms for centuries past. Whenever its brazen tongue rings forth at an unusual hour, all Florence knows something has happened or is going to happen, and the people swarm out of their houses and gather into the public squares to learn their happiness or doom.

Opposite to the campanile, on the south side, is the oratory of the Misericordia, an order of monks or brothers robed in black from head to foot, and with cowls covering their heads, leaving apertures for their eyes only. These ghostly creatures are frequently seen on the streets of Florence, as the ghosts of other days, and the wonder is that grown men would consent to masquerade in such outlandish costumes in this day and age, or that their fellow-men do not hoot them back into their mediæval cells. Their oratory contains some reliefs, statues, and paintings that are not without merit. But they should modernize their dress, and behave like sane human beings, and not stalk about in open daylight as religious scarecrows or ecclesiastical humbugs.

Next we went to the Church of San Croce, the Pantheon of Florence, with its monuments of her great men, with a marble pulpit said to be "the most beautiful pulpit in Italy," with its exquisite sculptures by Donatello, and superb frescoes by Giotto and della Robbia, and its lovely old cloisters, where it would seem one might pray and dream forever. In front of it, in the spacious Piazza San Croce, stands a noble statue of Dante in marble, nineteen feet in height, erected in 1865 on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, with its corners adorned with lions and the arms of the chief

cities of Italy. Not far off is the house in which he was born, and they will show you the step upon which he used to sit and meditate his Divine Comedy, so they say.

Then to old San Marco, where Savonarola preached and prayed, and where Fra Angelico, over four centuries ago, painted those marvelous frescoes of piety and devotion that are unrivaled to this day. Then to San Maria Novella, which is not so much of a church, though it has some handsome Madonnas by Cimabue and some celebrated frescoes by Ghirlandajo, but is chiefly noted for the piazza in front, with its two obelisks of marble standing on brazen tortoises in the axes of an ellipse, around which as goals the Florentines used to have chariot races on the eve of the festival of St. John. Then to the Church of San Maria del Carmine, with its wonderful frescoes by Filippino Lippi, relating to events in the lives of the apostles, especially St. Peter. Then to the Church of San Spirito, a basilica in the form of a Latin cross, covered with a dome and containing thirty-eight altars after a design by Brunelleschi, with numerous Corinthian columns and pillars supporting its noble interior, and with paintings and windows by Perugino, Lippi, and Ghirlandajo. Then to the Chapel of the Medici, with its rich frescoes illustrating the journey of the Magi, with its kings and knights and pages in sumptuous array, winding their way through a rich champaign country, and with charming angels in the Garden of Heaven on the window-walls, of admirable design and finish. Then to other churches also, with their Madonnas, and saints, and crucifixions, and frescoes, by artits of more or less merit, but chiefly old masters, until we got well tired of this whole church business.

Next we went to the Uffizi Gallery, of course, and to the Pitti Gallery, and saw collections of paintings and sculptures not inferior to those at Rome, and some of them quite superior. Of course, they are not so extensive; but they have a beauty and excellence that are incomparable, and show a fineness of art and an exquisiteness of taste that have made Florence world-renowned, and will keep her so. Indeed, there is no such an array of masterpieces in so small a compass anywhere in the world. Here are Raphaels, Murillos, Titians, and Van Dycks, not surpassed by anything in the Vatican. Here is Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia," or Madonna of the Chair, with the Virgin seated in a chair, the child Jesus in her loving arms, its Divine cheek pressed to her cheek; and there is nothing more touching and beautiful in all Europe, in my judgment. Here also are the lovely pictures of Ghirlandajo, as "The Adoration of the Magi," that in design, expression, and color seem to me perfect. There may be greater paintings elsewhere, and I do not pretend to be a connoisseur, but these superb works of Ghirlandajo greatly impressed me, and I only know how they touched and thrilled me and others. The little room in which they hang was constantly thronged with intelligent visitors, while others adjoining were practically empty. Here also are Fra Angelico's divine productions, as "The Coronation of the Virgin," with his incomparable angels, looking so pure and perfect and glorious, as if they had just dropped down out of paradise, with their songs and musical instruments along with them and in celestial tune; and as one gazes upon them with rapt vision he may well believe they were heaven-inspired. Evidently

Florence—Art Galleries

this old artist-monk did not paint for money, but because he had the love of heaven in his heart and a passion for beauty in his soul, and he must needs express himself along angelic lines. Here also are pictures by Perugino, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Rubens, Paul Veronese, and the Dutch and Flemish schools, famous the world over. Here also are cabinets of gems and precious stones, once the property of the great Medicean family, unequaled out of the Vatican, if surpassed even there.

The Pitti Gallery is in the Pitti Palace, on the north side of the Arno, a noble building of Cyclopean massiveness and grandeur, erected four or five centuries ago, and now the residence of the King of Italy when in Florence. We passed through the royal apartments and gardens, and were charmed with their general beauty and good taste. In passing through the Throne Room, I ventured to sit down on the throne (to see how an American would feel in such a place), to the dismay of the attendant. But when I exclaimed, "*Viva* Victor Emmanuel! *Viva* Garibaldi!" his scared face broke into a smile, and he answered, "*Viva* George Washington!"

Then we went to San Miniato, with its fine marble façade, on the hill to the southeast of Florence, beyond the Arno, from which there is a noble view of Florence and the Arno, and beyond which are the fortifications, constructed by Michael Angelo in 1529, and defended by him during nearly a year's siege of the city, when he was engineer and commander-in-chief for the Republic of Florence. What a wonderful man he was to be thus artist and soldier both combined—the greatest artist of his time, if not of all time, and the greatest engineer of his day!

Of course, we went to the Palazzo Strozzi, on the Via Tornabuoni, with its three imposing façades (one, one hundred and twenty-six feet long by one hundred and five feet high), and antique lanterns, and link-holders, and rings, built five hundred years ago, and still one of the finest specimens of the Florentine palatial style; not so large, indeed, as the Pitti Palace, but lighter and more buoyant. Its antique street lanterns are so artistic and beautiful that they are taken for models in New York and Philadelphia to-day, and their reproductions sold as "after the Florentine" for our public buildings. As you walk along the street, the noble proportions of this Strozzi Palace strike you as faultless, and it seems impossible to have been built before Columbus sailed. Florence—Palaces

The Palazzo Vecchio or Old Palace is a huge, castle-like building, with projecting battlements and a unique tower three hundred and eight feet high, erected in 1298; originally the capitol of the Republic, subsequently the residence of Cosmo I, but now in use as a town hall. Inside it has been elaborately decorated by the hands of Michael Angelo, Ghirlandajo, Leonardo da Vinci, Vasari, and others, and its walls are also hung with some wonderful tapestries of historic and other subjects. The Palazzo Vecchio, indeed, is really a grand old edifice, most stately and impressive, and with its great Gothic tower dominates the city, and in some respects impresses one even more than the Duomo. At all events, this is how it struck me, and I was never weary of gazing at it. It stands on the side of the Piazza della Signoria, in the very heart of Florence, the scene of its popular assemblies and tumults, and still a center of business and

pleasure. Here Guelphs and Ghibellines, patricians and plebeians, used to rally around their chiefs and shout their battle-cries. It was on this square also, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, that Savonarola was burned at the stake May 23, 1498. But now in the great hall of the old palace itself stands a colossal statue of him in marble, as a perpetual rebuke to the religious bigotry of his times, and "the deep damnation of his taking off."

Near by, on another side of the same public square, is the Loggia di Lanzi, a magnificent open-vaulted palace, designed for public speeches and public occasions, and rich with elegant sculptures (erected 1376). Faith, Hope, Charity, Temperance, and Fortitude, all stand here in exquisite marble, as well as Perseus, Menelaus, Hercules, and other classic characters, in bronze or marble, and the effect of the whole is exalted and beautiful. Some Italian schoolboys or street-gamins were playing hide-and-seek about the marble statues, or climbing over the artistic lions and horses and sliding down them, the day we were there; but the Florentine police paid no attention to their lively antics.

Next we went to Fiesole, of course, by electric tram-cars, from the Piazzo San Marco, near the Duomo. A carriage-ride there is best; but it was hot and dusty, and the tram-car handiest. It is a ride of about three miles, through Florence and its suburbs, and then by zigzag grades between high garden-walls up the heights of Fiesole. This is an abrupt little mountain, overlooking Florence and the valley of the Arno, and justly celebrated for its fine climate and magnificent views. Florence lies at your feet, with its domes and towers and palaces; while the Arno flashes through its lovely valley like

a thread of silver. On the very top are the remains of an ancient Etruscan tower, the Cyclopean walls of which are still partly preserved. Just beyond are the ruins of an old Roman theater and some Roman baths, and, of course, there is a cathedral here, a church or two, and a seminary. It would be impossible for the good fathers not to pre-empt such a charming spot as Fiesole, and to make the most of it. Of course, there is a bishop here, and a little town of some two thousand inhabitants, the most of whom are engaged in straw-plaiting, an established industry in much of Italy. We took "lunch" at Fiesole, sitting under a leafy and flowery arbor, near its summit, and gazing our eyes full at all around and beneath us—a view worthy of Paradise—and lingered along our way back until well into the evening. Beautiful Fiesole! Worthy of La Bella Florence! Hannibal was encamped here before he began his direct march on Rome, and I suppose Fiesole was just as beautiful then as now.

Ponte Vecchio, Florence

The Arno flows through the whole length of Florence, from east to west, dividing it into unequal portions, and is bordered by handsome quays called Lungarno. It is crossed by six bridges, of which the Ponte Vecchio, dating back to old Roman days, and re-erected

in 1362 after repeated demolitions, is the most interesting. It consists of three ancient arches, and is flanked by houses and shops on either side several stories high, and looks more like a picturesque old rookery than a modern bridge. Here you can buy anything you want, from a watch to a jackknife or a match-box, at reasonable prices, provided you know what you are buying. The infinity of the articles for sale surprises you, and the whole shop consists chiefly of a show-window, with a shelf or two in the rear. I amused myself by wandering from shop to shop here, and talking Italian the best I could, and really secured some bargains. Beneath, along the banks of the Arno, the city washerwomen were at work, and indeed the whole Arno seemed like one vast public laundry.

Washing in the Arno, Florence

Florence, however, abounds in excellent shops and stores elsewhere, where objects of art—paintings, statuary, gems, glass and earthenware, furniture, silks, and indeed all kinds of goods—can be purchased, at fair prices, and is the delight of English and American "shoppers." In winter, it is a regular English and American colony, and grows more so every year. The little gold coin "florin" was first coined here—so called

after Florence—and soon became a leading standard of value throughout Europe.

Florence—Great Families

Here in Florence is the house and tomb of Amerigo Vespucci—the man who gave his name to America, after Columbus had discovered it—and there is also a street named after him. But we were so absorbed in other things that we did not have time to look these up. He was no doubt a worthy adventurer; but he stole the plumage that belonged to Columbus, and the world lacks interest in him.

Florence is a well-paved city, chiefly with large stone slabs, like Naples and old Rome, and its newer streets are wide and imposing. But its old streets are narrow and winding, with overhanging houses that almost touch each other, and often with no footwalks at all. Its streets take their names from the old families, the guilds, public games, and trades, and the like. The great family of the Medici once lived and ruled here, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," and with talent and ambition beyond their riches; and their names, and palaces, and monuments, or the names of their descendants, appear everywhere in Florence. A great race they must have been, afterwards sadly degenerate. But they left their mark deep and broad on Florence and Italy, and history must always make large mention of them.

And so we saw Florence, and, I need scarcely add, were greatly interested. Our only regret was, that we could not stay longer and see more. And this, I think, is the general experience of all Americans there. And so I conclude this chapter, as I began it: "La Bella Florence, forever and a day!"

Chapter VII

IT is only an hour's ride by railroad, perhaps thirty or forty miles, from Florence to Pisa. The route is down the valley of the Arno, with the little river nearly always in sight, but with considerable mountains bounding the landscape, crowned here and there with castles, mostly in ruins.

We were now in the land of the Lombardy poplar, and long lines of this grenadier-like tree were everywhere visible. We arrived at Pisa about 2.30 P. M. (June 30th), in the midst of an Italian thunder-shower, and encountered a downpour of rain not exceeded in America usually. A good omnibus, however, carried us dryshod across the Arno, by a fine bridge, to the Hotel Victoria, where we got good rooms and excellent meals. It rained all the afternoon; but in the evening, after a good dinner, we got out a little, with our umbrellas, and visited the Lungarno, the old arcades, and the Piazza Garibaldi, with its usual fine statue of Garibaldi.

Pisa is now a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, and the capital of a province; but was formerly a place of importance and real power in Italy. It was an old Roman colony before Christ. Augustus named it, and Hadrian and Antoninus Pius erected temples, theaters, and triumphal arches here, all of which have perished. In the Middle Ages Pisa became one of the great

cities of Italy, rivaling Genoa and Venice, as a commercial and seafaring power. But afterwards Genoa and Florence conquered the place, and now it is only the shadow of its former self. It now lies six miles from the sea, on both banks of the Arno; but is supposed to have been much nearer the Mediterranean formerly. The city has some art, and some manufactures still; but is a sleepy old place, with apparently no future. Pisa

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful, even for Italy, and we early wended our way through the quaint old streets to the Duomo, the baptistery, the leaning tower, and the Campo Santo, the four chief things at Pisa, all close together. The old Duomo, or cathedral, was erected so long ago as 1063 to commemorate a great naval victory of the Pisans over the Saracens, and is a noble old basilica, with a nave and double aisles, and transept flanked with aisles, three hundred and twelve feet long by one hundred and six feet wide, and covered with an elliptical dome over the crossing. It was partly burned down in 1595, but was subsequently restored, and is still a remarkable old edifice, constructed of white marble, with black and colored bands for ornamentation. Its façade is especially magnificent, being adorned with columns and arches, and in its upper parts with open galleries. Of its ancient bronze gates or doors, only one remains, and this represents a score or more of Scriptural scenes, exquisite in design and finish. The other doors are also fine, but comparatively recent and not equal to this ancient door, which charms every beholder.

Inside, the old cathedral is adorned with altars and paintings by Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, and

Ghirlandajo; with bronze angels by Giovanni da Bologna; with mosaics by Cimabue, and frescoes by other old masters. There are some pictures here by Andrea del Sarto, especially his St. Agnes, and his altar-pieces and choir-pieces, that are not surpassed by anything we saw at Rome or Florence, and that is saying a good deal. His St. Agnes, especially, is a beautiful and touching picture, and thrills you unawares, as one does not expect to see such a masterpiece in Pisa. So there is another painting (I have forgotten by whom) that represents the Deity borne aloft by a flock of flying angels, with wings like swallows' tails. The design is unique, but the drawing and coloring excellent. In the nave is a large bronze lamp suspended from the lofty ceiling, and constantly swaying to and fro, very old and very beautiful, and its swaying is said to have first suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum, and so of the revolution of the earth. The good fathers were going to burn him for this, and he had to retract or die. But still he muttered through his set teeth, "And yet it moves—it moves!" and so all the world now proclaims. The whole interior is supported by sixty-eight ancient Greek and Roman columns, all very beautiful, captured by the Pisans in war with the Turks—marble, alabaster, and porphyry; and what a history they must have! Once, no doubt, they were the ornament and the prop of heathen temples; but here the support of a Christian Church!

The baptistery is quite near the cathedral, and is also a beautiful edifice, entirely of marble. It was begun in 1153, but not completed until 1278—over a century in building—and is admirably preserved. It is a circular structure, one hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by

half-columns below and a gallery of smaller columns above, and covered with a conical dome one hundred and ninety feet high. The main entrance is elaborately adorned with columns, with symbolic representations of the Months to the left and other sculptures to the right, with a Byzantine relief above, and, still higher up, with a Madonna by Giovanni Pisano. Inside, in the center, is a massive octagonal marble font, very old, and near it the famous hexagonal pulpit by Niccolo Pisano, 1260, supported by seven columns. The reliefs on this are very beautiful, and consist of the Annunciation and Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Presentation in the Temple, the Crucifixion, and the Last Judgment. In the spandrels are the prophets and the evangelists; above the columns, the Virtues. All this work is most skillful and exquisite, and the whole baptistery indeed is a gem of art.

Pisa—Baptistery

In addition to all this, this fine old baptistery has a magnificent echo, not surpassed in Europe. The attendant startled us by placing his hand to his mouth and shouting aloft. Presently the echo came back, not as a single voice, but rather as a choir of voices or a band of musical instruments, and it was hard to make one believe that he did not have confederates concealed somewhere up in the lofty galleries. Then I tried it myself, and others of our party. We shouted "George Washington," "Abraham Lincoln," "William McKinley," and other names, and they came reverberating back to us in waves of musical sound. Then we sang a verse or two of "America," and "Home, Sweet Home," and ended with the "Doxology." I shall never forget the delightful hour we spent in that charming old bap-

tistery at Pisa. We were the only persons there that superb July morning, and had the "echo" all to ourselves.

Just in front of the Duomo, and but a hundred yards or so away to the east, stands the campanile, or celebrated leaning tower of Pisa. This, too, is old, having been begun in 1174 and completed only in 1350, being nearly two centuries in building. It is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, with eight different stories, and is girt about with half columns and colonnades. It reminds one somewhat of Giotto's campanile at Florence, but, of course, is inferior and older. This also is a very beautiful structure, but thirteen feet out of the perpendicular; and the query is, What caused this "leaning?" As you walk around it, it really seems dangerous, as if liable to topple over any minute; but it has stood there nearly six hundred years now, and it seems good for another six hundred years, or longer. It is strange that no records exist explaining why it so leans. Some think it was built so, as a marvel in architecture; others, that the ground sank on the south side while building, and this carried the tower over a little. The latter does not seem credible, as the sinking would likely continue and carry the tower down with it long before now. But it was

THE LEANING TOWER, PISA

likely built so, as two others were at Bologna, erected about the same time, though less out of the perpendicular—one four feet, the other ten feet. This view is further strengthened by the fact that this Pisa campanile contains a chime of seven bells near its summit, the heaviest one alone weighing over six tons; and it would seem that the daily ringing and swinging of these huge bells would soon be destructive to the tower, were it not purposely built to be solid and substantial, though "leaning." I had read about this "leaning tower of Pisa," and seen pictures of it, since I was a schoolboy, and could hardly realize that here I was walking about it, and comprehending its peculiarity better than ever before. It is ascended by nearly three hundred steps, and the view from the top is said to be fine. But we left that for others.

Pisa—Campanile

A little farther away, to the north of the Duomo, stands the celebrated Camp Santo or old Cemetery of Pisa. This was founded about the year 1200, and consists of a plot of ground about five hundred feet long by two hundred feet wide—said to be after the dimensions of Noah's Ark—surrounded by a marble arcade in the Tuscan-Gothic style, adorned with figures and reliefs. Inside are fifty-three shiploads of earth brought hither from Mount Calvary in old times, in order that Pisa's dead might repose in holy ground. And they have been buried here, over and over again, until the whole place is one vast charnel-house. Under the arcades the great and distinguished have their graves, in vaults around the walls or beneath the marble pavements, and mortuary statuary everywhere abounds, good, bad, and indifferent. Three little chapels adjoin the spacious cloister, not of

much account. But its walls are elaborately frescoed with pictures that even Michael Angelo did not disdain to imitate. In one place are the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, Doubting Thomas, and the Ascension—all well done. In another, a long series of pictures representing the Triumph of Death, the Last Judgment, and Life in Heaven and Hell, with contests of angels and devils for the souls of the deceased; the one ascending up to heaven wafted by angelic choirs, the other dragged down to hell by all sorts of fiends and demons, and there broiled on gridirons or pitchforked back into a fiery lake when trying to escape. It was all done five or six hundred years ago, and those old painters were very realistic, interpreting the current theology precisely as it was preached. But how pitiful and tragic it all seems in this age and time!

On another wall is the History of Man, from Genesis to Solomon, including the Creation, the Fall of Man, Expulsion from Paradise, Cain and Abel, Building of the Ark, the Deluge, Noah's Vintage and Drunkenness, the Curse of Ham, the Tower of Babel, the history of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Joseph, Moses, and Aaron, David, Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba. Much of this is very good, and it is extraordinary it should have withstood the ravages of time all these years so well as it has. Of course, part is much faded, exposed as it is to the weather. But how brilliant and glorious it must have been when first executed! And the first artists of Italy did it, we may be sure.

Here, also, under the arcades, are monuments and sculptures, both ancient and modern, of interest and value, memorials of distinguished Pisans or their deeds,

down to recent times. And, besides these, there are sarcophagi, altars, and tombs, of both Roman and Etruscan days, carved beautifully with Bacchantes, Centaurs, Psyches, and Cupids, and ancient Roman milestones, of rare archæological value, hardly equaled outside of Rome and Naples. In the open spaces roses and flowers grow profusely in "the holy ground;" and altogether we found this old Campo Santo a very interesting spot. May its dead sleep sweetly in their chosen place!

Pisa—Campo Santo

Next we drove to the old church of the Knights of the Order of St. Stephen, erected 1565-96 from designs by Vasari, with its walls hung with gonfalons and battleflags in glass cases, captured from the Turks, with ceiling paintings of the great battle of Lepanto, and other victories over the Turks by Pisa in the long ago—a venerable old church, but not else of much importance in it.

Then to the ancient university, which still has a library of over fifty thousand volumes, and is attended by over six hundred students. Galileo was once Professor of Mathematics here (1610), and his modest residence is still shown you in an old street not far away. We drove quietly past it, and lifted our hats in reverence to his great memory.

Next we crossed the Arno, by the beautiful new Solferino Bridge, to the church of San Maria della Spina, or St. Mary of the Thorns, so called because a fragment of the veritable "crown of thorns" was once here, and may be here still, so they say. It looks like a toy church in the distance, but is really a handsome little edifice in the French-Gothic style, erected so long

ago as 1230 for sailors about to go to sea, and adorned with sculptures of a high order by great Pisan artists in the city's palmy days. We did not think it much of a church till we got there, but were delighted with its beauty and delicacy, both outside and inside.

We left Pisa with real regret. We were not there long; only a day and a night. But you can see a good deal of Pisa in that time; her "things to do" are so close together, not widely separated as so often elsewhere. She gives you the impression of old times, of genuine antiquity; not much of the modern about her or her ways. And I think we got more for our money at Pisa, all things considered, than at any other town in Italy, during the same time, except perhaps Verona.

Chapter VIII

E arrived at Genoa about 7 P. M., July 2d, after a disagreeable ride from Pisa of about one hundred miles, through one hundred tunnels, more or less. The railroad skirts the shore of the Mediterranean, and the ride ought to be very charming. But the mountains crowd down to the sea so closely that tunneling was cheaper than grading; and hence you see but little of the Mediterranean as you pass along, except exquisite glimpses here and there. These are so beautiful you long to see more. But even while you are stretching your eyes to see, you plunge into a tunnel, and have only coal-smoke and the blackness of darkness again. Genoa

At Spezia we passed the great naval arsenal of Italy, a walled town of fifty thousand inhabitants and some business, but of no great strength against modern artillery. There was an Italian in our compartment, apparently a civil engineer or contractor; a pretty wide-awake man. He could speak Spanish, but no English. But he pointed proudly to Spezia's ancient walls, and said, "Spezia, bello! bello!" I knew but little Italian, but answered in the best I knew: "Si, Signor, Spezia, bello! multi bello! But Admiral Dewey, our grande American admiral—Manila Bay—come here, with grande artillery—his big guns, bang, bang! Dyna-

mite! Smash Spezia all to flinders!" And I whacked my two fists together by way of emphasis and pantomime. The Italian caught on quickly, and laughingly replied: "Si, Signor! Si, si, si! Yes, sir! Yes, yes, yes!" They have a way of repeating "Yes" and "No" in this way, not only in Italy, but all over the Continent. The Englishman and American would say "yes" or "no," and stop there. But the Italian or Frenchman would say, "Yes, yes, yes!" or "No, no, no!" three times over or more.

Between Pisa and Genoa

At Genoa we found the hotels crowded and rooms scarce and poor. We drove to a half dozen different hotels before we could secure even tolerable accommodations. We did not know it until we arrived there, but Genoa was going to celebrate the eight hundredth anniversary of San Giovanni's Day (St. John's), and the city was full to overflowing with strangers and sightseers. They came from near and far, all over that part of Italy, and packed Genoa full. The tradition was, that during the Crusades, or about that time, Genoa purchased the relics of St. John from the Holy Land. Subsequently, in a war with Pisa, they were wrested from her and carried off to Pisa as a priceless treasure. Afterwards, in another war with Pisa, she recovered

them, and brought them home to Genoa with great pomp and rejoicing, and since then, every one hundred years, has celebrated their recovery, and this was her eight hundredth anniversary.

The celebration began next day (Sunday) with elaborate services in all the churches, and then a great procession of ecclesiastics, religious societies, etc., with the bones of St. John (so alleged) under a gorgeous canopy of gilt and silk, borne upon the shoulders of four men, wound through the city hour after hour. There were archbishops, bishops, priests, and acolytes, old and young, but all on foot and bareheaded, exposed to the pitiless Italian sun, with banners, vestments, Madonnas, and Christs galore, but no music, except loud chanting when they passed the cathedral and chief churches. Not a band anywhere. Multitudes thronged the sidewalks—men, women, and children—in all the principal streets, but the best of order prevailed. We went with the crowd, first to the old church of San Annunziata, quite near our hotel, a fine old basilica with a dome, and handsome fluted and inlaid marble columns, said to be "the most sumptuous church in Genoa," though far from clean; and afterwards to the great Cathedral of San Lorenzo, erected in 1100 on the site of an older church, and altered so much it now consists of three distinct styles—Romanesque, French Gothic, and Renaissance. It is built of alternate courses of black and white marble, like the Duomo at Florence, and richly decorated both inside and outside with sculptures of the twelfth century, with antique ornamentation on the entablatures and capitals. In the interior are some exquisite Corinthian columns of col-

ored marble, that belonged to the original church, and many handsome frescoes and paintings, with a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." In one of the chapels, in a stone coffin of the thirteenth century, are the relics of St. John the Baptist, above referred to; and in another place an emerald vessel, "out of which the Savior and his disciples are said to have drunk at the Last Supper, and in which some drops of Christ's blood were caught by Joseph of Arimathea." This was captured by the Genoese in 1101, at Cæsarea, and greatly reverenced, as it deserves to be, if genuine. The cathedral was filled with a surging mass of people, and the services were solemn and imposing, with magnificent music, both vocal and instrumental. But it was hot and oppressive, and it did not seem a safe place to stay that hot July morning. Outside, the street was packed almost as densely as the cathedral, for a block or two away, and we were glad to escape to our hotel again.

At night there was a general illumination of Genoa and her fine harbor, and this was really the finest thing of the kind we ever witnessed. The innumerable street lamps, by extra gas-pipes, were ingeniously enlarged into great flower-pots. The houses were bright with gas and candles, every window seemingly. The churches and public buildings were ablaze with lamps and lanterns, from summit to foundation-stone. And out in the harbor the vessels were one fairy scene of electric lamps and Chinese lanterns, outlining their masts and yards, while the flashlights of the warships swept the city and sky. We took a carriage and drove for an hour or two that evening, and shall never forget the

wondrous sight. Genoa is built on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea, and hence lends herself well to such an occasion. Genoa—The Bay

The next day we called on the American consul, but found he was absent in America. He was from Iowa—and therefore adapted to a seaboard "consulate"—and had gone home on a visit to the "wild and woolly West." His deputy was also absent—at "breakfast" still, though it was then 2 P. M. *His* deputy, or clerk, rather a bright-looking young Italian, spoke some English; but when pressed with questions about "San Giovanni's Day," its history, meaning, etc., could only answer, "I am not a paper man!"—meaning, I suppose, that he did not know, or was not a "reporter!"—and so we had to gain our information elsewhere and otherwise, the best we could. As the crowd had left, we secured a better hotel, though none too good, and then went by electric tram-cars and "funiculares" to the Righi, a high mountain overlooking the Bay of Genoa and Genoa. The view from here was superb, taking in the whole city, harbor, shipping, fortifications, and the distant snowcapped Alps, and we "lunched" there in a vineclad restaurant on the edge of a lofty cliff, beneath the blue and bending Italian sky, while far away beneath us, across the bay, we could see the Italian warships practicing at a floating target in the distance. Doubtless they had learned a lesson from Manila and Santiago, and were trying to catch up with Brother Jonathan. It will take them a long day.

Genoa is the metropolis of all Northern Italy, and a stirring city of two hundred thousand people. She was a great sea-power in her day, as evidenced by her

wharves, forts, and palaces, and gives signs of again waking up. Though on the side of an abrupt mountain, there are many fine streets, substantially paved, with some narrow and steep ones also—mere rocky alleys—and electric tram-cars everywhere, with overhead wires. Her buildings, both public and private, are of a high order, surpassing those of most Italian cities, and her situation well entitles her to the surname of "La Superba." Her old marble palaces are now, many of them, either warehouses, or stores, or offices or schools; but there is a picturesque and romantic beauty about her quite her own. It is said fifteen thousand vessels now enter her harbor annually, of which one-third are steam, with lines to all parts of the world, and she seemed prosperous and enterprising beyond all other Italian cities we had seen, except Naples. Here in Genoa we saw the first new church (Roman Catholic) being erected in all Italy so far. It was a stately and handsome edifice in one of her new and growing suburbs, and that fact speaks for itself.

The Palms
Genoa

The next day was July 4th. But we had no "Glorious Fourth" there. There were but few Americans in Genoa then, and they told us at our consulate that no arrange-

ments had been made to celebrate the day. Indeed, we saw but two American flags afloat in all Genoa that day; one over the United States consulate, of course, and the other in an obscure street not ten feet wide, from the window of a humble dwelling, evidently some poor Italian's, who had been over to America and learned to love our "Glorious Fourth," and had not forgotten it that day. We began the day by going to the fine monument to Christopher Columbus, as the next best thing. This is of marble, embosomed in palm-trees, in the center of a spacious square, in front of the chief railway station, with ships' prows around the pedestal. At the feet of his colossal statue, which leans on an anchor, kneels the figure of America, with surrounding allegorical figures of Religion, Science, Strength, and Wisdom. Between are reliefs from the history of Columbus. We lifted our hats and saluted him, and recited such parts of the Declaration of Independence as we could remember, and then quietly sang "America" and the "Doxology," all by ourselves; and then went sight-seeing for the rest of the day. In the forenoon we took the electric-cars and rode out to Genoa's Campo Santo—a great rural modern cemetery, one of the sights of Italy—abounding in monuments and tombs on the most elaborate scale. Some of these are real works of art, and show that Italians still know how to use the chisel, though many, of course, are poor and trivial. In the fine mortuary chapel there, where there are funeral services every day and almost every hour, we attended a typical funeral service, with priests, mourners, and requiem, and afterwards strolled about the tombs and grounds, and took the cars back to Genoa

Genoa—Columbus

again. In the afternoon we took another tram-car ride to Nervi, some ten or twelve miles through the suburbs and down along the bay, with the Mediterannean breaking at our feet; much as if there was an electric road from Seabright to Manasquan, N. J., not inland, but close along the sea. Olive orchards, orange and lemon groves, and exquisite roses and flowers everywhere abounded, and the whole ride down and back seemed like Paradise Regained. I do n't wonder Italians love Italy. It has a thousand things to make it lovable. But few more so than this glorious ride to Nervi.

On this day, also, we visited the Palazzo Pallavicini, and other noble palaces and galleries, with some superb paintings, statues, and tapestries, and also saw the famous "Columbus Egg," or the egg Columbus is reported to have used, when replying to some jealous geographers of his day, that the discovery of America was not so much of an achievement after all—"anybody could sail west." "Here," said Columbus, "take this egg and make it stand on end;" and nobody could do it. But he took the egg, and tapped it on the table, and then, of course, it stood. "O," said they, "anybody could do that!" "Yes," replied the great discoverer, "when somebody has shown you how!" How the eggshell survived, I do n't pretend to know. But here was a veritable eggshell, pretty good-sized, encircled with bands of gold, and held in high esteem and reverence.

In many of the old palaces there are extensive courtyards, with fountains and grottoes, and one marvels at the number and beauty of these. It seems to have been a "fad" in old Genoa to have a grotto in the back

yard, with fountains, and flowers, and ferns, and a marble statue or two, and many of these are very charming still. We were exploring one of these courtyards—its old palace now banking and insurance offices—and admiring its exquisite ferns and flowers and marble statuary, when, wanting some information about it, I approached two well-dressed gentlemen, and inquired, "Do you speak English?" One of them, smiling and bowing, replied, "A little; I am an Italian." But the other answered bluffly: "I do! I am an Englishman!" And I said, "I am an American!" "Well," responded John Bull, "that 's the next best thing to being an Englishman!" "No," I replied; "it is the same thing, or rather a second edition, enlarged and improved! I beg pardon, but this is our Fourth of July!" We shook hands all around, and laughed heartily; and so we parted—good friends, after all. But better friends because of Manila and Santiago!

Genoa—The Police

We were struck by the police of Genoa as something local and peculiar. They are a fine body of men, natty and well-set-up for Italians. But, with high silk hats, black broadcloth clothes, white gloves, and old-fashioned tasseled canes, they look like old sixteenth or seventeenth century beaus, rather than nineteenth or twentieth century guardians of the peace, and would be "guyed" unmercifully in New York or Chicago. But, all the same, they know how to "keep the peace" and preserve law and order in Genoa, and that is their chief office, after all. So all the Genoese horses wear a Greek cross on their bridles. Why, or for what purpose, I could not ascertain; but it seemed to be a universal custom, especially upon their work-horses. Some

of these crosses are very elaborate and beautiful, and handsomely burnished; but nearly all work-horses in Genoa wear them, and their drivers seem inordinately proud of them, and we did not notice the like elsewhere in Italy. And so good-bye to "Genoa the Superb!" She well deserves the name.

Chapter IX

E left Genoa, as we entered it, through long mountain tunnels, that were hot and suffocating, July 5th. But we soon passed out of the mountains, and got down into the plains of Lombardy; and thence to Milan the country was almost as level as an American prairie. We soon struck the Po, and continued down its lovely valley nearly to Milan. The whole country is intersected with irrigating canals, that take the water out of the rivers and streams and conduct it gently over the land, and make it wonderfully fertile. There are few finer crops anywhere than are grown in Lombardy, and the whole region seems like one vast garden. Wheat, rye, oats, flax, and grass are produced in great abundance, while vast vineyards—the vines festooned on long rows of trees—are in evidence, as everywhere in Italy. Here, also we struck the real home of the "Lombardy poplar." These poplars are planted along all the roads and streams, and in the distance seem like long columns of tall grenadiers marching across the vast plains. Mulberries for silkworms are also planted along all the division-lines and irrigating ditches, and every precaution taken to prevent evaporation and keep the ground moist and productive. At Milan we spent only a single day, visiting its noble Duomo and arcades,

Lombardy

and shall speak further of it on our return from Venice.

The next day (July 6th) we proceeded to Verona, the home of Romeo and Juliet, and found it to be a considerable town still (over sixty thousand inhabitants), though only the shadow of its former greatness. It stands on the Adige, and, with Peschiera, Mantua, and Legnago, made up the famous "Quadrilateral," that was formerly the mainstay of Austrian rule in Italy. The battles of Magenta and Solferino (1859), not far from Verona, ended all this, and Italy came to her own again, thanks to Napoleon III and Victor Emmanuel. But the old fortifications are still maintained and look quite formidable, with their walls and ditches, both wet and dry, and permanent garrison of six thousand soldiers. Its ancient walls, from old Roman days, still stand in part, and Verona was then quite surrounded by water. We were halted at the old city gates, and our baggage examined by the "octroi" officers, for the first time in Italy; but they found nothing suspicious, except an American "kodak" we carried everywhere and took "snapshots" with. But they soon chalked this "O. K." and passed us in. We stopped at the Hotel Colomba d'Oro, on the Via Colomba, which, being interpreted, means the "Golden Dove Hotel" on "Dove Street"—an excellent place, with clean rooms and a good table, kept by an English boniface. We were about the only guests there then; but in winter Verona and this hotel are crowded with foreigners, so they said. A wonderful old grapevine grew up the side of the house, and covered the whole wall nearly, and it may have been planted there in Romeo's time.

From the Colomba d'Oro we explored the classic old town, and were charmed with its old churches, palaces, and tombs. Many of these date back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and all give the impression of age and antiquity. The Palazzo del Consiglio, or old town hall, is one of the best buildings in Northern Italy of the early Renaissance style, and is adorned with some fine bronze statues representing the Annunciation and of celebrated ancient and modern Veronese. The old cathedral is of the twelfth century, and seems very antique. In its handsome portal, behind its columns and griffins, are Roland and Oliver, the paladins of Charlemagne, in half-relief, executed so long ago as 1135. To the left of its façade are old Romanesque cloisters, the arches resting on double columns of red marble. They contain an antique Roman column, considerably mutilated, and ancient Roman mosaic pavements, recently discovered, several feet underground, very beautiful, and in excellent preservation. They keep these carefully covered over with sawdust, to exclude the light and air; but sweep the sawdust away, and exhibit them for a fee. The old churches of San Zeno and of San Anastasia are also very interesting, and are fine examples of Lombardic architecture of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They are both built of alternate strips of red and white brick, or of red and white marble, the latter abounding in quarries near Verona, both colors occuring in the same quarry and sometimes in the same block. On their walls and vaulted roofs are many fine frescoes, ranging from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, and they also contain many finely sculptured tombs of the same period,

Verona

with noble effigies and reliefs of saints and sacred subjects.

The old architecture of Verona, indeed, is very noticeable. It passed through the Lombard, Florentine, and Venetian stages, and was influenced by them all, though retaining a style somewhat of its own. It owes very much to the genius of Fra Giocondo, a native of Verona (1435-1514), who was bred a friar, but subsequently rose to great celebrity as an architect, and designed many handsome buildings, not only in Verona, but in Venice, Rome, and even France.

Near the center of Verona, adjoining the old Lombardic Church of San Maria Antica, are the imposing tombs of the Scaligers, "the stern Gothic forms of which immortalize the masculine genius of their dynasty." They were princes of Verona, and ruled her destinies for over a century (1260-1375), and here are their monuments—some equestrian, some simple statues, others under canopies, others massive sarcophagi. They occupy a little square by themselves, and their family crest, a ladder (ambition, climbing upwards, "getting there"), appears everywhere on the iron railings surrounding it. This iron work is most elaborate and artistic, is a fine example of what Verona could do in metals in her best days, and is altogether one of the most interesting things we saw in Verona.

Of course, we went to the palace and tomb of "all the Capulets." Not very much of a "palace,"—about what we would call a good city house, as many of the Italian palaces really are.

Next we went to the house of Juliet, and saw the balcony from which she threw her sighs and kisses down

to Romeo, and afterwards visited her neglected grave. You have to pay a fee to see this (in a back street and an obscure quarter of the town), and everybody is expected to leave his *carte de visite* there, and we left ours with hundreds of others heaped upon her poetic tomb. Not a very nice tribute to pay her. But it is "the custom of Verona."

We had a late dinner that day, and after it was over strolled down to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, in the heart of Verona, to sip our coffee and hear the band play. It played well, as all Italian bands do, and the whole city seemed assembled there. But soon an impending thunder-shower, with real Italian thunder and lightning, sent us back to our Golden Dove Hotel. We retired early, but along about midnight were awakened by some fine tenor voices singing magnificently as their owners passed along the street. These were succeeded by speeches and applause in a neighboring café. And then a little pandemonium broke loose on the street, and sleep vanished till nearly morning. What it was all about we failed to discover. But there was a good chance for the Verona police to demonstrate its usefulness.

The next morning was cool and delightful. After breakfast we walked down to the old Roman Amphitheater, or Arena, and walked all around it. It was erected about the year 300, under Diocletian, and is still in a good state of preservation. It is an enormous structure of brick and stone, after the Colosseum at Rome—five hundred and four feet long, by four hundred and two wide, and three hundred and eighteen high —and was capable of seating over thirty thousand spec-

tators in its day. Subsequently it was used as a stone quarry, and carved blocks of it appear in many of the Veronese churches and palaces to-day. Napoleon restored it, but it is again falling into decay, and its great corridors and vast vomitories are now used only as coal and wood, lime, and lumber yards. Just to think of it—here where Roman soldiers and consuls, priests and priestesses, once officiated! "To such base uses are we come at last!" Its massive proportions are not realized until you walk around and through it, it is so symmetrical; and then you think what a great people those old Romans must have been, to erect such a colossal building for pleasure purposes merely.

Next we went to the Piazza Erbe, the ancient forum, but now in use as a fruit and vegetable market, and one of the most picturesque squares in all Italy. A marble column here bears the lion of St. Mark, a modern copy of the ancient lion of the Republic at Venice. The antique fountain is adorned with a statue of "Verona." In the center of the piazza is the Tribuna, under a canopy supported by four columns, anciently the seat of judgment. The surrounding houses are decorated on their street fronts with frescoes of the Coronation of the Virgin, Adam and Eve, Madonna and Saints; and are fine examples of what we saw occasionally elsewhere in Italy, but no modern examples thereof except a few new houses in Genoa. Evidently, in old times, they frescoed the street-fronts of their palaces and houses very beautifully, and even great artists did not disdain to lend their brushes to this work. How gorgeous their streets must have appeared, in comparison with our modern plainness!

We took a final stroll along the banks of the Adige, to look at the old mediæval water and grist mills there, with undershot wheels; and then took the train for Venice. We liked Verona very much, and regretted we could not stay longer. But, as a whole, she impresses you as a dead city, or as only the ghost of departed grandeur. I think one gets this impression more in Verona than any place we saw in Italy, except perhaps Pisa. Indeed, Verona and Pisa are very much alike in this respect, and that is one reason why they seemed so admirable and enjoyable. There is nothing of this work-a-day life and world about them, but only the aroma of age and antiquity.

The Church of St. Anthony, Padua

In its day, two thousand years ago, Verona was the home of Pliny, Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, and other celebrated Romans. It was an old Roman colony, and of commanding military importance, because of its nexus of roads, leading practically everywhere. Afterwards it was the home of great soldiers and statesmen, the Scaligers and others, and of Paul Veronese and his great school of painters, and of other artists and architects innumerable. But to-day Verona is only the ghost of things, with no future before her except to doze and dream.

It is only a short ride from Verona to Padua—some

fifty miles or so—over half way from Verona to Venice. Padua was once one of the largest and richest cities in Italy, and is still a place of fifty thousand inhabitants, though much decadent. It abounds in old palaces and old arcades, especially in the heart of the city, many of them very interesting and beautiful. The Church of St. Anthony of Padua, an associate of St. Francis of Assisi, is a huge edifice, with six lofty domes, after both the Byzantine and Gothic orders, suggesting St. Mark's at Venice, but can hardly be called handsome, though ambitious and impressive. It dates back to 1231, when Padua was in its palmy days, and contains some superb sculptures and paintings by Donatello and others. St. Anthony, the patron saint of Padua, lies buried here, and his superb tomb is much visited and reverenced.

Market Square, Padua

In the Scuola del Santo, the Arena Chapel, on the site of an old Roman amphitheater, and the Municipal Gallery are many handsome frescoes, sculptures, and bronzes, by Titian, Giotto, Romanio, Donatello, Andrea Mantegna, and other great masters. Indeed, the whole of the exquisite Arena Chapel is said to have been painted by Giotto, who spent several of his busy years here, and dowered Padua with his genius and

art. The cathedral does not impress one so much, though old (about 1550); but the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, with its double row of illustrious Italians, including Petrarch, Galileo, Tasso, Ariosto, Livy, and others (mostly Paduans), over eighty in all, more or less good, is spacious and attractive, and speaks well for modern Italy. In the center of the city, between the old Market Squares of the Fruits and the Herbs, stands the stately old Hall of Justice, now called Il Salone, dating back to 1172, and justly celebrated for its vaulted wooden ceiling—two hundred and seventy-three feet long, ninety feet wide, and two hundred and thirty-four feet high. Its spacious walls are adorned by three hundred frescoes, painted by Miretto and others, representing the influence of the seasons and the constellations of mankind.

A Water Street, Padua

Padua has long been noted for its learning and art, and its ancient university still numbers about fifteen hundred students, though, like the rest of the city, its glory has much departed. Indeed, Padua, like Verona, seems decadent and decrepit. Its houses are chiefly old and dilapidated. Its once busy canals, extending to Venice and the sea, are silent; and the whole city gives one the impression of a ghost only of former greatness.

Chapter X

FROM Padua to Venice is only about twenty-two miles, and the country is one vast garden and vineyard still, though not so fertile and productive as about Milan. You come suddenly upon Venice, and soon realize that she is indeed the "Pearl of Italy," and "Queen of the Adriatic." Venice is situated, not upon the mainland, but among lagoons, some two or three miles from the mainland, and you enter it over a long causeway built up from the sea. It stands on one hundred and seventeen small islands, divided by one hundred and fifty canals, and connected by three hundred and seventy-eight bridges. The authorities differ as to these figures somewhat, but the above seem substantially accurate. It contains about fifteen thousand houses and palaces, erected chiefly on piles. The islands are so well built over, there is not room for more houses; but there are shallow places in the lagoons that can be reclaimed and occupied when needed. Her early history is involved in obscurity, but she seems to have been settled first by refugees from the mainland, who then turned pirates. In time she gathered wealth and power, and in the fifteenth century, the zenith of her glory, Venice numbered over two hundred thousand inhabitants—which meant more then than now—and dominated the trade and commerce of the

world. She was a kind of a Republic in those great days—not much like our American Republic, however; more of an oligarchy—but is now a part of free and united Italy. Venice then possessed three hundred sea-going vessels, with eight thousand sailors; three hundred smaller craft, with seventeen thousand men; and a fleet of war galleys, manned by eleven thousand men; and maintained the naval and commercial supremacy of the Mediterranean, and so of the whole civilized world. Her annual exports were then reckoned at 10,000,000 ducats, of which 4,000,000 were said to be clear profit. She did the great carrying trade for the Crusades, to and from Palestine, and amassed vast sums from this pious business, and for centuries controlled the trade of the Indies, and so of the Orient via the Red Sea. But the discovery of the all-sea route to India *via* the Cape of Good Hope (1497) transferred the India trade to Portugal and Spain, and soon afterwards Venice began to decline, and kept this up until a century ago, when her population had dwindled one-half. But with the opening of the Suez Canal, a quarter of a century or so ago, Venice revived, and now again has about one hundred and seventy-five thousand people, her suburbs included. She has lines of steamers to Athens, Constantinople, Palestine, Alexandria, Tunis, and the Mediterranean generally, and is again a growing city, though less so than Naples and Genoa apparently.

Venice

Arriving at Venice, you leave the railroad at the station, and take a gondola or a "pocket edition" of a steamboat thence down town. Of course, there are no cabs, or omnibuses, or street-cars, because there are no streets in Venice, only canals and little byways or lanes,

by courtesy called streets; no horses, or mules, or donkeys, or vehicles of any kind, only gondolas and "barks" or boats. How the natural trade and commerce of a large city like Venice, and its necessary travel and traffic, are carried on in this way is surprising. But the gondolas and boats are numerous, and they dart about in all sorts of ways and places, with a dexterity and speed amazing to one not a Venetian. There are public gondolas, of course, for hire everywhere. But many private houses and palaces also have their own gondolas, often shapely and beautiful, but all of the same color—black, as prescribed by law. Instead of alley-ways, as in other cities, they have gondola-ways between and underneath their residences, and doorways from their houses to these, from which they can step directly into their gondolas and be rowed away or return. The canals are of all widths and sizes, from the Grand Canal—one hundred feet wide and two miles long—to others eight or ten feet wide only, or less, merely wide enough for a gondola to slip through. Many are too narrow for two gondolas to pass, and the gondoliers have to shout from one bend or corner to another, to give warning to others coming their way. The ocean-tide ebbs and flows in these canals, and their depths vary from three feet to a fathom or so. Without the tide to cleanse them daily these tiny Venetian canals would soon become pestilential, and, as it is, many of them are foul and ill-smelling. They are the open sewers and public baths of Venice, and often, as you row along, you may see a flock of boys in swimming, the younger ones tied by a rope to the doorposts, as a precaution against drowning, though it is hard to drown a Venetian.

Venice—Canals Palaces

The houses and palaces, as a rule, rise directly out of the sea, with their front steps leading down into the water, though some have narrow footwalks. Back of the houses, and extending by bridges of all sorts from island to island, is a perfect labyrinth of little lanes or byways, yclept streets, paved with stone blocks or asphalt, without sidewalks, of course, but alive with picturesque and romantic shops and throngs, men and women everywhere carrying burdens on their heads or backs that would elsewhere be borne or drawn by horses or donkeys. One must go to Venice, if he would know what human beings are capable of enduring in this way.

Grand Canal and del Salute, Venice.

As we were in Venice we decided to do as Venice does. So we called a gondola, and were rowed down the Grand Canal to the Grand Hotel, over a mile or more, and taking three-quarters of an hour. The Grand Canal is much the shape of the letter "S," and is lined throughout with handsome houses and stately palaces, chiefly of marble and brick, the ancient houses of the Venetian nobles and merchant princes. Many of these are now devoted to public offices and private business; but many also stand vacant, their owners dead or impoverished, and their noble families "run out." Many of these edifices are noble and artistic, rich with

carving and sculpture, and few lack beauty and excellence of some sort. It is the old Italian taste and skill over again; only Venice seems to have improved upon the Italian nature. Her police were everywhere, and arrayed in the same seventeenth-century fashion as those at Genoa, with high hats, white gloves, canes, etc. But they maintained "law and order" in Venice, and what else are policemen for, anyhow?

At the Grand Hotel we secured good rooms, and found Trenton friends there to welcome us. A large majority of the guests were Americans, like ourselves bent on sight-seeing. Many were schoolteachers and college professors; some were ministers; and the American girl was everywhere in evidence. In the evening, when we sat down to the long *table d'hote*, the few gentlemen present seemed swallowed up by the many ladies.

Of course, everybody went everywhere in a gondola, for the romance of the thing; or, if you threaded the little streets on foot in the daytime, sightseeing or shopping, the thing to do in the evening was to take a gondola-ride on the Grand Canal. It was certainly very delightful and charming, and our ladies especially never tired of this. There was always music afloat in the air from some gondola or other, and often illuminations in some quarter or other, and gondola life at Venice is certainly all poetry and song. The gondoliers row their unique and antique boats, standing erect, by a single oar at the stern, and seem a hardy race apart by themselves. They are stalwart, muscular men, with a dialect of their own, and transmit their trade from father to son. Formerly they did a thriving business, because of the numerous travelers at Venice; but they complain bitterly of the

little steamboats now on the Grand Canal as reducing gondola traffic and cutting prices, and they would dearly like to go back to the old times again. It does seem an anachronism to see modern steamboats puffing along the Grand Canal, under the Rialto, by old St. Mark's, the Doges' Palace, and the Bridge of Sighs. But, all the same, the steamboats are there to stay as "the survival of the fittest," and Venetian gondolas will soon become as extinct as Roman triremes or Indian war-canoes. To save them, or to delay their fate a little, a recent inventor proposes to attach electric motors to them. But then they would cease to be Venetian gondolas!

It was hot and sultry at Venice in the mornings. But in the afternoons we had a sea breeze always, and the evenings were cool and delightful. We went everywhere with umbrellas or under gondola awnings, and once in the churches and galleries found no discomfort from the heat, their walls are so thick and massive. Heavy padded leather curtains at all the doors kept out the heat and glare, and a cap and a wrap even were not unwelcome usually, when once inside.

The great Church of Venice is old St. Mark's, or San Marco, as they call it there. St. Mark is the patron saint of Venice, and his bones are said to have been bought by a great Venetian merchant, and brought there from Alexandria about A. D. 829. St. Mark's itself was built the following year, as a Romanesque brick basilica, but was burned down (as seems to have been the fate of so many of the ancient churches—they must have had poor fire engines and no fire departments in those old days), and was rebuilt in the eleventh and twelfth centuries in

the Byzantine style, and decorated with Oriental magnificence by Greek and Arabian artists. It is now in the form of a Greek cross, with Byzantine domes in the center and at the ends of the arms, and is about two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and sixty-eight feet wide. Externally and internally it is adorned with over five hundred columns, of exquisite design and workmanship. Its interior is richly decorated with gilding, bronze, and mosaics, the latter alone covering nearly fifty thousand square feet. Its columns are marble, alabaster, porphyry, and verde antique, from ancient heathen temples, brought from Greece, Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt, many consisting of a single block of priceless value—matchless elsewhere. How beautiful and exquisite these all are! Its color scheme is iridescent glass, transparent alabaster, polished marble, and burnished gold, artistic and beautiful beyond conception. Over its main entrance are the famous four gilded bronze horses, said to be the finest of ancient bronzes, and the only surviving specimen of an ancient quadriga. They are likely of old Greek origin, and were stolen by Nero and placed over his arch at Rome. Afterwards they were placed over the Arch of Trajan there. The Emperor Constantine robbed Rome of them, and took them to Constantinople. The Doge Dandolo, when he captured Constantinople, brought them to Venice, A. D. 1204. In 1797, Napoleon I robbed Venice of them, and took them to Paris; but when Napoleon went down, in 1815, they were sent back to Venice. What a history they have had, and what a tale they could unfold, if they could only speak! They are exquisite and beautiful beyond description, and have been the

wonder and the despair of sculptors for twenty centuries or more. The general effect of St. Mark's is that of age and the Orient. The touch of the East is everywhere about it. Its marble floor is uneven and contorted, some of the piles on which it rests having sunk more than others. But the old cathedral itself seems as solid as a mountain and as beautiful as heaven.

Venice—St. Mark's

On the Sunday morning we were at St. Mark's it was thronged with worshipers, more or less devout, and the music was superb and glorious. The same day, later, we attended the Protestant service of the Scotch Presbyterian Church—the only Protestant Church then open—and found thirty-four persons present by actual count, though the sermon was exceptionally good and helpful. This "church," so called, was in a back room of moderate size, on the third floor of an ordinary house, in an obscure street; and how could Protestantism hope to succeed in such a "church," with Venice full of spacious and beautiful Roman Catholic churches and cathedrals? There was nothing in it to touch the intellect or fancy, the heart or soul, of a true Italian, and, in point of fact, I do n't think there were a half dozen Italians present in the little congregation, if so many. The rest were English and American tourists, chiefly the latter.

The Piazza or Place of St. Mark's is a huge, open-air square, in front of the church, its other three sides inclosed by imposing edifices, which look like one vast marble palace bleached by time and weather. It is about two hundred yards long by one hundred yards wide, and is the heart of Venice and its ancient glory. The evenings we were there it was thronged with thousands of both men and women, who came to sip their coffee,

and smoke, at the little tables placed everywhere there, and to enjoy the superb music of the Military Band; and really there is no more enchanting or fascinating spot in all Italy. By day a large flock of pigeons enliven it, who roost and make their multitudinous nests in the nooks and crannies of the surrounding buildings, particularly St. Mark's and the Doges' Palace. For centuries these were fed daily, at the public expense of the city. But now they are dependent on citizens and travelers. Nobody thinks of molesting them or scaring them away; but scatter grain to them, and they will cluster about you, and perch upon your arms and shoulders, and we photographed two of our party in this position, with scores of these doves or pigeons fluttering about them.

St. Mark's, Venice. Feeding the Pigeons.

Opposite St. Mark's in a corner of the piazza, stands the famous Campanile of Venice,* a square tower three hundred and twenty-two feet high, founded A. D. 888, rebuilt 1329, and now surmounted by an angel of gilded bronze sixteen feet high, put up there in 1517. It is ascended by a winding inclined plane and broad steps, so gentle that Napoleon I distinguished himself by riding his horse to the top one day, it is said, when he was at

*Fell July 14, 1902.

Venice. Opposite this, near a corner of the piazza, is the old clock tower, built 1496 (only four years after Columbus discovered America), and in the top of this are two giants in bronze, who curiously strike the hours with hammers on a great bell, heard all over Venice.

Venice—Campanile Doges' Palace

Near by, in the direction of the Lagune or Grand Canal, stand two imposing columns of granite, from Constantinople or Syria, one erected A. D. 1180 and the other A. D. 1329. One is crowned by the winged Lion of St. Mark, the historic Lion of the Republic; the other by St. Theodore, the ancient patron of the Republic, standing on a crocodile, typifying the triumph of Christianity over Egyptian idolatry and heathenism. This used to be the place of public executions also, but is now the headquarters of the gondoliers—a happy change, truly.

S. Giorgio from the top of Campanile.

Directly opposite, fronting on the Lagune and also on the piazetta, is the Palace of the Doges, a venerable pile, one hundred and fifty-six feet long by one hundred and sixty-four feet deep. It was founded A. D. 800, and has been destroyed by fire or earthquake no less than five times, but re-erected each time in grander style than before. Exteriorly it is faced with small slabs of colored marble, and it has two arcades, one above the

other; the upper one, "La Loggia," remarkably rich. Both fronts are rich with carvings and statuary, of Adam and Eve, of Moses, Solomon, Numa Pompilius, Scipio, Trajan, and other historical characters; and the old Venetian and Florentine artists seem to have spared no pains or expense to make this old palace of the Republic grand and glorious. Its water-front has been the scene of many notable spectacles and pageants. Here Venice annually "wedded the sea" with a ring. Here her doges were inaugurated. Here her great sea captains departed and returned. Here foreign embassies, kings, and emperors were received and entertained. Here her celebrated Council of Ten sat and administered the Republic, and adjudicated life and death to its enemies, and to Venetians, for long years. What a history the famous old palace has really had!

You enter the Doges' Palace by the Scala dei Giganti, a gigantic marble staircase, with colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, the favorite gods of Venice, at the top. Once inside, you wander from room to room and hall to hall, filled with divine frescoes and paintings by Tintoretto, Palma Giovane, Paul Veronese, Titian, Bellini, and other great masters. Many of these are huge battle-pictures by sea and land, illustrating the history of Venice, and are well worth a study of years, for their costumes, ships, arms, guns, etc. Other galleries are filled with antique bronzes and marbles, bewildering in extent and exquisite in design and finish; and the beauty and the splendor of the gorgeous old palace are a constant wonder and delight. We wandered through it everywhere at will, and afterwards descended into the prisons and dungeons underneath the palace, once

crowded with prisoners of state, and saw the old torture-chamber and place of execution there, and the old "Lion's Mouth" into which secret accusations could be put and the accused haled for trial without counsel or jury; and also gazed upon the lofty Bridge of Sighs, which connects the Doges' Palace across a broad canal with the prison for common criminals there. This has a romantic interest, indeed, but is neither so beautiful nor so lofty as the Rialto, or High Bridge, which is a really fine piece of work. The Rialto consists of a single white marble arch, one hundred and fifty-eight feet long by ninety feet wide, and thirty-two feet high, on twelve thousand piles, spanning the Grand Canal and connecting the east and west quarters of Venice. It was built in 1588, and is flanked by rows of shops on either side, where you may purchase almost anything produced or made upon the earth. Of course, it is for foot-passengers alone, and is not level, as bridges usually are, but has broad and easy marble steps for ascending and descending, and seems always thronged with people.

Venice—Bridge of Sighs Rialto

Of course, we went to the Church of Santa Maria Formosa; not much of a church, but it contains a gem of a painting—St. Barbara and four other saints by Palma Vecchio. The "other saints" do not amount to a great deal, but St. Barbara herself is grandiose and peerless. Her calm and steadfast eyes, her exuberant hair, her diadem and robe, her superb neck and throat, are all regal and majestic, though thoroughly womanly, and there is not a painting of the kind in Italy that impresses one more deeply and chastely. Hard by is the Church of St. John and St. Paul, a magnificent edifice, second only in Venice to St. Mark's, where the doges

were brought for burial and their funeral services performed. Near to this, in a little square, is the exquisite statue in bronze of Bartolommeo Colleoni, a great general of the Republic, on a handsome marble pedestal, of which John Ruskin wrote, "I do not believe there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world!" Under the fine Venetian sky, it is indeed superb, the whole man and horse seeming instinct with life and action, like an old Greek centaur.

A Typical Bridge, Venice.

Next we went to the Church of the Frari, and saw the elaborate monuments of Titian and Canova—too "elaborate." Then to the Church of the Jesuits, which is veneered or lined inside with marble inlaid with verde antique—a most tedious and costly business—until the whole interior looks like elaborate lace-work; very artistic and expensive, but somewhat *rococo* and meretricious. Then to the Scuola di San Rocco, which has a magnificent façade and a handsome old staircase and halls, and whose walls are adorned exclusively by Scripture scenes, chiefly by Tintoretto, in the highest style of Venetian art. Then to the Church of Santa Maria delle Salute, a stately dome-covered church, on the Grand Canal, nearly opposite our hotel, erected 1631-82 in memory of the great plague of 1630,

and decorated largely with pictures by Titian. Some do not like delle Salute, but I thought it very noble and impressive.

Venice—Titian's "Assumption"

Afterwards we went to the Academy of Fine Arts, which is crowded with masterpieces by John Bellini, Gentile Bellini, Palma Vecchio, and other great Venetian artists. But its greatest masterpiece, to my mind, is Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin," which struck me on the whole as the grandest and most glorious painting I saw in Italy. It is the Virgin ascending to heaven, with upturned face and outstretched arms, with angels swarming around her like bees, and saints and apostles grouped reverently beneath her, all filled with wonder and awe and celestial joy; and the artistic effect of the whole, with its marvelous pose, drawing, coloring, and expression, must be seen to be appreciated. I have seen many photographs and engravings of it, but they all fall far short of the glorious original. We stood entranced and enraptured before it as before no other picture in Venice, and, I make bold to say, this "Assumption" alone is well worth a voyage across the Atlantic, if you want to see a great painting. If Titian had painted nothing else, this picture alone would have immortalized him, and entitled him to a passport to Paradise. There is another painting there, by Tintoretto, that also impressed us deeply. It is that of a Christian slave doomed to torture and death, but miraculously saved by St. Mark. He is bound and chained to a stake. His persecutors strike at him with clubs and staves, but they sliver to atoms. They assault him with hammers and battle-axes, but they break and fall to pieces. They attack him with daggers and knives, but they fall harm-

less at his feet. Calm and serene in his Christian faith, with St. Mark near by, invisible to his enemies, he faces everybody and everything, and triumphs gloriously. It is splendid and inspiring, in both drawing and coloring, as well as *motif*, and well worthy of one of the great masters of Italy.

Another day we went to the arsenal, where Venice has admirably collected and preserves her army and navy antiquities, and where once she employed eighteen thousand men, though now only two or three thousand. Here are models and specimens of arms and ships for a thousand years and more—many of them most curious and interesting—and her whole military and naval history may be studied to advantage. Among other curious things here is the model of an ancient revolver much like our Colt's, and another of a bicycle five hundred years ago, though neither came into actual use. In front of the arsenal stand four antique lions, brought to Venice from Greece in 1687, and of great antiquity before then, famous for their symmetry and beauty, and probably the work of Phidias or Praxiteles.

Beyond the arsenal lies the Public Garden, a pretty park of considerable extent, on land obtained by confiscating and destroying several monasteries in Napoleon's time. Here roses and flowers grow in great profusion, and many of the trees are magnificent specimens of European flora. Beyond this still, a mile or two away, across the bay, is the Lido, the Coney Island of Venice, with bathing grounds, concert-halls, and many popular attractions, but all well regulated and guarded. Still beyond this are the great breakwaters of Venice—huge walls of stone, with broad steps sloping to the sea,

but abrupt toward Venice—and they have stood there for centuries.

Venice—Arsenal Lido

We spent part of an afternoon at the Lido, with throngs of people coming and going, and among the rest were Don Carlos of Spain, with his wife and great Siberian bloodhound, always with him. He was then living on the Grand Canal in a house of his own, well-appearing but not palatial, not far from our hotel, and went daily down to the Lido on one of the little cheap and popular steamboats, to enjoy the sea air and see the sights and crowds, like any other mortal. And with his big dog and little cigarette he seemed very human!

Another day we went to the Venetian glass and lace factories, for which Venice has long been famous, and were much interested in their rare and costly products. But these and their products are modern Venice, so to speak, and ancient Venice, with her thousand and one objects of art and beauty and old historic associations, interests one more; and this glamour of art and antiquity is never absent for an hour, while you are there.

Of course, the above are not the only things we saw in Venice. But they are the chief and the best. In Venice, as a whole, we had no disappointment. But rather rare pleasure and enjoyment. Her art and architecture, her beauty and magnificence, surpassed our expectations, and her old palaces (many of them frescoed all over their street fronts by her best artists and not yet faded), her queer streets, and quaint ways, were a constant surprise and delight. Her modern water-colors seem highly tinted, and would be elsewhere, and are here in certain hours and weather. But there are other days and weather when the lights and shades on the Lagunes

and sky are all these pictures indicate, and all Venice is superb with red and pink and purple and gold. Then paradise seems to drop down out of the sky. Then her palaces, and churches, and ships, and clouds, and waters take on all the wealth of color that these water-colors show, and Venice becomes really and truly the Pearl of Italy and the Queen of the Adriatic.

Altogether, Venice has indeed a fascination and a charm quite her own, and seems at times like an antique gem on a large scale, or like a poet's beatific vision, or some Midsummer Night's Dream—weird, mysterious, magnificent, and glorious beyond a modern American's conception, until he goes there and "sees Venice" for himself. Let me advise everybody to go; for old Venice, the Venice of the gondola and the gondolier, will soon cease to be.

Chapter XI

E left Venice at 8.45 A. M., July 13th, and arrived at Milan the same day at 2.30 P. M.—about two hundred miles. At last we had struck the "Italian summer." It had been cool in Southern Italy generally—in Rome too cool for June comfort—but in Genoa and Venice we had found warm weather, and here in Milan it was hot. The mornings and evenings were not so warm; but in the middle of the day the sun blazed from an unclouded sky, and everybody sought a "siesta." The shops and stores even were practically closed, and if you ventured inside nobody cared to wait upon you; all were lying down or napping. To keep out the heat and glare of the sun, they extend their canvas awnings out to the curbstones and down to the curbstones, and thus you may walk for blocks well-sheltered from the sun. Why would not this be a good thing in many of our American cities in July and August?

Milan—Plains of Lombardy

We liked Milan, however, and thought it the most American of all the Italian cities. The Italians surname it "La Grande," and it certainly deserves the name. It stands on the plains of Lombardy, like Chicago on the prairies of Illinois, and is the great industrial and financial center of united Italy. There is a magnificent farming country all about it, and her people are wide-awake

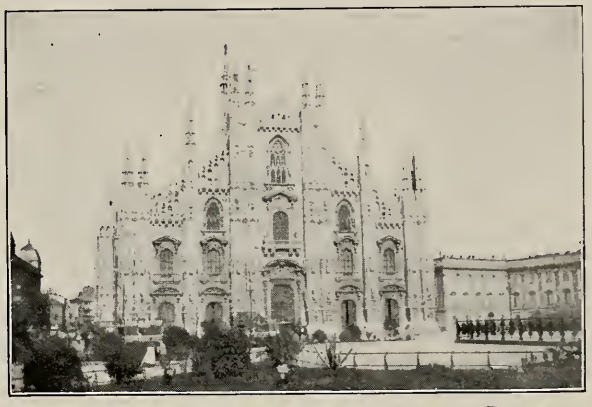
and business-like for Italians. Her streets are not much wider or straighter than elsewhere in Italy, but evidences of growth and progress appear on all sides. Her street pavements are many of them cobble-stones still, much to one's surprise; but she is replacing them with brick and asphalt, and will soon be "up-to-date" in this respect also. She has electric cars everywhere of a high order, with a "belt-line" around the city on the site of her ancient walls, which she outgrew and leveled years ago.

Milan is the capital of Lombardy, is the seat of an archbishop, the headquarters of an army corps, and contains, with its suburbs, about five hundred thousand inhabitants. It does a large business in silk and woolen goods, gloves, carriages, machinery, and furniture, and is developing a school of art in both painting and sculpture quite its own. Indeed the Milanese artists claim to surpass both Rome and Florence nowadays, and their claim seems good.

Of course, she is an old, old place. The Romans had a colony here two centuries before Christ, and in after centuries she surpassed even Rome in importance at times. In the eleventh century she contained three hundred thousand inhabitants; but in 1162 was totally destroyed by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. In 1167 the allied cities of Brescia, Bergamo, Mantua, and Verona, taking pity on her people, rebuilt her somewhat, and again she grew to importance. She is situated on the little river Olona, but is connected by a network of canals with the Ticino, the Po, the Adda, and Lakes Maggiore and Como, as well as by railroads with all Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and Germany.

The great thing at Milan is her peerless Duomo,

or cathedral, which the Milanese claim is "the eighth wonder of the world." It is not so large as St. Peter's at Rome, nor the cathedral at Seville, but is the third largest church in Europe. It is older than the present St. Peter's, though not so old, of course, as the original St. Peter's. It was founded in 1386, but not fully completed until the present century. It has cost anywhere from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars, but even now the façade does not suit them, and they have recently appropriated four millions of dollars for a new façade, and given their architect forty years to do it in. It is a huge edifice of brick encased with white marble, four hundred and eighty-six feet in length by two hundred and eighty-eight feet in breadth, with a nave one hundred and fifty-seven feet high. Over this is a dome two hundred and twenty feet high, with a marble tower rising three hundred and sixty feet from the pavement. The roof also is of marble, and is adorned with nearly one hundred turrets or pinnacles, each surmounted by a marble statue of some saint or hero (Napoleon I among them), while every niche and corner bears the same. Even the superb columns inside, which support the massive marble roof, have canopied niches, with statues instead of cap-



Duomo, Milan.

itals. Altogether, inside and outside, the Duomo is said to have over five thousand marble statues, and is unique in this respect. It stands in the center of a great square, or "piazza," as the Italians say, and covers an area of fourteen thousand square yards, and will hold forty thousand people, as claimed.

Its stained-glass windows in the choir are said to be the largest and most beautiful in the world, and are certainly a mass of color and splendor. They are of Scripture subjects, from the Creation down to the Crucifixion, and picture the whole life of man. Most of them are three and four centuries old, and all are exquisite and glorious. One might linger there for days, studying these windows alone, as works of divinest art. The interior, as a whole, is not so rich in mosaics and paintings as St. Peter's, but it abounds in costly marbles, rare bronzes, and magnificent tombs, and the general effect of the Duomo as a whole is most solemn and impressive. Its general style is Gothic, with many divergences; but it is more churchlike than St. Peter's, and I believe it to be the finest ecclesiastical edifice upon the earth. It is poetry in marble. It is carved eloquence. It is frozen music. It is sublime, and uplifting, and Christlike, and does more to inspire the religious sentiments than all the Madonnas and saints from Naples to Milan.

Just within the main entrance is a band of brass across the pavement, and a little slit high up in the thick wall admits a ray of sunlight at noon that traverses this brass from wall to wall, and so fixes Milan's meridian. In the center of the north transept is a valuable bronze candelabrum, in the form of a tree with

seven branches, executed in the thirteenth century, and decorated with costly jewels—a really wonderful piece of art. Under the dome, in a crypt, lies the embalmed body of the Cardinal St. Carlo Borromeo, canonized for his good deeds during the great famine and plague of 1576. His body lies in a silver sarcophagus, faced with rock-crystal, and is adored by an almost continuous stream of pilgrims and sight-seers. In the right transept, to the rear of the altar, but adjacent, is the marble statue of St. Bartholomew, executed in the sixteenth century, and anatomically remarkable, because St. Bartholomew is represented as an ordinary man flayed alive, but bearing his skin on his shoulder, with every muscle and vein clear and distinct. How he managed to live and move after being thus "flayed alive," I do n't know; but his statue is remarkable for its fidelity and skill, anatomically considered, and is the only one of the kind we saw abroad, though there are copies elsewhere. They have many other treasures in the Duomo, but its chief treasure is a nail of the true cross (so they say). They keep this inclosed in a costly box of rock-crystal in the great apse of the cathedral, high up above the high altar, where all may see and adore it from all parts of the Duomo. Once a year they take it down, and carry it in holy procession through the broad aisles and up the great nave of the Duomo, and it heals the sick, cures the lame, makes the blind to see, the deaf to hear, etc. So they say at Milan. And it is only an old rusty nail, too! But then it is from Palestine!

The founder of the Milanese Church was St. Ambrose, who is greatly venerated throughout Lombardy

as the compiler of the Ambrosian Liturgy, which is still in use at the Duomo, and never gave place to St. Peter's. In former centuries, Rome often essayed to establish her ritual here, as elsewhere in the world. But Milan stood loyally by St. Ambrose, and does so still.

I walked all around the Duomo one day, and was there several times. I liked to drop in alone, and wander from spot to spot, and take in things by myself. I think that is the only way to "do" a great church or gallery. One does n't want a "guide," if he reads up a little. Better to see and meditate by one's self. You will soon get all you want in this way, and get it a great deal better than from a chattering and usually half-informed or misinformed guide; especially if you pick up a little of the language, which you will everywhere do, if you try seriously. I attended high mass there one day, for an hour or two. The music was divine, and rolled and echoed through the great Duomo like paradisiac thunder and melody. There were four archbishops and bishops present, and forty-four other ecclesiastics, by actual count, and about three hundred people, mostly of the poorer classes. The exercises were chiefly genuflexions and ceremonies, with swinging censers everywhere. It was all very democratic, however. I got up as near the altar as laymen were allowed, and found a seat on a long wooden bench. A woman with a child in her arms and another with a market-basket sat down near me, and a flock of American tourists, largely young ladies, roamed about at will, with "Baedeker" in hand and in open-eyed wonder. The service went on all the same, and so did these kin of mine. The Italians did not seem to mind that. But

what would we Americans think of such irreverence and disrespect in time of religious services? Evidently the Italians regard us all as a sort of half-barbarians and privileged heathen, because our travel pays so well. An intelligent Milanese told me that Italy realizes nearly $100,000,000 a year from foreign travel alone, of which America contributes about one-half. "And so," he said, "it pays us to take care of our antiquities and art!"

Next to the Duomo, I think the finest thing in Milan is the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, or the Arcade of Victor Emmanuel. This is not ancient, but modern—built 1865-67—and is one of the most spacious and beautiful edifices of its kind in Europe. It connects two of the chief squares of Milan, and cost nearly two millions of dollars. It is in the form of a Latin cross, nine hundred and sixty feet long by forty-eight feet wide, and ninety-four feet high, with a dome over the center one hundred and eighty feet in height. The decorations are well executed, and bear testimony to the good taste of modern Milan. It is adorned with frescoes of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; of Science, Art, Industry, and Agriculture; and with statues of famous Italians, including Arnold of Brescia, Cavour, Vittore Pisano, Gian Galeazzo Visconti (the founder of the Duomo), Macchiavelli, Marco Polo, Raphael, Galileo, Dante, Michael Angelo, Volta, Beccaria, Columbus, Savonarola, etc. On the first floor are handsome shops and splendid cafés, and at night the whole place is ablaze with electric lights and crowded with the *élite* of Milan. Everybody comes here to dine, or to sip his coffee and hear the military band play, as in the piazza of St. Mark's

at Venice, or the piazza at Florence, and all good Americans meet here, of course.

Just beyond this magnificent arcade, which would be a credit to any city or any century, is the Piazza della Scala, with Milan's monument to Leonardo da Vinci, also modern (1872). It is a statue of the great master in Carrara marble, over life-size, on a high pedestal, surrounded by four of his most famous pupils, and adorned with copies in relief of his greatest works. Everybody goes to see this, of course, and it is well worth a visit. But Leonardo's great masterpiece is not in this handsome piazza, but in the refectory of the old monastery of S. Maria delle Grazie, now or late a cavalry barracks. This is his world-famous "Last Supper," and is now so faded and forlorn as to be much of it obscure, if not indecipherable. It was discovered in Napoleon's time at Milan, covered over with whitewash, when a company of his cavalry was quartered in this old monastery. It has since been rescued and made the most of, and as you study it the genius of the great master becomes more and more apparent. But what must it not have been when fresh and new? There have been many copies of it, and good ones too; but they all fail to exhibit the features and emotions which Leonardo meant to express, and which are still discernible in the grand old picture, faded though it be. As Goethe well says: "The artist represents the peaceful little band [of the disciples] around the sacred table as thunderstruck by the Master's words, 'One of you shall betray me.' The whole company is in dismay, while he himself bows his head with downcast eyes. His whole attitude, the motion of his arms and hands,

all seem to repeat with heavenly resignation, and his silence to confirm, the mournful words: 'It can not be otherwise. One of you shall betray me!'"

Milan—"Last Supper" Brera

While studying it, and drinking in all that is best and noblest in it, in tramped a party of young ladies from Philadelphia, chaperoned by a lady from New York, well known to us at home, and the exchange of our travel experiences absorbed the rest of the hour. Nevertheless, we saw the "Last Supper" well, and advise everybody else to go see it when at Milan. It is one of the world's greatest paintings, and its memory will survive even when its colors are no more.

Next we went to the Brera, or the Palace of Science, Letters, and Art, formerly a Jesuit college, but now a picture gallery, a library (three hundred thousand volumes), a collection of coins (fifty thousand), an observatory, a collection of casts from the antique, and an archæological museum. Surely this is an improved use to put the old edifice to! As you enter, in the center of the handsome court, a fine bronze statue of Napoleon I as a Roman emperor, by Canova, greets you. Inside, the gem of the paintings is Raphael's far-famed Sposalizio, or the "Nuptials of the Virgin," painted in 1504, and never surpassed by him. It is not unlike Perugino's painting of the same subject, but displays more genius. Here, also, are many other fine pictures, by Palma Vecchio, Gentile Bellini, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Titian, Guido Reni, Rubens, Van-Dyck, Jordaens, and other masters. There are some portraits especially of men and women, by Lorenzo Lotto, that would be hard to surpass elsewhere, and the gallery as a whole is well worthy of Milan.

Next we went to the Museo Poldi-Pezzoldi, which is a charming collection of nearly everything in art, made at great expense, and recently bequeathed to Milan by its founder, Cav. Poldi-Pezzoldi, together with the superb house or palace in which he lived. His wife died; his children died; his brothers and sisters all died; and then he gave the elegant property, to which he had devoted his life and fortune, to Milan and her citizens forever. The building itself is spacious and beautiful; but the collection seems incomparable for a private personage, including valuable pictures, arms and armor, and many exquisite objects of antiquity. Here are marble statues and statuettes that seem to live and breathe; superb wood-carvings; Turkish and Persian carpets, as lovely as oil-paintings; Dresden, Sevres, Japanese, and Chinese vases and porcelains, charming as a dream; gold and silver plate; valuable vessels, embellished with gems and enameling; Romanesque crosses and reliquaries; Roman and Oriental bronzes, antique glass, etc.; Persian weapons, Cloisonne enamelware from India and China; and mirrors, tables, cabinets, bureaus, bookcases, and bedsteads, that fascinate and bewilder you. One handsome carved bedstead in particular, on the first floor, unique and exquisite in all its details, has its four feet resting each on the back of some animal, symbolic of what rest and sleep may overcome; such as care, fatigue, grief, and trouble. We felt well repaid for the hour or two we spent here, and Milan may well be proud of such a museum and such a citizen.

Of course, we went to Bocconi's. Signor Bocconi is the John Wanamaker of Italy, and he boasts of great

department stores in all the chief cities of the kingdom. We visited several of these, but none better than the one in Milan, if any so good. Here was everything for sale, raw and ready-made, in styles and at prices to suit the purchaser, and customers swarmed as at our Wanamaker's. We did some "shopping" here, and found it quite satisfactory; but it seemed extraordinary he had so few English-speaking salespeople, in view of the large English and American travel at Milan.

Milan—Poldi-Pezzoldi Bocconi's

The last thing we did at Milan was to take a tram-car ride on the "Circonvallazione," or the belt-line around the city. This runs on the site of the old city walls, and is several miles in extent. Parts of the old walls are still standing, and most of the old city gates, and the old canals of Milan are still there and in use. The ride shows you all parts of the city well, except the modern suburbs, and gives one a better general idea of Milan than is otherwise obtainable. One can not but conclude that Milan is a prosperous and progressive city, and its people wide-awake and artistic.

We stopped at the Hotel Roma, on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, only a block or two away from the Duomo and the great Arcade, and found comfortable entertainment, but not first-class. Indeed, the hotels of Milan are not equal to the city otherwise, and whichever one you go to, you will likely regret you did not stop at some other one. But there are many of them, as well as "pensions," and one takes his choice!

Chapter XII

E left Milan, Saturday afternoon, July 15th, and the same evening arrived at Bellagio, on Lake Como. It was first a short ride by rail to Como itself—a town of ten or twelve thousand people, at the south end of the south-west arm of Lake Como, surrounded by an amphitheater of mountains, and noted for its large silk manufactories—and then a steamboat ride up the lake to Bellagio. The lake itself is about thirty miles long by two or three wide, and surrounded by mountains, some of them seven thousand feet high—the Italian Alps. Lake Como was extolled by Virgil in his day, and may well be considered the most beautiful lake in Northern Italy. The little steamboat zigzagged from one side of the lake to the other, touching at all the villages and summer resorts, landing or taking on passengers, and once or twice was struck by thundergusts so violent that it could not make its landings at all. The ride up the lake, however, was picturesque and exquisite beyond description, and the change of climate from hot Milan was most charming and delightful. How cool and grateful its temperate breezes seemed after the tropic heat of Milan and the plains of Lombardy! The great mountains crowd quite down to the water's edge, naked and barren above, but clad with

clustering farms and villages below, and with a climate so mild that palms, roses, oranges, lemons, and figs thrive in the open air, their delicious perfume borne on every breeze.

We landed at Bellagio early in the evening, refreshed by our lake ride, and found excellent quarters, at moderate rates. Bellagio is a little town of about a thousand inhabitants, scattered along the base of the rocky promontory that separates the two arms of the lake there. It abounds in hotels and pensions, all more or less good, and seemed to us—weary of Venice and Milan and their summer heat—one of the most charming spots in the world. We halted there to spend Sunday only, but were so charmed with the place that we staid nearly a week, and were loath to depart. The walks and grounds about the great hotels abounded in flowers and fruits, and the old town itself, with its ancient arcades, picturesque boats, and rows of washerwomen along shore—with great white umbrellas over them, while they beat and rinsed their clothes—was always of interest. It has only one street along the water; the others, narrow and steep, mere rocky alleys, run straight up the mountain or zigzag along its sides.

Lake Como, Bellagio.

I had been reading about Lake Como all my life, and here it was at last, surpassing my expectations. The lake was a gem by day and a dream by night. Lofty mountains frame it in on all sides, with snow-peaks here and there gleaming in the distance. The climate seemed perfect for July; neither too hot nor too cool. Life in the daytime seemed idyllic, and at night we had the July moon in her first quarter, with a wilderness of stars in the deep blue of the Italian sky, while the tinkle of distant cow-bells came to us across the water from the chalets along the mountain sides. A brace of lovely swans kept us company at our meals, catching the morsels we tossed them from our table under the plane-trees along the shore, and nearly every evening a thunder-shower, just at sunset, swept over the mountains and along the lake, and added to the weird beauty and sublimity of the landscape. No wonder Byron loved the Italian lakes, and we fully realized the fine lines which he wrote:

LAKE COMO, FROM MOUNTAIN ABOVE MENAGGIO.

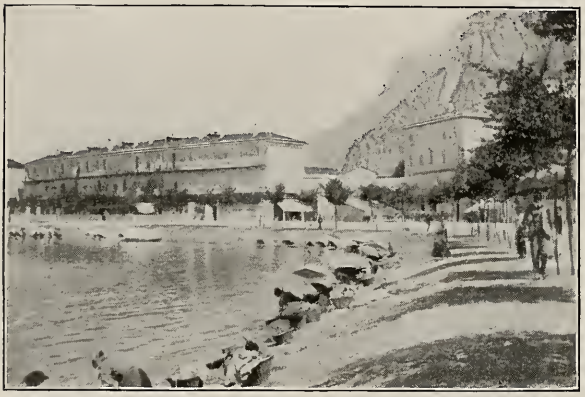
"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

One day we took a little steamer in the morning, and went up the southeast arm of the Lake to Lecco, where it contracts into the River Adda and flows out under the Ponte Grande—a stone bridge of ten arches, built in 1335, and still in good condition. Lecco is a busy little town of about six thousand inhabitants, at the foot of a mountain, with silk, cotton, and iron works, with statues of Manzoni and Garibaldi in its piazza. It has an old church, and abounds in old castles, tombs, shrines, etc. We took a romantic drive along and through its ancient streets, by its old garden walls surmounted by queer dwarfs and dogs, keeping watch and ward over the gardens, and got back to Bellagio in time for dinner. This arm of the lake is very beautiful, but the mountains are not so lofty nor the scenery so grand as from Como to Bellagio. Nevertheless, the excursion to Lecco is well worth taking, if one has the time.

Monte Resegone, Lecco.

Another day we crossed the lake to Cadenabbia, and spent a delightful morning in the Villa Carlotta and its handsome grounds. Here are celebrated reliefs by Thorwaldsen, and sculptures by Canova and others, and in the spacious garden or grounds are rare trees and exotics, roses, flowers, and palms, that could

flourish only in such an environment as here. How exquisite it all is, with the overshading mountains on one side, Lake Como at your feet, and the superb mountains rising again on the farther shore, with the Italian sky bending over all! No wonder the rich and the cultured, the noble and the titled of England, and all Europe indeed, frequent Lake Como, and build their villas and summer-houses along its lovely shores. And no wonder American tourists love to visit and linger here. If not Paradise Regained, surely it is the next thing to it, and not distant.



Washer-women, Lake Lecco.

But all things come to an end, and so one afternoon we packed our bags, and left for Lugano (July 19th). We crossed Lake Como to Menaggio by boat, and here took a little narrow-gauge railroad over the mountain to Porlezza, on Lake Lugano. This ride was charming in its way, the road winding in and out over crag and torrent, with far-stretching views of Lake Como at times, and, when finally we got down to Lake Lugano, we seemed to be on Como again. Of course, Lugano is not so grand as Como, nor so picturesque, but it is very fine in its way; and if one had not been to Como first, he would be enraptured with Lugano. At Porlezza we took a little steamer down the lake to

Lugano itself, and intended to ascend Monte S. Salvatore (about three thousand feet high) by cableroad, and spend the night there, overlooking the Italian Alps. But our boat was late, and so we had to spend the night at Lugano instead.

We might have stopped at a worse place. For Lugano is a smart little city of some seven thousand population, with villas and country-seats scattered along the lake, embowered in vineyards and gardens, and abounding with chestnuts and walnuts. A broad quay, with double rows of trees, extends along the lake front, a popular promenade of an evening, while the interior of the town has arcades, workshops, and old buildings, quite Italian in their character. The mountain and lake views are both very fine here, but they do not equal the views at Bellagio or Cadenabbia.

We did not visit Lake Maggiore and the other Italian lakes, because we did not care for them after Como and Lugano, and also because we were eager to get into Switzerland. Neither did we cross the Simplon, and go thence to Mont Blanc and Geneva, as we had originally planned. We found this would involve a *diligence* ride of ten or twelve hours over the mountains, and it might be in the rain, and as some of us did not feel equal to this, we decided to go on to Lucerne instead.

Chapter XIII

E left Lugano, July 20th, at 9.30 A. M., and reached Lucerne the same day at 5 P. M. We went *via* the St. Gothard Railroad, through the famous St. Gothard Pass to Flüelen, and thence by steamboat to Lucerne. It was a wild and wonderful ride by railroad, through the mountains, along precipices, over torrents, through tunnels, by "Devil's Bridges," following the Reuss and its tributaries mainly, and when at last we came out on Lake Lucerne it was like coming from Inferno to Paradise again.

St. Gothard is a mountain group, with extensive glaciers, and numerous peaks, averaging from eight thousand to ten thousand feet high. The Pass itself is a barren depression about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Romans used to come this way, when invading Austria and Germany, and it has been the highway of armies and commerce for centuries. The railroad was built here 1872-1882 to connect Germany and Italy, and cost over $40,000,000. It took 2,500 workmen most of the time, and sometimes as high as 3,500 were engaged. It has one tunnel alone nine and a quarter miles long, the longest in the world; and altogether the line has fifty-six tunnels, thirty-two great bridges, ten viaducts, and twenty-four minor

bridges. It was built chiefly by German capital, largely for military reasons, when Italy joined the Triple Alliance (Germany, Austria, and Italy), and has extensive fortifications at each end of the Great Tunnel. Nothing could be grander or sublimer than this railroad ride much of the way. The mountains towered ever before us and around us. Snowfields and snowpeaks were often in evidence. Distant avalanches were not infrequent. Waterfalls were on every side, and mountain torrents foamed and roared everywhere, like rivers of lace. The road climbs the Pass by gentle gradients, or shoots through dark tunnels, or poises itself on the edge of dizzy precipices, and often startles one's nerves by its audacity and daring. But it has been well built and is well managed, and, on the whole, we enjoyed the journey greatly. A superb wagon-road preceded it, and is always in sight from the car windows, and a carriage drive over this must be exhilarating and inspiring.

The country as a whole is naturally barren and uninviting, but it is well peopled and made the most of. There are little villages and scattered chalets everywhere, with wayside churches and shrines, and herds of cows and goats, and industrious and hard-working men and women. The houses and barns are mostly of logs or frame, with their roofs loaded down with rocks, and the fence-posts and vineyard poles are often of stone. In all the secluded valleys and sheltered nooks vineyards abound, as in Italy, and the language and dress of the inhabitants indicate an Italian extraction for many of them. Indeed, the Italian and Swiss Alps run altogether, and the races have mingled insensibly.

At Flüelen we left the cars, and took a little lake steamer down Lake Lucerne to Lucerne. The Lake of Lucerne, or "Lake of the Four Forest Cantons," as called there, is bounded by the Forest Cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Lucerne, and is "unsurpassed in Switzerland, and even in Europe, in magnificence of scenery." We had thought Como and Lugano beautiful and grand, and so they are; but Lucerne certainly surpasses them, and nothing could be finer. The lake itself is nearly cruciform, about twenty-five miles long by two and one-half wide, and greatest depth seven hundred feet. There is a railroad along one side of it (St. Gothard), but it also has a fleet of twenty-five little steamboats, that ply constantly over it, and land passengers at every hotel and hamlet. These are a feature of all the Swiss lakes, and are delightful in their appointments and management. The wooded mountains crowd quite down to the water's edge; but villas, hotels, and pensions crown the bluff shores everywhere, and the travel from point to point is large and constant. As we passed down the lake we took on parties everywhere that had come up from Lucerne for the day or week, and not a few of these were Americans or English, though the Germans preponderated.

Lake Lucerne from Rigi.

Soon we reached Tell's Platte, with its little Tell's Chapel, said to have been built originally in 1388 on the spot where William Tell sprang out of Gessler's boat, and afterwards shot that tyrant. Historians now, however, doubt the whole story; but the Tell legend still remains strong among the Swiss people, and ought to be true, if it is not. Then presently on the right rose the Rigi, on the left Pilatus, and facing us were the Bürgenstock, the Buochser Horn, the Stanser Horn, the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, Mönch, Eiger, Jungfrau, and a host of lesser mountains. Above all towered Pilatus, seven thousand feet high, its barren, rugged peaks sharp against the sky, but swathed in clouds about the summit, while on the opposite shore loomed the Rigi, not so lofty (about six thousand feet), but smiling in sunshine, its lower slopes covered with gardens and villas, and its upper with forests and pastures. Before us lay the city of Lucerne, with its towers and battlements and churches, like a diamond upon the breast of a Roman matron, and nothing more was needed to complete the idyllic picture.

Mönch and Eiger, Eiger Glacier.

Lucerne itself is a goodly city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and the capital of the canton of that name. It lies at the efflux or exit of the River Reuss,

which enters the Lake of Lucerne near Flüelen, and flows out at Lucerne, emerald green, with the swiftness of a torrent. It is crossed by several bridges, two of which—foot-bridges only—date back to old mediæval days and cross the river obliquely. These are the Kapellbrücke and Mühlenbrücke, and are covered with roofs, painted on the inside with scenes from Swiss history and the lives of the patron saints of Lucerne, and with a "Dance of Death." The paintings, however, all date from the eighteenth century, and are rather matters of curiosity than of art. The city itself is surrounded by well-preserved walls of brick and stone, with watch-towers and gates, erected in 1385, and with its amphitheatrical situation, facing the Rigi and Pilatus, with the lake at its feet and the snowclad Alps beyond, is of surpassing interest and beauty.

Along its front is a magnificent quay, made by filling in the shallow waters of the lake, and planting rows of horse-chestnuts, whose branches have been trained to interlace, and thus form an umbrageous bower from the sun. Here are seats and chairs *ad libitum*, and bands of music at night, and boats to hire, both by day and night. These boats all carry little flags, according to the taste or nationalities of their occupants, and it was pleasant to note that not a few bore the Stars and Stripes. Here, on this great quay, were thousands of promenaders, well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, both by day and night, and frequently at night there were illuminations also, both on water and land, in imitation of Venetian carnivals. Just beyond the quay and bordering on it, fronting the lake, is a magnificent avenue, lined with great hotels and residences, and the city

proper lies back of this, with its shops, stores, and churches. We found the hotels all full, but secured good accommodations at the Beaurivage, fronting on the lake, and continued there several days. Lucerne—Lion of Lucerne

We found Lucerne a very interesting old place, and enjoyed our stay there very much. It is full of hotels and pensions, and all Europe and America seem to pour in here during the summer—over three hundred thousand in a season, so they said. It abounds in lovely walks and views, and old fountains and statues, and ancient walls and battlements, and its shops are among the finest in Europe. Of course, our ladies went "shopping," and reported good results; but I strolled all over the city, and along its old walls and towers by myself usually, and always came back well repaid for my fatigue. We all went together to see the famous "Lion of Lucerne." This is a fine work by Thorwaldsen, executed in 1821 to the memory of the officers and soldiers of the Swiss Guard (some eight hundred), who fell at Paris in 1792 in defense of the Tuileries. It represents a dying lion of gigantic size, reclining in a grotto, transfixed by a broken lance, and sheltering the French lily with its paw. It is hewn out of the natural sandstone rock there, and is very touching and effective. It is surrounded by trees and shrubs and ferns, and a spring at the top flows down and forms a pool at the base. An intermittent fountain plays before it now and then, and there are always groups of tourists studying it. There are lovely walks all about it, and one of them leads up to the "Glacier Garden" above it, which is well worth visiting. This contains thirty-two "potholes" or "giants' cauldrons," of different sizes (one

twenty-six feet wide and thirty deep), made by rocks worn by water or glacial action, discovered here in 1872, and connected by steps and bridges. A museum there contains a reconstruction of a lacustrine village, a relief of a glacier, a relief of Central Switzerland, and some genuine relics of the glacial period.

In the older parts of the town are many quaint and picturesque houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The ancient Rathhaus in the corn-market dates from 1519. A queer old Gothic fountain in the wine-market was erected in 1382; another in 1481. On the rising ground overlooking the quay and lake is the Hofkirche, a venerable church

LUCERNE.

founded in the seventh century, restored in the seventeenth century, and now standing solid and secure, with two unique slender towers and spires erected about 1506. It contains a carved pulpit and stalls and crucifix by famous wood-carvers, and stained-glass windows of exceptional beauty, and an old organ we shall never forget. It was built in 1651, and reconstructed in 1862, and is a superb instrument. It plays every day from 6.30 P. M. to 7.30 P. M., and the day we were there it gave us pieces from Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Mozart, and then a "Fantaisie" of a thunderstorm among

the Alps. This last surpassed anything we ever heard. The great organ seemed to quiver and speak. You could hear the patter of the rain, the sweep of the tempest, and the crash and roar of the thunder, until the old church seemed ready to topple and fall about you. Through the midst of it all, the old Alpine folksong rang out, clear and flutelike, from the *vox humana* stops, and the audience sat awed and spellbound. It was a great organ, greatly played, and we shall never forget its great and noble music that evening at Lucerne. Outside and around the church is a neglected and shabby-looking graveyard or Campo Santo, that compares unfavorably with what we saw in Italy, though this is a Roman Catholic church too, and Lucerne is a Catholic city. Lucerne—Cathedral

Another evening we climbed up the Gütsch, a mountain nearly two thousand feet high, at the west end of Lucerne, and dined there. We went up by "funiculare," or cable-road, and had a splendid view of the city, the lake, the Rigi, and the Alps of Uri, Unterwalden, and Engelberg, and had an excellent dinner as well. We found a German Swiss there, who spoke a little English, and, as I spoke a little German, we got on famously together.

We did not go up Pilatus, because it seemed enveloped with clouds and mists nearly every day, but ascended the Rigi instead. We took a little steamer up the lake to Vitznau, and thence ascended to the Rigi-Kulm or summit by a "rack-and-pinion" or cogwheel railroad. Our progress was slow, but we had magnificent views from the outset. The base of the Rigi is planted with chestnut and almond trees, and above these are gentle slopes and broad terraces, covered with pas-

tures and cows. As you ascend, the landscape of lake and mountain unfolds before you, until you take in a view three hundred miles in circumference, as said, and unsurpassed for beauty in Switzerland. When you get to the summit, you are six thousand feet up in the sky, and a wonderful panorama of mountain and valley, of lake and river, of cities and towns, stretches around you. The jagged peaks of the snowclad Alps and of the Bernese Alps, clad in perpetual snow, crown the landscape by the score and hundred, while Lakes Zug and Lucerne nestle at your feet. It was a scene of a lifetime, and there are no words to describe it adequately. There are fine hotels on the Kulm (of stone), where many stay all night to see the sun set and rise, but we were satisfied with what we saw by day. We dined, and then lay around on the rocks and grass, and talked and dreamed, and took photographs of what interested us, and late in the afternoon returned to Lucerne. Up on the Kulm it was really hot in the sun, with mosquitoes, gnats, and flies in abundance, and as vicious as ever I saw, but cool in the shade. It is an all-day's trip to ascend the Rigi and return. But it repays one richly. Mt. Washington is good, but it bears no comparison to the Rigi.

We found people of all nationalities on the Rigi, but the only "piggish" or selfish creature was a Frenchman. Outwardly polite—a mere surface politeness—he wanted the best of everything, and did not hesitate to appropriate this, even from ladies. We gave him a "setback" or a "backset," when he tried to take the best seat in the car from one of our ladies at the Rigi-Kulm, and his fellow-passengers had no sympathy for him. There were

some English and Americans and a few Italians; but the Germans outnumbered all, with their perpetual "Ja! Ja! Ja!" and good nature, and keen intelligence, and we were the best of friends with them always.

We spent a Sunday at Lucerne, and sought out the English church, but found it rebuilding on a larger and handsomer scale on the chief avenue of the city. Thence we went to the old Swiss Protestant church, where an English service was being held, and found it full of English and Americans. The music was first-class, and we saw more clean and Christian folks, it seemed to me, than in all Europe before. One of the hymns given out was,—

> "When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view I 'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise,"—

and the congregation sang it with a fervor and swing seldom heard even in America.

On the whole, we liked Lucerne well. It was differentiated from the Italian cities by the complete absence of officers and soldiers. Not a military man was to be seen anywhere. No standing army in Switzerland; but the little Republic rests upon its citizens, a few police now and then, but not many of these. The Swiss believe in the schoolhouse and the spelling-book rather. But, we regret to record, we first saw men and women here harnessed up with dogs, drawing milk and vegetable wagons about the city, and saw women bearing burdens on their heads that would break the backs of their American sisters.

Chapter XIV

E were at Lucerne just a week, and left there for Interlaken July 27th. We went by the way of the romantic and picturesque Brünig Pass to Meiringen, and from there *via* Brienz to Interlaken. The day was warm, but our road skirted the Lake of Lucerne, and winding around the base of Pilatus soon began to ascend, and the heat gradually moderated. It was an ordinary steam railroad for several miles, through mountain valleys and along mountain slopes, with snow-peaks and snow-ranges in the distance, but with fine farms and good farm-buildings everywhere. The fields were small, but well cultivated. The houses were typical Swiss chalets with overhanging roofs and balconies, and stairways outside, and, as we got farther up into the mountains, with their roofs weighted down with rocks, as a precaution against the winter tempests, which are violent here at times. Red clover, wild carrots, and buttercups grew in the fields, as at home; apple and cherry trees abounded everywhere; and along many of the streams and marshes pond-lilies grew freely, as in America. Here and there were a few scattered Lombardy poplars, but always aged and in decay, as in America. At Alpnach, a pretty little hamlet, we passed a modern church, with a tall and slender spire, erected from the proceeds of the sale of

timber cut from the forests of Mount Pilatus, and brought down by a wooden slide eight miles long.

Brunig Pass "Rack and Pinion" Railroad

At Gisweil you get well up into the mountains, and the railroad changes to the "rack-and-pinion" system, and your progress becomes a slow climb. The road runs by steep gradients, through tunnels and rock-cuttings, across torrents and along the edge of dizzy precipices, high above the picturesque Lake of Lungern, until finally you reach Brünig, on the crest of the divide, not far from the old Brünig Pass, about thirty-three hundred feet above the sea. Here you get fine views of the Wetterhorn, and the Engelhörner, and the Faulhorn chain, and of Meiringen, and Lake Brienz, and here also you find a first-rate mountain hotel and railroad restaurant. It must be a delightful spot to spend a few days in summer; but we had to hasten on after a brief lunch. Thence down to Meiringen we went partly by "rack-and-pinion" road, and partly by steam railroad, through rock-cuttings and tunnels, by overhanging cliffs, and finally descended into the valley of the Aar. The ride through the Brünig Pass is justly famed throughout Europe, as one of the most beautiful in Switzerland, but it did not seem to us so picturesque as the ride through the St. Gothard.

"Working like a dog," Interlaken.

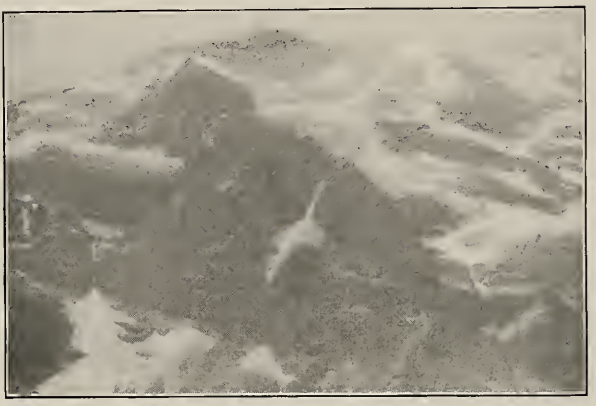
The Aar runs through a level valley two or three miles wide, surrounded by wooded mountains, with snow-peaks in the distance. Originally it meandered all through its valley, but long ago it was taken in hand by the Swiss, and reduced to a straight channel, safe-guarded by stone walls, and thousands of acres of wild marshes were thus converted into good meadow-land. They are still doing this with other streams here and elsewhere in Switzerland, not allowing them to wander and wash about at their own sweet will, but curbing and controlling them in fixed courses, at infinite labor and expense; and ultimately they will make these mountain valleys "bloom and blossom as the rose."

A ride of an hour or so by steam railroad down the valley of the Aar brought us to Brienz, at the head of the lake of the same name—a town of two or three thousand people, stretching along the lake, bounded by green pastures and fruit-trees, and celebrated for its wood-carving industry, which employs several hundred persons. We were now in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, with wooded mountains, glistening snow-peaks, and flashing waterfalls all about us. Here we took a little steamer, and rode down Lake Brienz to Interlaken, some nine or ten miles—an exquisite ending to our day's journey.

Interlaken ("Between the Lakes") is really not much of a place, only about five or six thousand inhabitants. But its situation is charming and its air in summer ideal. It is on a piece of level land—level as a prairie—between the Lakes of Brienz and Thun, which are about two miles apart, and one several feet higher than the other. The river Aar connects them, and flows like a mill-race

from Brienz into Thun. Back of Interlaken are wooded mountains, abrupt and lofty; in front great mountain ranges, with the Jungfrau towering back of all. It has but one street, the Höheweg, a broad avenue of old walnuts, flanked by great hotels and shops on one side, and by the city park, or "Meadow," on the other. Here, near the northeast end of the Höheweg, is an old monastery and nunnery, founded in 1130, but suppressed in 1528, and now used in part as a hospital and city hall; the rest is used for Anglican, Scottish Presbyterian, French Protestant, and Roman Catholic services, indifferently—a good specimen of Swiss toleration.

Brienz—Interlaken Höheweg



Avalanche, Jungfrau. First Stage.

We found good quarters at the Belvidere, a hotel on the Höheweg, directly fronting the Jungfrau. We could sit at our table, and see all the changing features of the mountains, and watch the "Alpen-glow" fade out over the Jungfrau with the evening sunset. We were fortunate in striking excellent weather. Sometimes visitors find only clouds and rain at Interlaken, with the Jungfrau veiling her face from morning to night; but our days there were perfect, with the Jungfrau ever beautiful and glorious. Great wooded mountain ranges come together in front of Interlaken, and in a gap between two lofty ranges, back of them,

looms up the Jungfrau, 13,640 feet high, and snowclad from base to summit, all pink and crimson and purple at sunset. This is the chief thing to see at Interlaken, and indeed it is well worth seeing. The Höheweg is the great promenade at Interlaken. It faces the Jungfrau, and all day long is thronged with tourists, gazing at the Jungfrau or discussing it, armed with glasses and guide-books, and at eventide, when the "Alpen-glow" sifts down over it, the Jungfrau is indeed something superb and glorious.

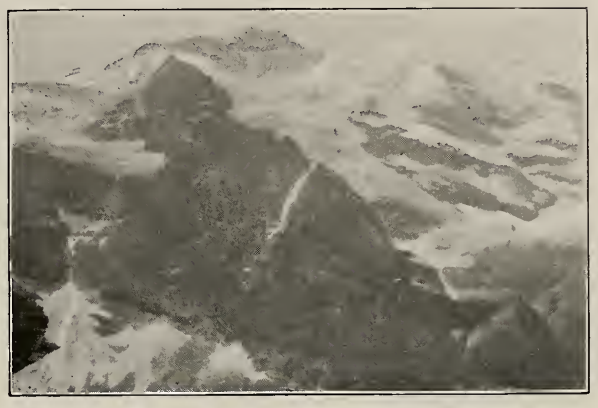
One afternoon we took a carriage, and drove to Unterseen—an old suburb of Interlaken, at the far end of it. This consists chiefly of old wooden houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with an old church and tower, 1385. There are some new Swiss houses here of stone and cement; but they are chiefly old, and of boards and timber quaintly carved. The houses and barns are all under the same roof, or with a connecting roof, as usual everywhere in Switzerland, and indicating severe winters. Old walnut-trees are all about Interlaken, many of them hundreds of years old, and they constitute quite a feature of the place. A few of the women still wear their old Swiss costumes, with black velvet bodices, silver ornaments, silver chains, etc. But the Swiss of that kind are fast passing away.

Of course, there is no comparison between Interlaken and Lucerne in general. Lucerne, indeed, quite surpasses Interlaken in beauty, her views are so extensive and varied. But, then, Lucerne has no Höheweg and Jungfrau, and upon these Interlaken specially plumes herself; and well she may.

Next we climbed up to Mürren, above the clouds, at

the foot of the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger, in order to see these great mountains and their comrades face to face. We went first by railroad, and then by "rack-and-pinion" road up a wooded mountain valley, with a wild Alpine torrent foaming by our side, to Lauterbrunnen, and then by cable road abruptly up the mountain side, and then by electric road along the mountain to Mürren. At Lauterbrunnen—which means nothing but springs—there are springs and waterfalls everywhere; but the finest is the Staubbach ("Dust Brook"), which descends by a single leap nine hundred and eighty feet, and is converted mostly into mist before reaching the ground, wafted to and fro by the breeze like a silvery veil. Thence up to Mürren you continue to ascend, until you get nearly six thousand feet up into the sky, with Alpine peaks and ranges all about you; not only the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger, but the Wetterhorn, the Schneehorn, the Silberhorn, the Mittaghorn, the Grosshorn, the Breithorn, the Tchingelhorn, the Gspaltenhorn, and ever so many more unpronounceable "horns" also. The most of these are snowclad the year round, or icebound, with glittering and contorted glaciers crawling down their valleys and ravines. Ever and anon a snowfall or an

The Jungfrau Murren Lauterbrunnen



Avalanche, Jungfrau. Second Stage.

avalanche breaks loose, even as you gaze, and thunders down into the valley beneath you.

We stopped at the Hotel des Alpes, on the very brink of the mountain at Mürren, and spent Sunday, July 30th, there. Here is one of the finest views in the Bernese Oberland, and I doubt if there is anything better in Switzerland. The Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger are right before you—you seem to be standing in their august presence, and tempted to lift your hat involuntarily — while their comrade peaks stretch all around you, like a serrated and silver crown. Great valleys yawn at your feet, like gaps into the very bowels of the earth. The air is so clear you may see miles away, and so pure you may catch the tinkle of cowbells from the very foot of the snow-fields, or hear men talking a mile or more away. Buttercups, bluebells, and daisies, of a reduced size, grow quite up to the glaciers, and herds of cows graze there all summer. Over it all is God's blue and bending sky, like an arch of beauty and omnipotence, and it is a mean soul that can not bow down to him there in reverence and worship. How grand and sublime it all is, there are no words to express. You must go and see for yourself; nobody else can see it for you; and even then you won't see it, unless you have eyes to see.

On the Eiger Glacier.

We rose early Sunday morning to see the sun rise over the Jungfrau, but it was disappointing—clouds all about it. But afterwards the clouds disappeared, sank down into the valley, and all day long we had paradise up there at Mürren. At evening we had the "Alpenglow" all over the mountains, like a crimson veil let down from heaven; and what more could we ask? We worshiped, in the morning, in a little English church not far from our hotel, and found it crowded with tourists. Its rector came from London for the summer, under the auspices of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and gave us a sensible discourse. But few Swiss attended; they were busy about their hotels, pensions, and shops. In the wayside booths girls were knitting lace and making sales of carved wood, as on other days, and the Sabbath did not seem to get up to Mürren much, especially after noon.

Sunday at Mürren—The Alpenglow

How Mürren exists, it would be difficult to say. Yet here it is, a village of several hundred people in the midst of the Alps, right up by the snow-line, and has been there for years. For eight or nine months in the year it is utterly cut off from the outside world by snow and ice. Occasionally, trips may be made on snowshoes and with alpenstocks, in cases of necessity; but that is all. Its young and active people descend into the valleys in autumn, and find work there in winter, but the rest hibernate at Mürren, and care for their cows, make lace, shoes, etc. In summer, of course, they all live upon the tourists, many of them as guides. These last are stocky, athletic fellows, accustomed from their youth to hunt the chamois and climb the glaciers

and precipices, and, with their alpenstocks and hob-nailed shoes, are ready to take you anywhere at about five dollars a day, refreshments extra. Not a high price, all things considered.

The next day we descended to Lauterbrunnen again, and climbed thence to Scheidegg, by "rack-and-pinion" and electric roads again. It was a slow process; but the mountains were all about us, with superb views constantly, and we reached Scheidegg at last. Here we were at the very foot of the great glaciers that come down from the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger, and about a thousand feet higher up in the sky than at Mürren. We could walk out on the glacier, and take a sled or sleigh ride across it, as some of us did. We could see and hear the snowfalls and avalanches thundering down to the valleys. We had a game of snowball, and then returned to Scheidegg for lunch in a crowded restaurant. Here were a few Americans and English; but the large majority were Germans and Austrians. Indeed, Germans swarmed everywhere in Switzerland—students and lawyers from Berlin, ministers and professors from Breslau and Leipsic, and Hans and Gretchen the bride from everywhere. Usually they traveled light, with only a knapsack or handbag and

Swiss Chalets, Mürren.

alpenstock, and patronized only the cheaper hotels and pensions; but they took the scenery in, all the same, as the English nabobs and American millionaires, and saved half their money. After waiting half an hour, we got a seat at a table with a German couple from Berlin, and secured a satisfactory meal. They spoke a little English, and we a little German, and so we got on capitally together. He was a young lawyer, and she a very beautiful and attractive lady, and we parted with mutual esteem and regret. A German banker whom we also encountered there spoke English well, had been to New York and beyond, and admired America, but feared we could not raise the soldiers needed or stand the cost of the Philippine war. "Why," I answered, "we have only about sixty thousand men in the Philippines, and during our great Civil War we used to have a million men under arms, and the South nearly as many more. So, it is only costing us about $200,000,000 a year, and we used to spend ten times that, or more, on both sides. Since then we have doubled in population and resources, have nearly eighty million population; and if Germany, with only about fifty million, can keep a standing army of five hundred thousand men, why can't America keep sixty thousand or one hundred thousand temporarily, if necessary, without feeling it greatly? Only a 'flea-bite,' my friend—only a 'flea-bite' for Uncle Sam—depend upon it!" He opened his eyes a little, but continued to shake his head. Like all the Germans we met, he was still thinking of Manila Bay, and lamenting Germany did not acquire the Philippines!

Scheidegg—Glaciers Germans

While lunching and resting here, a great herd of

cows, hundreds of them, all with tinkling cowbells, came grazing by on their way to another pasture, and for the first time we saw the Swiss cows in large numbers. In the lower valleys and towns we saw very few of them, and wondered where all the milk and cheese came from. But early in the summer the Swiss drive their cows to the mountains, where they graze along the snow-line in great herds until autumn, and then gradually feed their way down into the valleys again. Meanwhile every foot of grass in the lower valleys is mowed twice over, and carefully stacked away for their long winter's use. Hence their very name of "Alps" suggests to them mountain pastures.

Late in the afternoon we descended to Grindelwald, by "rack-and-pinion" road, winding around the base of the Eiger and through vast cow-pastures, and got down to about three thousand feet again. Here is a beautiful and secluded little valley, well sheltered and mild for the Alpine region, with gigantic mountains around it, and splendid hotels in the midst of it. We found the climate warmer than Scheidegg or Mürren, and spent a delightful evening there. We took a long stroll through the town (it has about three thousand inhabitants) after dining, and could well believe it to be a favorite resort for English people. At our hotel we met two brave English girls, who were walking through the Alps alone. They traveled light, with only an alpenstock and a handbag each, sending their luggage on by express. They had walked that day, by wild mountain-paths, from Mürren to Scheidegg, and from Scheidegg to Grindelwald, about fourteen miles, and expected to walk on to Meiringen the next day,

eighteen miles farther, and the following day to Lucerne *via* the Brünig Pass, some twenty miles more. They showed no fatigue, but ate a hearty dinner, and looked fresh and chubby as German cherries or Rubens's goddesses. They expressed no fear, and said they had everywhere met with only kindness and courtesy. These were only typical English girls, and others like them appear everywhere in Switzerland. So, parties of men, by twos and fours, and a gentleman and lady alone, are often seen "doing" Switzerland on foot, and they get amply repaid by their leisurely sight-seeing and improved health, as well as greater economy. But, then, it takes time, and time is more than money to us Americans in haste.

Grindelwald
Switzerland
on Foot

Chapter XV

THE next morning, August 1st, we returned to Interlaken, over the same route we ascended to Lauterbrunnen mainly, and, after a brief stop at Interlaken, proceeded on to Berne. Our route lay down the northerly shore of the Lake of Thun, and, when once we got out of the mountains, ran through an open and well-cultivated country to Berne. There were large fields, and fine farms, and good farm-buildings, with the Alps in the distance, and everything indicated prosperity and thrift. In our compartment we had a Maine lady, who had left Boston July 20th, and was due back there, she said, September 20th; that is to say, she was going to "do" Europe in sixty days! She had been post-haste to Venice and Milan, and was now on her way back through Switzerland, Germany, and France to England, and so home again. She was alone, and gave her days to sight-seeing and her nights to traveling, and really was accomplishing a great deal. She seemed to be a governess or schoolteacher, on the wrong side of fifty, but active and canny, and resolved to see Europe for herself; and I guess she did it! Her luggage consisted of a handbag, and she was as "independent as a journeyman woodsawyer." Afterwards we encountered her in

Berne, doing the city with rapidity and intelligence, and she needed no male guide or courier, either. Berne

Berne, the capital of Switzerland, is a goodly city of fifty thousand inhabitants, and seemed prosperous and thriving. It is an old town, dating back to 1191, with old churches and cathedrals, but has much of modernity about it also. Its old cathedral, or Munster, a fine late-Gothic structure, was begun in 1421, and it took nearly two centuries to complete it. From the cathedral terrace, in fine weather, you get the most extensive panorama of the Bernese Alps in the Oberland. Its museums also are rich in paintings and armor, and in minerals and fossils, and its federal or national buildings are fine specimens of the Florentine style, with a stately-domed edifice in the middle not yet completed, resembling somewhat our National Capitol at Washington. When done, Switzerland will have a National Capitol not unworthy of the Alpine Republic. Berne has some broad avenues and streets, well built upon, and her bridges and suburbs are really handsome. She has electric lights and tramways, or street railroads, everywhere, operated by compressed air, and she utilizes the river Aar for this purpose, which flows around her rocky peninsula like a

BERNE.

mill-race, and turns the great wheels that compress the air.

On the other hand, Berne retains more mediæval features than any other city in Switzerland. In the old part of the town her streets are flanked by low arcades, which form covered ways for foot-passengers; good in bad weather, but which make her shops dark and gloomy. In the middle of her old streets are numerous fountains, quaint and curious, many of them dating back to the sixteenth century. One is called the Bagpiper Fountain, surmounted by the figure of a man playing on bagpipes, and with water gushing from all his pipes. Another is called the Archer Fountain, with an ancient archer shooting, and the water gushing from his weapons. Another represents Samson and the Philistines. Another is called the Ogre Fountain, and consists of a gigantic ogre, with children bursting from all his pockets, while he is trying to swallow two or three, with water spouting everywhere. In the heart of the town, but on what was once its western gate, is an ancient clock several feet in diameter, which announces the hour by the crowing of a cock, while, just before it strikes, a troop of bears march in procession around a sitting figure. The bear is the heraldic emblem of Berne, and is indeed the

Ogre Fountain, Berne.

tutelar saint and guardian angel of all Switzerland, as the cowbell is its popular symbol. Bears and cowbells, large and small, carved and painted, are everywhere in evidence and everywhere for sale, as mementos of Switzerland. In the heart of Berne is a great bear-pit, safeguarded by stone walls and iron railings, where a family of bears has been maintained at the public expense from time immemorial—over seven hundred years. You may throw them bread and fruit, which they will seize and devour eagerly. But "Beware of Bruin!"

Berne—Fountains Bear-Pit

Clock Tower, Berne.

We stopped at the Schweizer Hof, in the heart of the city, and found good accommodations at moderate rates. We rambled and rode all over Berne, and found it a much better place than we anticipated. We left there the next day toward noon *via* Zurich for Lake Constance and Lindau. One seldom sees a finer country than we had the whole way. It is the agricultural heart of Switzerland, and a fine farming region it is, and well tilled. It was in the midst of their haying-time and grain-harvest, and men, women, and children were everywhere at work in the fields. They have abandoned the sickle, but still cut their grass and grain with an old-fashioned scythe. We did not see a grain-cradle, and but one or two mowing-machines in all Switzerland; not a single reaper and

binder. Their grain-fields were small, often only two or three acres; mere patches, like gardens more frequently. But their grass-fields were large, and, indeed, hay is the chief crop of Switzerland everywhere. They cut two crops a season, and husband it carefully for their long winters. In May they drive their splendid cows up into the Alps, and graze them quite up to the snow-line, insuring good grass and water, and make butter and cheese there. In October they bring them home again, and house and feed them until spring. Meanwhile they mow the whole country-side and lower mountains over, and gather every handful of grass everywhere for winter use.

We saw old Swiss chalets everywhere, but new and improved ones too, with great Swiss barns, etc., all included under the same roof and all indicative of prosperity; but no fences anywhere worth mentioning. The Swiss are too shrewd to waste money and labor in that way. So, also, we found new factories building in all this part of Switzerland, for watches, clocks, silks, lace, linen, cloth, and not even New England seems more industrious and thrifty.

Zurich is an even better city than Berne, has one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and is the financial and business center of Switzerland. It is on a lake of the same name, and has a railroad station, hotels, banks, and manufactories worthy of a larger place. It is the most modern and progressive city in Switzerland, and its university is already world-renowned, and a great credit to little Switzerland.

And so we passed out of Switzerland by Lake Constance, with delightful recollections of her mountains

and lakes, and with a hearty admiration of her people and government. The Swiss have well been called "the Yankees of Europe," and they are certainly the most like Americans of any people we saw on the Continent. A hard-working, frugal, religious, brave, kindly race, they have made the most of their environment through all the past, and still set a good example to mankind. They have a little country, only about twice the size of New Jersey, and half of that rocks and mountains; but they have over three times its population. They have twenty-two cantons against New Jersey's twenty-one counties, each one about twice the size of our average county. But they pay their President, usually a good one, only $1,500 a year, while New Jersey pays her governor $10,000 a year, and our President, not always a good one, receives $50,000 and extras.

Swiss Farmers Zurich Government

We did not see a tramp or beggar in all Switzerland, nor meet with a drunkard; but everybody and everything was at work, intelligently and industriously. As a hotel clerk said to me, "We Swiss are not afraid to work, and, if we can't find what we want, we take what we can get!" The women were at work in the fields gathering hay, wheat, rye, and barley with the men, and even the children were knitting lace and stockings, while they waited to sell wood-carvings. They put everything into harness, and make it earn its living, from their rivers to their great St. Bernard dogs; their rivers, by turning motors and developing electricity, by which they run their mountain railroads and light their cities and towns; their dogs, by helping to draw their milk and bread carts and market-wagons, harnessed up with a man or woman. They run their toy

railroads up and down their mountains and valleys, and along the edge of dizzy cliffs and precipices, where a chamois almost would be afraid to venture. They were constructing one up to the summit of the Jungfrau when we were there, and another up Mont Blanc, blasting and tunneling through perpetual snow and ice and rock, and expected to get there soon, and make them pay, too; and they were doing it chiefly by harnessing and using their rushing and otherwise useless mountain torrents, as a rule. Clearly an honest, intelligent, enterprising race, these Swiss are.

They believe in the schoolhouse and the church. You will find these side by side, or at least not far apart, everywhere, as in New England; not always a Protestant church either, but often a liberalized Catholic church, which the Swiss have discovered how to curb and regulate. Some of their cantons are Protestant and others Catholic, but perfect toleration is everywhere. Every Swiss boy has to go to school and learn his rights and duties, and get ready for them; and every Swiss girl, too. Primary education is free, both books and tuition. But there is a small charge for high schools, colleges, and universities. The finest modern buildings in Lucerne, Interlaken, Berne, and Zurich, after the great hotels, are the schoolhouses and universities. It was a canny old Swiss who said, "Our people all vote, and hence our masters must be educated!" Good politics, this, for every American city and State, too.

They have no army in Switzerland. Their little Republic needs none. It rests upon intelligence and integrity—not bayonets. In Italy officers and soldiers swarmed everywhere. But we did not see a soldier

in Switzerland, except a few squads of national guardsmen *en route* to their rendezvous for drill and discipline. But they practice rifle-shooting at home, and keep a skilled and alert modern staff, up-to-date in everything relating to the art of war; and when it comes to actual fighting, Switzerland has always given a good account of herself, from the days of William Tell and Arnold von Winkelreid, and doubtless will do so hereafter.

The Swiss Their Army Language

But, singularly, they have no national language; rather they are Italian, French, and German. All three of these languages are spoken in their National Congress, and they keep official interpreters there to explain their public speeches one to another, and their laws are printed in all three languages. One would suppose that they had been a Republic so long (since 1292) that they would have unified into one people and one speech by this time. But they are of different race stocks, in their different cantons, and their mountains have kept them separate, except for national purposes. They celebrated the six hundred and seventh anniversary of their independence, their Fourth of July, while we were at Berne, with the ringing of bells and public rejoicing, and feeding of the bears, all over Switzerland; and may the plucky little Republic, now modeled largely on our own, live to celebrate twice that, and more!

At Romanshorn we struck Lake Constance—or Bodensee, as the Germans call it—and took a little steamer for Lindau and Bavaria. Lake Constance is forty miles long by seven or eight wide, and, while not so picturesque as the Swiss lakes, is yet larger than any of them. Its banks are flat, but the Appenzell

Alps and Voralberg Alps, with several snow-peaks in the distance, lend variety to the scenery, and the ride across to Lindau was a pleasant ending to our day's journey. Sometimes the lake is a little rough; but it was placid as a mill-pond the day we crossed, and the sunset was charming. We reached Lindau just at dusk, and entered its little harbor, with its colossal marble Lion, twenty feet high, on a granite pedestal thirty-three feet high, sitting upon its haunches, and "keeping watch and ward" over its narrow entrance, and, passing the custom-house without difficulty, found good quarters for the night at the Bayerischer Hof, an excellent hotel fronting on the lake.

Chapter XVI

Lake Constance
Lindau

LINDAU is a little town of some five thousand inhabitants, that seems to have retrograded rather than advanced. It was once an imperial town and fortress, and in the Middle Ages was a thriving commercial emporium, but now is known chiefly as the terminus of the Bavarian Railway, *en route* to Switzerland, *via* Lake Constance. It is also said to have been the site of an ancient Roman fort, and they show you an old well and tower there, with parti-colored tiles, which they say date back to old Roman days. In the Reichsplatz is an old Rathhaus, erected 1422, with frescoed façades and an interesting collection of antiquities, and it has some queer old houses and streets, that remind one of Southern Italy. The best part of Lindau now seems to be along the lake front. There are several hotels here that look inviting, and there is a curious old tower that may have been anything from a prison to a lighthouse, though nobody could tell us exactly what. It looks ancient enough to be a thousand years old; but we could learn little about it. Off on the lake, gulls were soaring and swooping, as at sea, or as if they had mistaken Lake Constance for a bit of the ocean.

We only stopped at Lindau over night, and the next morning (August 3d) left for Bregenz and the

Austrian Tyrol. At Bregenz we entered Austria, and had to pass the custom-house again, as we did at Lindau the evening before (only a few miles apart), but had no trouble. Indeed, European custom officers, as a rule, are very sensible and polite, and seldom mistake real travelers for passing smugglers. Here at Bregenz we entered the Austrian Tyrol, and all day long had a most interesting and charming ride through the narrow valleys and up the lofty mountains of that wonderful region. The railroad ascends the beginnings of the Rhine, and follows its tributaries up into the Tyrolean Alps, by rock-cuttings and tunnels, and finally crossing the "divide," strikes the headwaters of the River Inn and descends its picturesque and romantic valley to Innsbruck. We had intended to stop near the summit, and spend the night there, but continued on to Innsbruck instead, and were glad we did, from what we afterwards heard of the hotels there.

The Rathhaus, Lindau.

This ride through the Tyrol was everything lovely and beautiful; no, grand and sublime rather! The Tyrolean Alps towered about us, not so lofty as the Swiss Alps, but often with snowclad summits, and seeming everywhere to uplift and prop the very sky. The

weather was perfect, though a little warm in the middle of the day, and the intense blue of the sky reminded one of Italy or America. The narrow valleys, as if cut out with a knife—usually a quarter to a half mile wide or less—were cultivated to the utmost with rye, wheat, and barley, though grass was the main crop. This grew everywhere luxuriantly and away up on the mountain sides, and the Tyrolese, both men and women were everywhere busy cutting and gathering it. In many places the fields were too steep for wagons, or carts even, and here they used sleds, or carried the hay down into the villages on their backs, as we had seen them do in Switzerland. They live chiefly in villages (each with its toy church) for good company's sake, and go down along the valleys or up among the mountains to their work and return, though there are scattered chalets here and there. Their chalets and barns were mostly roofed with large shingles without nails, but held down by rows of great stones or rocks and timbers, as in Switzerland also, as a safeguard against the winter winds, which are often wild and tempestuous here, as in Switzerland. The newer ones, however, were roofed with heavy red tiles or small, well-nailed shingles, and lacked the rocks and stones—which would seem to explode the old story that all Swiss and Tyrolese roofs are anchored down by rocks.

As you get out of the mountains, down towards Innsbruck, the valley of the Inn widens out, and here are fine farms and towns again, with plenty of wheat, rye, barley, and Indian corn even, growing in the fields. The roads are everywhere splendid, winding in and out and over the great mountains, bridging the swift tor-

rents, and evidencing good engineering talent by somebody. Little churches dot the country, and wayside crosses and shrines, with rude representations of Christ on the cross, everywhere abound. In the valley of the Inn I counted six of these in one mile, and we seemed never out of sight of at least one or more. Clearly these Tyrolese are a devout and religious people, and an industrious, prosperous, and gallant people. Tall, hardy, and athletic, they seem like our Rocky Mountain and Western people over again.

In the Tyrol, Snapshot.

At Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol, we stopped at the Hotel Europe, and found an old and interesting city of thirty thousand population, apparently busy and well-to-do. It dates back to old Roman days and before, and has long been the main gateway from Italy into Germany, *via* Verona. Half of the Tyrol is Italian, and we met constant reminders of Italian ways, in paintings, furniture, customs, and names. The lofty Bavarian Alps with their silvery crests come quite down to Innsbruck on the north, and shelter it from the winter winds, while the Brenner gives the south wind free passage up from Italy. Hence the climate is not unduly cold in winter, nor unduly hot in summer, while its scenery is superb.

It is a university town, and its libraries and museums are well worth visiting. Its Ferdinandeum or National Museum, named after its first patron, Ferdinand I, is a fine structure, and its collections well illustrate the history, characteristics, and culture of the Tyrol. They include not only the works of native artists, but those also of foreign masters, and in archæology, ethnography, and mineralogy, are quite full and interesting for a place like Innsbruck.

We went first to the Maria Theresa Arch and Street, with its superb view of the Bavarian Alps to the north, and walked by its handsome shops down to the Hofgasse with its genuine mediæval aspects. Here were old arcades, more antique even than those at Berne, and the Golden Roof, a late-Gothic oriel house, whose roof is covered with tiles of gilded bronze, erected 1500. Near by are other old houses and palaces, frescoed on the outside, and built in 1234. In this quarter, too, are old inns—three on opposite corners, the Golden Lion, the Red Eagle, and the Golden Chamois—and the streets are so narrow you may almost shake hands across them. Not far off, on the Herzof Friedrichstrasse, stands the old Stadtthurm—a tall old stone prison and clock tower, with a belfry above it that affords a fine view from its upper balcony, and which looks more ancient than it really is. In the old Market Square were peasants in old Tyrolean costumes, quaint and picturesque, and their one-horse mountain wagons, with only one thill instead of two, seemed peculiar to Innsbruck and the Tyrol. Some of their city carriages had only one thill in the same way.

Innsbruck has also several nice churches, but none

of much interest except the old Franciscan Church, or Hofkirche, which has well been called the Tyrolean Westminster. This was erected 1553-1563 by the Emperor Ferdinand I, of Austria, in memory of his grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian I, both Hapsburgs. This old church is world-renowned as containing the splendid tomb of Maximilian, though, singularly, Maximilian himself is not buried here. It is surrounded by twenty-eight colossal bronze statues of heroes and kings who have had some connection with the House of Hapsburg, real or fanciful. They are all in ancient armor, of different styles and merit, but two of them (Arthur of England and Theodoric the Goth) are of unusual excellence and beauty. The tomb itself is surmounted by a statue of the emperor, and figures of the four cardinal virtues, all in exquisite bronze, while its sides are ornamented by marble reliefs representing scenes from the life of Maximilian.

Near by is the statue of Andreas Hofer, the George Washington of the Tyrol, carved in Tyrolean marble, with his two lieutenants, Joseph Speckbacher and Joachim Haspinger (his soldier-priest) lying by his side, with the simple inscription, "From a grateful Fatherland to the sons who perished in the patriotic wars. 1838." To an American, and all lovers of liberty, this simple monument speaks more loudly than the elaborate tomb of Maximilian; for Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolean innkeeper, was a pure patriot and gallant soldier, and deserved a better fate than to be betrayed by a traitor and shot to death with musketry by a gasconading Frenchman, who could not conquer him in a square fight, nor capture him except by gold.

You go upstairs by a marble staircase, and reach the Silver Chapel, so called from a silver image of the Virgin Mary, presented by Archduke Ferdinand, regent of Tyrol (1563-95). Here are beautiful tombs of the archduke and his first wife, the lovely Philippine Welser, and others, and before the altar kneels a life-sized bronze figure of the archduke himself in full armor, his hands folded in prayer. All these are exquisitely done and executed, mostly by Tyrolean artists, and they speak well for Innsbruck and the Tyrol.

The Hofkirche Hofer

Afterwards we wandered down to the City Park stretching along the Inn, with enormous old planetrees and pines, and secluded walks and drives, and then wended our way back to the Hotel Europe in time for a late lunch. Altogether we had seen a good deal of Innsbruck in a brief stay, and came away with delightful impressions of the old place. It seemed business-like and prosperous much beyond what we expected, and we were only sorry we could not stay longer and see more of it.

Chapter XVII

E left Innsbruck August 4th, after lunch, and arrived at Munich the same afternoon. It is only a four hours' ride, and after you get out of the mountains is mainly across a wide, level plain, reminding one of the approach to Milan or Chicago. At Rosenheim you pass a thriving city of several thousand people, and at Roabling are reminded of our American Roebling, who built the Brooklyn Bridge, the Niagara Bridge, and others, the name is so much alike, though our Roebling was a Prussian. The whole country seemed highly cultivated, and grass and grain of all kinds were being harvested; no patent mowers or reapers and binders, however, but the sickle and scythe were in use everywhere, and women at work in the fields with the men, raking, binding, pitching on hay and wheat, and holding their own with the men. A very industrious, hard-working, frugal people, these Bavarian Germans seemed to be, with many signs of prosperity and progress.

Our fellow-passengers were mostly Germans, who had been down to Switzerland on their vacation. In our own compartment we had two German ladies from Breslau. They did not show up much in dress, but were well-bred and agreeable. They knew just a little English, and we just a little German, but it was aston-

ishing how well we got on together. Of course, they knew us to be Americans at once; all Europeans always do. One of them said her father, many years before, had written a Life of George Washington, and this, of course, put us on a friendly footing from the start. She also said her brother had been an officer in the Franco-German War, and was now a professor in the university at Breslau, from which we concluded she was of some social standing. From this we branched out into a hundred questions, literary, artistic, social, and religious, and by dint of pantomime and guesswords, as well as language, carried on a three hours' conversation nearly. We parted at Munich with real regret, they going on to Baden-Baden.

Munich—German Ladies

Münich itself is a smart city of five hundred thousand people, with American straight streets and broad avenues, and we saw more new buildings erected and being erected there than in all Italy, except Genoa and Milan. It is the capital of Bavaria, and though Bavaria is now merged into Greater Germany, Munich still maintains its significance and importance. It lies seven hundred feet above the sea, with the Alps bounding its horizon, but it is a hot place in August, nevertheless. It is well sewered and well paved with Belgian blocks and asphalt, but has no shade-trees along the streets, and consequently the sun just blazes there on hot days. They had good shade-trees there once, so they said; but one of her mad kings cut them down or pulled them up, because they obstructed the view of some of the fine palaces and other buildings he had erected, and these are not so "fine," after all, that one cares to see much of them.

There are some good churches and fine galleries and museums here—the Pinakothek, both old and new, the Glyptothek, and the National Museum—but they seem indifferent after seeing Italy. Munich, however, is a good place to study Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and the Dutch and Flemish masters, and there are some landscapes here by Claude Lorraine that are really charming. But the gems of the Munich galleries, to my mind, are a half dozen exquisite Murillos, representing "Beggar Boys at Seville" eating fruit or playing dice, and a score or more of genre paintings by Dow and Teniers of scenes in humble life in Holland and Germany. These are so touching and lifelike they almost seem to speak to you, and to move one to laughter or to tears involuntarily. There is also an "Assumption" by Guido Reni that is good, but far inferior to Titian's at Venice. There is a whole roomful of pictures by Rubens; but his fair and fat beauties—both women and children, Madonnas and goddesses—did not interest us.

The Glyptothek, however, is a gallery of statuary well worth seeing. It contains fine specimens of Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Etruscan art, and reflects credit on Munich and Bavaria. So, also, the royal palace, with its splendid rooms, gorgeous furnishings, inlaid tables, rare and costly vases, and Niebelungen frescoes, is impressive, and the royal stables, with their handsome horses, magnificent coaches, sleighs, and harness, interest one somewhat. But artistically and æsthetically they do not compare with like places at Florence and Rome, and such lavish waste of other people's money disgusts you more than ever with kings and monarchies. You don't wonder that Bavaria has be-

come noted for its mad kings, and you do wonder how the people have stood such royal humbugs so long. Munich—Beer

Munich is also quite celebrated for its theaters and music halls, but it was too hot to see much of them. It abounds in monuments and public squares, and seems to have much civic pride. Its suburbs are fast building up with new and handsome residences, and we saw women here "tending masons," carrying brick and mortar in handbarrows up long platforms, not a hodcarrier about. It has a fine city park of six hundred acres, called the "English Garden," with superb old trees, and watered by two arms of the Isar, and the walks and drives here are very charming in summer. We spent a morning here on a hot August day, and were delighted with its cool and umbrageous retreats.

The chief industry of Munich, however, seems to be beer. It makes and drinks vast quantities of this Bavarian beer, and exports it all over Europe, and indeed everywhere. They claim it to be the best beer in the world, and everybody in Munich drinks and thinks beer —men, women, and children. It is only fair to add, it does not seem to be so intoxicating as American beer (we did not see a drunken man in Munich), but how they can consume such vast quantities of it surprises an American, and must result in ill effects sooner or later. The rich men of Munich, and her chief citizens, are her brewers. Her money-making and busy places are her beer-cellars and beer-gardens. And to speak of Munich without mentioning her beer, would be "like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted." Her Hofbrauhaus, a vast beer hall in the heart of the city, is one of the sights of Munich, and here thousands of her citi-

zens of all classes may be seen of an evening, men, women, and children, quaffing their beer, and enjoying the excellent music, while every good German, of course, smokes. Munich enjoys the proud distinction of consuming more beer per head than any other city in Germany, and so in the world. Germany drinks annually sixty-one million hektoliters of beer, which means 235 liters per head in Bavaria and 206 liters per head in Berlin. Munich, however, drinks 566 liters per head annually, Frankfort 428, and Nuremberg 421. A "liter" is a quart and something over. So that Munich drinks over a quart and a half per day for every man, woman, and child there. One of these days, let us hope, she will find a better business and a humaner industry.

We spent a Sunday at Munich, but could find no English service, after considerable hunting; all closed for the summer. Instead we went to St. Peter's, the oldest Roman Catholic Church in Munich (1170), and to the Frauenkirche, or Church of our Lady, on or near the Marienplatz, in the heart of old Munich. The latter is the cathedral of the Archbishopric of Munich and Freising, built, 1468, of brick, with two uncompleted towers, each three hundred and eighteen feet high, and with many ancient tombstones on the outside walls. It has handsome stained-glass windows of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and rich carved woodwork of the Coronation of the Madonna, of the apostles and prophets, and costly bronze and marble monuments of Bavarian kings and princes, but, on the whole, lacks symmetry and beauty as compared with Italian churches. We found it crowded with a devout audience of men and women—chiefly women, but more men than we

expected—and the service was solemn and impressive. In addition to the organ and choir, there was a large band of both brass and stringed instruments, and the music was superb. We advanced well up the nave, and secured comfortable chairs in the midst of the congregation, and spent the hour, if not profitably, at least without disedification. Munich, of course, is a Catholic city, and Bavaria a Catholic country, but Protestantism is taking root here and there.

Munich—Sunday There Soldiers

We saw fewer soldiers than we anticipated. In the Marienplatz, in the center of old Munich, there was guard mount every morning, with much marching and countermarching, and good music; but few officers and soldiers appeared on the streets elsewhere, and these always orderly and well-behaved. Munich, however, has a garrison of ten thousand men; but they are kept well in their barracks and confined to drill and discipline, as they should be. From what we saw of them, they were well-set-up and soldierly fellows, and looked as if they could run right over their Italian and Austrian allies, and have not much of a job either.

In Munich we stopped at a pension, on Barerstrasse, not far from the Pinakotheks, or "Picture Galleries," and saw something of pension life. It was a large and handsome house, well furnished, and Frau F. did her best to make her guests comfortable. Her servants were all female, and they handled our trunks and luggage and did all kinds of work as if men. Her guests were chiefly English and Americans, with some Austrians and Germans, and changing daily. Her rooms were clean and table good, and guests interesting and entertaining. Some American girls from Cleveland and Chicago made

things lively, and a retired English naval officer afforded much amusement. He was a thorough John Bull, and a law unto himself. He claimed to have traveled everywhere, and to know everything and everybody the world over nearly, and used to go about the pension and come to his meals with a green parrot perched upon his shoulder! His room was an "Old Curiosity Shop" indeed, and his reminiscences were diverse and diverting. He had been to New Orleans once, and therefore claimed to know America and Americans! He had been to Manila once, and thought Dewey a fine commander, and our "men behind the guns" good sea-dogs, but not to be compared with British tars, do n't you know! Another character was an Austrian civil engineer, who had lately been a professor in the university at Zurich, but had resigned, and was now studying in Munich. He both read and spoke English well, and we had many interesting conversations together. Another was a young and handsome German lady, who smoked her cigarette regularly and beautifully after each meal in the guest-hall. Another was a Tyrolean gentleman, who wore a long white heron-feather in his hat, and thought he was *en regle*. Pension life has this advantage over hotel life, that it brings people closer together, and you get better acquainted, and know more about passing men and things, than when stopping at a hotel. You have not quite the same freedom, of course, as when "taking mine ease in mine inn," as Shakespeare phrases it. But a good pension is better than a poor hotel, and the charges are much more reasonable—only about two-thirds or one-half, as a rule. Many pensions are really small

hotels, as this one was; but few are better kept or better managed than the Pension F. at Munich.

While here, we had a singular experience. We went out to walk one evening after dinner, and, returning about 9 P. M. under an electric street-lamp, came plump upon two American friends that we knew were somewhere in Germany, but had no idea they were in Munich. They had just arrived, and, after dining, also went out for a stroll, and thus came plump upon us! It was a mutual surprise, and a very joyful one, and we signalized it by all returning to our pension, and having a long talk together. If they or we had been a few seconds sooner or later under that street-lamp, or just happened a few seconds elsewhere, we should have missed seeing each other altogether, like ships passing blindly in the night.

Chapter XVIII

E left Munich, August 8th, at 1 P. M., and reached Nuremberg about 5 P. M. the same day. The first few miles we passed through a rich farming country, where the people were everywhere at work in the fields, harvesting their hay and grain, and there seemed to be no end to their crops. Women were at work by the side of men, holding their own, and oxen and cows were the chief draught animals. Horses were infrequent and indifferent, but excellent cows seemed to be the favorites, both double and single. The roads, of course, were perfect everywhere, as they always are in Germany. Farther along we came into the hop-country, with hopvines growing on poles and trellises over vast districts, and it was easy to see whence Munich got her supply of hops. Indeed, the hop industry is a great business through much of Bavaria, and accounts for Bavarian beer largely. Next we came to a thin and poor country, of sand and pine barrens mostly, which extended much of the way to Nuremberg, and reminded one of the New Jersey "Pines" and North Carolina generally.

At Nuremberg we stopped at the Wittelsbacher Hof, on the Pfannenschmiedsgasse (such names!) in the heart of old Nuremberg, where we had excellent rooms, but took our meals chiefly at outside restaurants, wherever

we happened to be when hungry. Nuremberg is an old city, founded A. D. 1050, and there is probably no town in Germany so mediæval in appearance or so suggestive of the wealth and importance of old Germany. The discovery of the sea-route to India and China impaired its prosperity; for the whole Rhine trade from Venice to Amsterdam passed through Nuremberg, and it suffered still more during the Thirty Years' War, and afterwards. But in 1806 it became a Bavarian city, and since then has prospered greatly, and is now the most important commercial and manufacturing city in Southern Germany. It has about one hundred and fifty thousand population, and with its new and extending suburbs, its electric roads, and bicycle factories, impresses one with its renewed youth and vigor, as well as old age. Old Nuremberg is indeed old and curious; but there is a Young Nuremberg that reminds one rather of Cleveland and Chicago. **Nuremberg**

The little River Pegnitz divides the town into two nearly equal parts, and is crossed by several bridges, one of them, the Fleischbrücke, being an imitation of the Rialto at Venice, and a pretty good one, too. Another, the suspension bridge, was one of the first of its kind in Germany. Another, the Karlsbrücke, is adorned with two obelisks—one with a dove and olive-branch, and the other with the imperial eagle, as memorials of the Emperor Charles VI, "the Peace-bringer." The banks of the river are crowded with quaint old houses, gambrel-roofed and many-gabled, picturesque and dilapidated, as if they had come down from many centuries.

The old fortifications date from the Middle Ages,

and must have been massive and handsome in their time. In many places they have been removed to make way for the growth of the city; but the old gates and towers still stand, and some of the ancient walls. Originally they consisted of a high brick rampart encircling the city, with square and round towers at intervals, and a dry moat thirty-five yards wide and thirty-three feet deep. Now only trees and grass and flowers grow in the great moat, and here and there a flock of boys were having a game of baseball. How the merry, red-faced lads seemed to enjoy it! And perhaps all the more because grim-visaged war once ruled there, though now only "the piping times of peace." Nuremberg abounds in quaint and picturesque old houses and public buildings, with low side-walls, but lofty fronts and high-peaked gables, some seeming all roof, with queer little windows along the roofs, indicating the stories. We saw some only one or two stories at the side walls, but with six or seven above these at the gable ends and along the roofs. They are usually of stone or brick stuccoed, though some old ones are of wood. Their general style is old Gothic, but the façades are often richly frescoed and ornamented in the Renaissance style. The old Rath-

Market Square, Nuremberg.

haus, or Town Hall, was erected in 1340, and contains frescoes by Albrecht Durer and some handsome old stained-glass windows. They show you Albrecht Durer's house, on Albrecht-Durer-Strasse, and his statue in Albrecht-Durer-Platz, and also Hans Sachs's house in Hans-Sachs-Gasse, and his statue in the Spital-platz near by. Durer, of course, was their great artist, and Sachs their popular poet, and Nuremberg still holds them both in loving and reverent memory. I think Albrecht Durer's "Christ" the finest head of Christ we saw in Europe. We saw none in Italy that interested me much; they were all effeminate, like the usual and habitual "Christ," except perhaps one in the Vatican at Rome by Raphael or Guido Reni. But Albrecht Durer's "Christ" expresses intellect and power, as well as Divine love and pity; is both Godlike and manlike; and I prize a copy I got at Nuremberg very highly and dearly.

Nuremberg—Albrecht Durer

Her old churches of St. Lawrence (thirteenth century) and St. Sebaldus (eleventh century) were both originally Romanesque structures, but afterwards remodeled into Gothic. They contain exquisite stained-glass windows, and elaborate stone sculptures and wood-carvings, and famous bronzes and brasses, by Adam Krafft, Peter Fischer, and others, and abound in beauty and quaintness. Some of these masterpieces took the artists and their assistants thirteen years to complete, and cost a mint of money. But how exquisite and charming they are, and they will continue so forever!

Her National Museum is accounted one of the finest in Germany, and well repays a prolonged visit. It occupies an old suppressed Carthusian monastery, a

Gothic building of the fourteenth century, to which an old Augustine monastery of the fifteenth century was afterwards added. Clearly they could not have been put to a much better use. They contain nearly one hundred rooms, and their contents well illustrate the history and progress of Germany. Here are old Greek and Roman antiquities; Germanic antiquities; prehistoric antiquities from lake-dwellings; ancient tombstones; German and Venetian glass, porcelain, and majolicas; richly-carved furniture; old Gothic wardrobes and bedsteads in ebony; old German costumes and armor and weapons; German paintings and sculptures; models of German wagons, ships, printing-presses, calendars, maps, musical instruments, and about everything else a German has ever invented or used. We spent several hours here very pleasantly and profitably, and think Nuremberg may well be proud of her old museum.

Nuremberg has also some curious old fountains, that surpass even those at Berne. One is called the "Little Goose-Man," with a goose, the German national fowl, under each arm, spouting water from their bills. Another, by the side of her great cathedral (St. Lawrence) has a figure of Justice with her scales on top, with water spouting from the nipples of her breast; with an eagle behind her, and water spouting from his beak; with six trumpeters several feet beneath, and water spouting from their trumpets; and, several feet below these, allegorical figures of Peace, War, Art, Science, Religion, and Poetry, with water spouting from the nipples of all their breasts. There is another one, most exquisitely and curiously wrought, in the old

marketplace in front of old St. Sebaldus; but I can not recall its details now, and omitted to record them.

Nuremberg—The Berg

Nuremberg owes her location and importance to a high and abrupt hill or "Berg," that rises on the northwest side of the city, and dominates the whole landscape there. Here some robber baron, or strong man, settled centuries ago, and built his castle, and "took toll" of all passing travelers, and the town grew up around it. The old castle or citadel is still there, and on its parapet are shown two hoof-shaped impressions, which they say were left by the horse of a captive knight in the sixteenth century, who escaped by leaping over the broad moat. Of course, it could not have been so wide as now (thirty-five yards), but I give the legend for what it is worth. Inside is an old well, three hundred and sixty feet deep, through the solid rock, for use in time of sieges, with side galleries deep down extending under ground to the ancient Rathhaus, and so out into the city, they say. Here also is an old museum, with ancient arms and armor, and the old "torture chamber," with the "Maid of Nuremberg," or "Our Lady of Nuremberg," and other ancient implements of punishment. We were shown an old executioner's sword here, that had cut off eight hundred heads, so it was labeled. Here also are ancient thumbscrews and racks, that were used to make people tell the truth or untruth, as their torturers desired. Balls and chains, handcuffs and manacles, of course, are there; but these are nothing. We were shown an old "cradle," lined with sharp iron spikes, into which men and women were made to lie down, and then rocked to death; also a "wheel" upon which men were broken alive; also the

"Spanish Saddle," a sharp piece of hard wood upon which men were made to mount, and then their feet were weighted down with stones or iron until they were sawn asunder.

The "Maid of Nuremberg," or "Our Lady of Nuremberg," is a colossal statue in bronze of a comely woman, with her front opening on side hinges, into which a traitor or heretic was thrust alive, and then "Our Lady" closed slowly upon him, piercing his eyes, head, and heart with needles of steel, crushing his arms and legs, and literally hugging him to death in her infernal embrace. What ingenuity and refinement of torture and cruelty those old Germans, and indeed all Europe, really had! And they kept it up, too, down to a century or so ago. To decapitate a man was a common thing, unless he was one of the aristocracy; and even then he did not stand much chance, if accounted a heretic. How could human beings do or stand such things? How could kings and priests, with sword and gown—with "bell, book, and candle"—as servants of God and ministers of Justice, be guilty of such devil's work under the sacred names and forms of law and order? The French Revolution was a great tragedy, and Napoleon Bonaparte a great rascal, no doubt. But they ended all these kingly outrages and priestly crimes against our fellow-men, and may History execrate such atrocities forever! I am glad I did not live in such times, for they would have beheaded me as a patriot, or burnt me as a heretic, for certain and for sure!

Nuremberg is also noted for its exquisite laces and fine embroideries; for its wood-carvings, toys, and metal work; for its stamped leather and pottery ware;

for its linen, woolen and iron mills, and other modern industries. We took a long trolley-ride one afternoon through its new and growing suburbs, out to Fürth and return, some five miles, and it seemed like a continuous mill or factory the entire route, nearly. Fürth, too, is a quaint and curious old town, but full of modern intelligence and energy, and, if in America, would soon be annexed, with her fifty thousand inhabitants, to the still greater Nuremberg. Practically they comprise but one city, and ought to be under the same municipality. Nuremberg—Furth

Woman's Rights, Nuremberg.

On the whole, one thinks Nuremberg takes herself seriously, as befits her antique edifices and ancient history. But she also has her modern pleasure-grounds, the Stadt-Park, some three or four miles out by trolley-car, where she has swings, boats, dancing, and music *galore*. Here the modern men and maids of Nuremberg disport themselves at will, like New York or Chicago even, and "all goes merry as a marriage-bell." We took a ride out there one morning; but it was too early to see much more than the park itself, which was everything lovely and attractive.

Here, also, at Nuremberg again, I regret to say, we saw German women performing all kinds of manual

labor, like men, and also harnessed up with dogs to little wagons and carts. They had a kind of rope or leather harness over their chests and shoulders by which they pulled their share of the load, and went bareheaded everywhere, in sunshine and shade. They hauled milk and vegetables, and all kinds of light merchandise, about the streets in this way, and nobody seemed to mind it—rather looked upon it as a matter of course. In the old marketplace, before the Church of St. Sebaldus, we saw scores of women and girls harnessed up to such vehicles, and others carrying hampers and crates of goods on their backs, that it seemed impossible for women to bear. We took "snapshots" at some of them, with our little Kodak, but others turned their heads and darted away, as if they shunned such immortality. One old creature in particular rushed madly off; but we "got" her, after all, from another viewpoint around the corner, and she is "took" forever.

It goes without saying, that we enjoyed Nuremberg very much, and think all good Americans must do the same. It is so quaint and curious, so different from all we ever see in America, and withal so artistic and picturesque. Moreover, it has caught the modern spirit, too, and between the ancient and the modern is quite perfect in its way. See Nuremberg, and live!

Chapter XIX

WE left Nuremberg August 11th, 9.30 A. M., and arrived at Heidelberg the same afternoon. The first part of the way was through a fine country, but presently it became sand and pines again, and this extended well towards Würzburg. As we approached Würzburg, however, we struck a fine country again, covered with vast hop-fields and vineyards, through the lovely valley of the Main, and found here another old city of some sixty thousand people. It was the seat of a bishop as long ago as A. D. 741, when Burkardus was consecrated here by St. Boniface, and is now the capital of the Bavarian Province of Unterfranken, or Lower Franconia. It contains many buildings of interest, both old and new, including the old cathedral (begun 862 and consecrated 1189), the New Munster Church (eleventh century), the university (1587), the royal palace (1720), and a huge wine-cellar, said to be the largest in Germany, holding two hundred great casks of the famous Franconian wine, produced by the royal vineyards here and near here. We were here only an hour, awaiting our railroad connection, but judged Würzburg to be quite a place, if one had time to see it. Wurzburg

Thence we proceeded on to the Neckar, an affluent of the Rhine, and struck this at a little place called

Neckarelz. Next we came to Neckarhausen, then to Neckarsteinach, then to Neckargerolden, then to Neckargemünd, and there is a Neckarburken, and a Neckarbischofsheim also, though I am not sure I have these "Neckars" in their proper order. The valley of the Neckar is rich and fertile, and its hills and stretches beautiful beyond description. The fields are separated by great stone rows, the work of centuries of toil, and cultivated to the utmost. Here, also, the people were everywhere in the fields, harvesting their summer crops, and their wagons were drawn almost invariably by sleek and well-fed cows. In the fields only a single wagon, piled high with hay or grain, was hitched to a yoke of cows; but when the good macadam roads were reached, often two and three wagons were fastened together, and hauled by a single yoke of cows. There was a general absence of horses and mules, and what we saw were poor and ill-cared-for, much to our surprise. And at Neckargerolden, as we drew up at the station, the only hotel carriage (and mail-wagon) present was a little hack capable of holding a half dozen or so, drawn by a single cow harnessed between the shafts! She was munching her cud in blissful happiness, and seemed no way disturbed by our noise and racket—a perfect picture of German content! Of course, her passengers would find progress slow; but, in time, they would "get there" all the same! And "time" is not so valuable in Europe as in America.

We reached Heidelberg late in the afternoon, and, after a considerable stroll about the town, dined early. After dinner we took another walk through the heart of the city and down along the Neckar. The city con-

sists mainly of one street, the Hauptstrasse, a mile and a half long, stretching along the Neckar and crowded into its narrow valley, with a few unimportant parallel and cross streets. It has a handsome little park, called the Anlage, planted with trees and shrubbery, and flanked by modern hotels and dwellings. The rest of the town is old and quaint, though it lacks the picturesque roofs and gables of old Nuremberg. It contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, and is now the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and, on the whole, seems prosperous and well-to-do. So long ago as 1228 it became the capital of the Palatinate, and continued so for five hundred years, so that it must have been a place of considerable importance even before then. It has an old university, founded 1386, and an old library of four hundred thousand volumes, and here the German princes and all that is best in Germany come for an education. The university averages from one thousand to twelve hundred students, with eminent professors and splendid scientific collections, and has students from all over the world as well as Germany; but its buildings compare poorly with the palatial halls and dormitories of Harvard and Princeton. Possibly we Americans are putting too much money in buildings, and not enough in cheapening education, so that even the poorest boy may have a chance. Surely "brains" are of more importance than mere brick (or stone) and mortar.

Heidelberg—The University

The great and distinctive feature of Heidelberg, however, to the tourist is her ancient Schloss, or castle, which is of vast extent, and said to be "the most magnificent ruin in Germany." It lies on a high hill, or

little mountain, overlooking the city and river, and the view from thence down the valley of the Neckar is something superb and glorious. There is a good carriage-road and fine footpath up there; but there is also a cable road, that will take you from the Kornmarkt down in the town right up to the castle in less than five minutes. After an early breakfast, we took this cable road, and were soon landed near the castle gate.

It is an old, old place, originally a chateau only (A. D. 1300), and then a castle, and then a palace, and then enlarged and strongly fortified as both castle and palace, until it became practically impregnable, and dominated the whole country there. Its ivy-clad walls and towers still stand in great part, some of them twenty feet thick and fifty feet high, surrounded by a moat thirty feet deep and over a hundred feet wide. The old castle itself is still a majestic ruin—part in good repair, and part being now carefully restored by the Imperial German Government. As the exterior served chiefly for defense, all architectural ornament, of course, was reserved for the inner façade, facing on the Schlosshof or castle yard, and this is singularly beautiful. This façade is partly Ionic and partly Corinthian, and rises in three lofty stories, adorned with lovely sculpturing. A double flight of steps leads up to the portal, which is itself supported by stately Caryatides. Above is the bust of the founder, Elector Otto Heinrich, with his armorial bearings. In the niches of the façade are handsome statues, all having a symbolical meaning, and in the Renaissance style. "In the four lower niches are Joshua, Samson, Hercules, and David, the representatives of strength and courage, the foundations on

which a princely house rests; in the middle niches, allegorical figures of Strength, Justice, Faith, Hope, and Charity, the virtues which adorn a princely family; in the upper niches, Saturn, Mars, Venus, Mercury, Diana, Apollo, and Jupiter, or the seven gods of the planets, symbolizing the higher powers, who rule the destinies of all. In the window arches are medallions of the heads of eminent men of antiquity."

The above is the main façade. Another adjoining is four stories high—Doric, Tuscan, Ionic, and Corinthian—and, while inferior in ornamentation, yet surpasses the other in grandeur. In its niches are sixteen admirable statues of Charlemagne and other German princes and counts palatine; and the whole seems to have been done regardless of time and expense. Scores of skilled workmen were busy with hammer and chisel in restoring both of these façades and the castle elsewhere, and the German Government deserves much honor and credit for thus seeking to preserve and perpetuate this magnificent old ruin.

We wandered all through the old castle, and the castle chapel, by its corridors and secret passages—its walls so thick, passages easy anywhere—and ascended the tower, and came out on the balcony, where one gets a magnificent view of Heidelberg and the Neckar Valley. How exquisite and superb it all is! And how majestic and glorious the old castle must have been in the age of knighthood and chivalry! One can well imagine kings and princes, knights and fair ladies, peopling all these vast halls and walls, while their countless retainers swarmed below; and what a picture Heidelberg must have been in those days!

In the great wine-cellar we were shown the famous Heidelberg Tun, a monster wine-cask capable of holding fifty thousand gallons. It was constructed in 1751 by the Elector Charles Philip, as the successor of three others, the first of which was erected in 1591. It is authenticated by humorous inscriptions and grotesque wooden figures, and is one of the sights of the old castle.

The old castle was in good condition until 1688, when both town and castle capitulated to a French general, who spent the following winter here. In the spring, on the approach of the German armies, he determined to burn and blow up the whole place, so far as it would burn and blow up. He blew up one of the main towers, ninety-three feet in diameter and twenty-one feet thick, and the half of it merely toppled over into the broad fosse, or moat, and there it lies uncrumbled still. He might as well have tried to blow up a mountain. The Germans rebuilt it, and a half century afterwards it was struck by lightning, and now for a century or more it has been a gigantic ruin, but will last a thousand years yet, whether restored or not. Evidently those old Germans knew how to make mortar and cement, like the builders of old Rome. The whole is built of red sandstone, much like that in the valley of the Delaware, but finer grained and harder. It came from the bluffs in the valley of the Neckar, and these are still being quarried and their product shipped by boat down the Neckar and Rhine to Holland and Belgium.

Beyond the castle extends the Schlossgarten and Great Terrace for half a mile or more along the moun-

tain side, overlooking the castle and the Neckar Valley, and affording magnificent views of both. Here are choice trees and shrubbery, and fountains and flowers, and excellent restaurants, and all Heidelberg comes up here for its Sunday afternoons and summer "outings." We found many tourists here, with Germans predominating as usual, and they could not go to a finer or more interesting place in all Europe than dear old Heidelberg.

Frankfort on-the-Main

We left Heidelberg, August 12th, after luncheon, and arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Main the same day about 4 P. M. It is only a short ride down the valley of the Neckar and through the broad plains of Hessen-Darmstadt, and you are soon there. *En route* you pass through Darmstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hessen, a town of some fifty thousand people, with broad streets and handsome little parks, but we did not stop there. In the smaller towns and villages, as we passed along, the houses seemed to be all of brick, with gable-ends to the street, in true German style, and usually of only one story. In Darmstadt many were the same, though others were more modern and pretentious.

At Frankfort we found a handsome and growing city of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, with every sign of prosperity and progress. It is an old town, too, dating back to the first century, when it was only a small Roman camp. But it was long a Free City, and prospered accordingly. It now belongs to Prussia (since the Franco-German War, 1870-71), but Prussia knows how to rule it wisely and well. It lies in a spacious plain, on the right bank of the Main, with

mountains in the distance, and commands the trade and commerce of all that region, and so down to the Rhine. Its old walls have been demolished, and instead handsome parks and pleasure-grounds now girdle the city, with walks and drives we never can equal in America, because we have never had any walls encircling our cities. They were alive with carriages and equestrians the day we rode there, and it was a charming day, too —neither too hot nor too cold. Four old watch-towers are still maintained as memorials of the past, and they look as antique and mediæval as those at Nuremberg.

We stopped at the Hotel Schwan (Swan), where the treaty of peace between Germany and France was concluded, May 10, 1871, and found excellent accommodations. They show you the parlor in which the treaty was signed, and the table around which Bismarck and Favre and their colleagues sat, and will sell you a photograph of the whole business, if you want it. Above all, the hotel was clean, and its charges reasonable; and as I had to be ill for a day or so, as it chanced, we were glad to be there.

Frankfort has some narrow streets in her old quarters; but in the main her avenues and streets are broad and handsome, and flanked by stately buildings. She has many squares, or "Platz," with monuments to Luther, Gutenburg, Goethe, and others, and her old Römer, or town hall, erected 1405, is a late-Gothic edifice, with lofty gables and broad-pointed doorways, worthy of the Free City of Germany. Its great hall is adorned with portraits and statues of German emperors and princes, from Charlemagne to William I, and is rich in historic associations. Its old cathedral dates back

to 852, and contains some good frescoes and fine stained-glass windows, and it has a fine town library of two hundred thousand volumes, free to everybody. It has an art institute, founded by one of its citizens, who bequeathed his pictures, engravings, houses, etc., to the city (worth over half a million of dollars), in order to found a school of art, and he could not have done a better thing with his money. Here are many fine specimens of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and of modern German painters as well, and the collection is well worthy of Frankfort.

Frankfort-on-the-Main.

They show you the dingy old house in the Judengasse (or Jew's street or alley), where Mayer Rothschild was born and lived—the founder of the great House of Rothschild—and also the Rothschild Museum and Rothschild Public Library, containing the magnificent art collections of the Rothschild family, and worthy of them. The library is yet in its infancy; has only ten thousand volumes; but the museum is rich in gold and silver plate, gems, cameos and intaglios, works in rock crystal, piqué work, wood and ivory carvings, enamels, and Chinese and Japanese porcelains unrivaled in private collections. This old Jews' street, down to a century ago, was closed every evening, and on Sundays

and holidays throughout the whole day, with lock and key, and no Jew was allowed to venture abroad under penalty of fine and imprisonment. In spite of this, and other petty tyrannies, many Jews managed to prosper in these squalid quarters, and became great bankers, financiers, and musicians—all honor to their Hebrew blood! Napoleon Bonaparte ended all this, too, and every Hebrew owes him a debt of gratitude.

One of the finest things we saw in Frankfort, however, and which yet lingers in my memory, is a marble group of Ariadne on the Panther, by Dannecker of Stuttgart, in Bethmann's Museum. This museum contains other good sculptures also, but nothing approaching this Ariadne. In pose, in expression, in simplicity, in beauty, in everything that goes to make up a life-like and imposing piece of sculpture, this Ariadne is not surpassed out of Italy, and by not much of its kind there. We went back to it again and again, and always found it surrounded by a group of ardent admirers; and it well deserves its high repute.

The Gutenburg monument is a fine group in bronze, on a large sandstone pedestal, erected in 1858. The central figure is Gutenburg himself. On his right stands John Faust, on his left Schöffer. On the frieze are portrait-heads of fourteen celebrated printers, including our English Caxton. In the four niches beneath are the arms of the four towns where "the art preservative of all arts" was first practiced; to wit, Mayence, Frankfort, Venice, and Strassburg. Around the base are figures representing Theology, Poetry, Natural Science, and Industry. The whole thing is a credit to Frankfort, and she is justly proud of it. The

Goethe monument is also very beautiful. The reliefs in front are allegorical; on the sides are figures from Goethe's poems. In one of her chief streets is also a fine War Monument to the memory of the soldiers of Frankfort, who fell in the great war of 1870-71 with France, and it is worthy of the Free City of Frankfort.

It would be hardly right to leave Frankfort without some mention of her old bridges across the Main. The oldest one dates back to 1222, and is eight hundred and sixty-nine feet long, with fourteen arches. For centuries it has been surmounted by an iron crucifix, with an insignificant cock over it, to commemorate, so they say, the cock which first crossed the bridge, and thus fell a prey to the devil, who, in hope of a nobler victim, had sold his assistance to the bridge architect. This cock and crucifix are mentioned in history as early as 1405, and antiquaries assert that they probably mark the spot where criminals in the olden times were flung into the Main.

Frankfort has always been more of a commercial and financial center than an industrial town. It once had a great book-trade, but has long been distanced in this respect by Leipsic. It now manufactures considerable jewelry, gold and silver thread, tapestry, leather, clocks, furniture, and such like articles, and is famous for its great spring and autumn fairs. But its chief business is banking and finance. It has over three hundred banking offices, and its financial schemes reach around the globe. It is full of intelligence, business, and energy, and long may it continue so—a credit to itself and an honor to the great German Empire.

Frankfort, like many other German cities, is growing almost as fast as Chicago and New York. They have waked up and made great strides during the last thirty years. They have street pavements, asphalt and Belgian blocks, sewers, water supply, electric cars, schoolhouses, and other modern improvements, not much excelled in America, and the use of the telephone and electric lights is almost universal, much more than here. The modern German is a wide-awake man, and will bear watching, even by Brother Jonathan.

Chapter XX

E struck the Rhine at Mayence, August 14th, after a brief railroad ride from Frankfort, and took a little steamboat down to Coblenz the same afternoon. Here we were at last on the Rhine, the historic and classic Rhine; and we set out to enjoy it duly. It did not seem to be much of a river at Mayence, not so large as the Delaware at Trenton; but it grew larger as we descended it, and more picturesque and beautiful. We did not see much of Mayence, as we were there only an hour or so. But it is a town of over seventy thousand inhabitants, with a garrison of eight thousand soldiers, and dates back to old Roman days. Agricola was here with a Roman legion before the birth of Christ. It has had a checkered career, and was once so rich and prosperous it was called the "Golden Mayence." It has many ancient houses, and a fine old Gothic cathedral, that was built originally in 975, and burned down four times, but after each fire re-erected better than before. In 1767 it was struck by lightning, and afterwards used for many years as an army magazine; but in 1814 it was duly repaired and restored to its sacred uses. It has also a statue of Gutenburg in a Platz named after him, and claims with good reason to have been the birthplace of the great inventor of

Mayence—Down the Rhine

printing. It is strongly fortified, and regarded as one of the great strongholds now of Germany on the Rhine. It has a lovely esplanade along the Rhine, where the bank of the river has been filled in and planted with handsome trees, and my best recollection of Mayence is of sitting there on a hot afternoon and enjoying lunch while waiting for the down-river steamboat.

This came along duly, crowded with passengers,* but we found excellent seats on the upper deck under a canvas awning, and were soon *en route* down the Rhine. We reached Coblenz in time for a late dinner, and stopped at the Hotel Bellevue, overlooking the Rhine and Ehrenbreitstein. The next morning we took a carriage, and drove all about the city, except where the narrow streets or the city regulations made us walk. Coblenz is another old Rhine town, with a population of some forty thousand and a garrison of five thousand. It lies at the junction of the Moselle and the Rhine, two of the most picturesque rivers in Germany, if not in Europe, and commands charming views in all directions. Right at the junction of the two rivers, and overlooking both, a massive monument has been erected, stately and beautiful, commemorative of the great war of 1870-71 and of the signal victory of Germany over France. We did not see a finer war monument while abroad, nor a better site for one.

Coblenz has also utilized her river bank, and made a "Rhine promenade" that exceeds in extent and beauty even that at Mayence. She has simply filled in her ragged and unsightly river bank, curbing the Rhine with

*The Rhine travel is estimated at two or three millions annually.

stone walls, and planting the new ground thus made with handsome trees and shrubbery. It was done only in 1890, under the auspices of the Empress Augusta, and she is credited with much of the good sense and taste thus displayed. Here is now the chief park and pleasure ground of Coblenz, and she could not have a finer one. Many an American city might profit by her example.

A bridge of boats, about four hundred yards long, with a draw for steamboats, stretches across the Rhine to Ehrenbreitstein, the great German fortress on the opposite bank of the river. So jealous have Germany and France been of each other that they have never allowed the Rhine to be bridged in this region, except by a bridge of boats. There was one built here or near here by Cæsar in his time, but it was soon destroyed as a military precaution. There is a railroad bridge at Coblenz, and at other points; but no ordinary travel is allowed over these, and they could soon be blown up or broken down in case of war. Military reasons have long controlled everything here, and bid fair to do so for generations to come. The fortress itself is a precipitous rock, except on the north side, rising four hundred feet above the Rhine, and heavily fortified on every side with all that German art and skill can do. High-class guns are mounted on every point, and command all approaches, and a garrison of over five thousand men here keep watch and ward over "Father Rhine" for the kaiser.

August 15th we took boat again for another ride down the Rhine, and the same evening arrived at Cologne. We stopped at the Hotel Dom, on the square

fronting the great cathedral or Dom, and found excellent accommodations. We dined out at a restaurant, to see more of the people and something of the town, and the next morning rambled and drove about the city still more. Here again is another old, old place. It was founded by the Ubii, B. C. 38, when they were compelled by Agrippa to migrate from the right to the left bank of the Rhine. About a century afterwards, Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus and mother of Nero, brought a colony of Roman veterans here, and hence its name from the Latin "colonia." In A. D. 308, Constantine the Great built a stone bridge across the Rhine here, but it was soon destroyed for military reasons, and now only a bridge of boats and an iron railroad bridge span the river here, as at Coblenz. Through all the Middle Ages Cologne was an important and prosperous city, belonging to the Hanseatic and the Rhenish Leagues, and is now a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, with a garrison of ten thousand. As you approach it, it has an imposing appearance, with its numerous towers and spires; but on landing you find many of its old streets narrow, gloomy, and badly drained. Hence the old story, that Cologne has "seventy stinks, each separate and distinct," notwithstanding her celebrated Cologne-water, and also the old couplet:

"The river Rhine doth wash Cologne,
But who shall wash the river Rhine?"

The town-site, however, has recently been nearly doubled by an advance of the line of fortifications, and her new and wide streets are extending and being

built up rapidly. The old fortifications were purchased by the city, at a cost of nearly $3,000,000, and demolished, and the new Ringstrasse here is a series of boulevards four miles long, encircling the town, and beautifully laid out with trees and flower-beds. Here modern buildings are going up, ambitious and striking, and Cologne will renew her youth under better auspices and conditions. Cologne—The Dom

The chief thing at Cologne, of course, is her great Dom, or cathedral, which charms everybody, and is probably the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world. It is the first thing you see as you approach Cologne, and the last as you depart, its lofty towers dominating the city and landscape. It stands on a slight eminence, about sixty feet above the Rhine, composed of old Roman remains, and an old church was built here as early as the ninth century. The present structure was begun in 1248, over two centuries before Columbus discovered America, and it took over six hundred years to complete it. It is a great old church, four hundred and forty-four feet long by two hundred wide, with twin towers five hundred and twelve feet high—the highest, I think, in Europe—its elaborate towers alone costing over five millions of dollars. How they soar and uplift themselves, as if they meant to pierce the very sky! Its architects and builders, in the very beginning, "devised liberal things." They worked away at their great plan two hundred years, and then stopped. They tried it again for two hundred years more, and then gave up in despair. They built the choir and part of the nave, and worshiped long in these; but they fell into decay, and they

had no money to repair them. Then the French captured Cologne, in one of their old Rhine campaigns, and occupied the cathedral as a hay and grain magazine, and tore off the leaden roof and cast it into bullets to fire at the Germans. But the Germans finally recovered possession again, in spite of French bullets, and plucked up their Christian courage, and set to work to rebuild and finish their grand old church; and in 1880, after the Franco-German war, they finally completed it, thanks to the French indemnity in part. And there it will stand forever (apparently), on the banks of their German Rhine, as a monument to German genius, German piety, and German pluck. All honor to the German race!

It is *sui generis*, but has suggestions evidently from the matchless Duomo at Milan. It is really a mountain of masonry, but is enlivened by a profusion of flying buttresses, turrets, gargoyles, cornices, and foliage. Its two huge towers consist of four stories, the three lower square, while the fourth is octagonal, crowned with open spires. Its great bronze doors are models of skill and beauty, and really poems in bronze. The crane on the south tower, by which building materials were raised and lowered, stood there for four hundred years, as one of the chief landmarks of Cologne, and was not removed until 1868. Its largest bell weighs twenty-five tons, and takes twenty-eight men to ring it. It was cast in 1874, from captured French cannon, which was only poetic justice! Its stained-glass windows, part ancient and part modern, are visions of loveliness and beauty, worthy of a poet's dream or a painter's fancy. Its whole interior is exquisite and beautiful, with all that Art can

do or Religion conceive, though, as a whole, it does not impress one, I think, so much as the Duomo or St. Peter's. There is a sublimity and grandeur about the Duomo, and a gorgeousness and glory about St. Peter's, that the hand of man has never yet equaled and apparently never will. Cologne—The Cathedral

We spent several hours strolling around and through the grand old cathedral, and went back a second time for a further look, and bade it good-bye at last with genuine regret. I wonder if we will ever have such a church in America; and, if so, where will it grow up? Or is the age of cathedrals past, as well as miracles? For such a cathedral is, indeed, a miracle both of art and treasure.

The Rhine itself is a good deal of a river for Europe. We struck it first in the Tyrol, whence it runs through Lake Constance, and so for two hundred and fifty miles through Switzerland; then four hundred and fifty miles through Germany; and then one hundred miles through Holland, making eight hundred miles in all, until lost in the Zuyder Zee. At Mayence it seemed to be only four or five feet deep, but down at Coblenz and Cologne it got to be twenty or thirty, and in places even deeper. It is of more uniform depth than our American rivers because fed all summer by the Alpine snows, and is a great highway for travel and traffic, as it has been for two thousand years and more. Before Cæsar's time it was the favorite road from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, and was the classic river of the Middle Ages, as the Tiber was of antiquity. Starting from Venice, the route was first to Verona, and then to Innsbruck; thence either through the Tyrol to Lake Constance, and

so down the Rhine; or else from Innsbruck to Munich Nuremberg, Mayence, and so down the Rhine—pretty much as we traveled. It was the rivers and river-valleys that dictated the route originally, before the days of the locomotive and the railroad, and when these came along there were the cities and the people, and they followed the same way substantially. Of course, there was some cutting "across lots," but it was chiefly up the Inn and down the Rhine, and so to Holland and England.

No wonder France and Germany have fought over the Rhine so much; France claiming it to be her natural boundary; Germany claiming both banks as essential to her defense. France got there under Napoleon, but Germany now has both banks, and means to hold them at whatever cost of men and money. And with her fifty millions of population against France's forty millions, and increasing rapidly, while France stands still, she bids fair to maintain her hold on Father Rhine.

In two respects, I confess, the Rhine disappointed us. First, we did not expect to see such a busy and thriving region. We expected, of course, to find it picturesque and romantic; but we found it literally swarming with steamboats, freight-barges, and rafts, and an almost continuous town and village, with a forest of smoke-stacks everywhere. Indeed the whole Rhine valley is now literally a beehive of industry, and all Germany as well. The German Empire would be a bad thing for Americans; but the Germans like it, and are prosperous and contented under the "kaiser" beyond all manner of doubt. The Rhine Valley, indeed, reminds one of the Schuylkill and the Ohio, and the same air of business and of thrift is everywhere apparent.

Next, it was smaller and less beautiful than we anticipated. From above Coblenz to near Cologne the Rhine passes through the Seven Mountains, and is certainly picturesque and romantic, with its lofty bluffs, its ruined castles, and its historic associations. But the Ohio and the Tennessee are larger, the Hudson is more lordly and majestic, and the Columbia much surpasses it. I think its old castles are the chief thing. These crown every mountain and perch on every cliff, mostly in ruins from the Drachenfels down; and if we only had these ruined castles on the Hudson and the Columbia, what rivers they would be! There is nothing on the Rhine much finer than the Palisades and West Point, and nothing to compare with the passage of the Columbia through the Cascade Mountains, with Mount Hood looming in the distance, snowclad from base to summit, and piercing the very sky. After seeing all these at home, and enjoying them greatly, of course, we were too good Americans to "lower the flag" to anything German—not even the Rhine!

One thing, however, must be said for the Rhinelanders: as a rule, they have not suffered their fine scenery to be debased by signs and advertisements. One exception was between Coblenz and Cologne, where on a distant precipice we descried great white letters many feet high, which as we came nearer spelled out the magic American words, "Quaker Oats!" We saw the same thing back in the Tyrol, and it was the only American advertisement we did see there.

The whole region, of course, is covered with vines and vineyards. The hills and mountains are terraced to their summits, and grapevines and trellises are every-

where in evidence. The vineyards are mainly between Mayence and Cologne, a distance of less than one hundred miles; and the best wines are produced only in the Rheingau, a picturesque district about twelve miles long, between Rüdesheim and Biebrich. The well-known brands Johannisberger, Steinberger, Marcobrunner, etc., are all grown in this narrow compass, and the total value of the Rhine wine-crop is said to be fifteen to twenty millions of dollars annually. Its white wines are the best in the world, according to connoisseurs, but its red wines are not equal to Bordeaux. It was not yet the grape season, but the whole country-side seemed given up to wine, to the exclusion largely of beer even. Everybody, nearly, drank wine, and at some hotels and on the steamboats plain water was hardly to be had for love or money, unless one first ordered wine. When you asked for plain drinking water, the waiters would bring you soda-water, or Apollinaris, or stare wonderingly at you, evidently thinking, as they say down in Italy, that "only camels and Americans drink water!" And yet European water is everywhere good, as I personally know, because drinking it freely in every place where we stopped, especially in the larger cities. And the quantities of wine they drink is amazing. On our boat coming down from Mayence to Coblenz, there were four young people at a table near us, and they drank twelve bottles of wine between them in the course of the afternoon, and after landing we encountered them in a restaurant in the evening still drinking wine. And they were not intoxicated either—only a little flushed and merry.

All down the Rhine we saw the German women everywhere at work the same as men, and often in most

toilsome labors. We saw them mowing, plowing, etc. They were at work in the vineyards and harvest-fields the same as men, and holding their own. In Munich we saw them "tending masons"—carrying mortar, bricks, and stones to workmen on new buildings—and along the Rhine we saw them loading and unloading barges, carrying great hampers or crates of lime, coal, and stone on their backs, as if they were oxen or horses. It seemed incredible that they could bear such burdens; but they had to do it, and did.

German Vineyards and Women

Where were the German men? Nearly half a million of them withdrawn from civil life and in barracks and forts, keeping their "Watch on the Rhine," and prepared to fight both France and Russia, if necessary, in order to maintain their German nationality and German integrity. There did not seem to be much complaint. But all Germany is an armed camp—soldiers everywhere; and capital soldiers they are, too. Officers bright and intelligent; soldiers well set-up, alert, and active. Italy is nowhere compared with Germany on this line, and France can not "hold a candle" to her. The Dreyfus case told the tale, and revealed France in all her nakedness and deformity. Germany is virile, modern, progressive, prosperous, and the German nation a great and rare people. America and Germany ought to be friends, and must not be enemies, the Philippines and Samoa notwithstanding.

All along the Rhine it is easy to see where our "Pennsylvania Dutch" came from. You see the same houses, the same wagons and farm implements (more antiquated), the same manners and customs, and many of the same names, and think you are home again, in-

stead of three thousand miles away across the stormy Atlantic. These people and ours in Pennsylvania (Berks, Lebanon, Lancaster, York) are first cousins, if not brothers, speaking the same language and thinking the same thoughts largely; and would America had more of them! They would make the very "bone and sinew" of any land, and no country of theirs in Europe or America could be otherwise than prosperous.

Chapter XXI

E left Cologne August 16th, 2.30 P. M., and the same evening reached Amsterdam. It was an afternoon of ill luck, and for the first time we found the railroad officials uncivil and disobliging. We got into the wrong cars at Cologne, after many inquiries, and just escaped being shunted off at Utrecht, and left there for the night. However, we got into the right cars at last, and duly reached Amsterdam. Amsterdam

After getting well out of Cologne, it was soon apparent we were in a new country and among another people. The whole air of the landscape changed, and Holland seemed to be much behind Germany. The country became flat and the buildings poor and small, one-story brick usually, and the people seemed quite another race, as they really are. Evidently Holland would be a better and greater country if a part of Germany, and Germany looks upon her with longing eyes indeed; but the other Powers say nay, and the kaiser will have to be content with this for the present, though Germany only bides her time. With Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and ready access to the sea, Germany would soon make Holland a great and progressive people again, and this is among the possibilities of the twentieth century, though Hollanders do not like to think so.

Utrecht ("Oude Trecht," or Old Ford) the *Trajectum ad Rhenum* of the Romans, is one of the most ancient towns in Holland, and a city of one hundred thousand people. The Rhine divides here into two arms, the Old Rhine falling into the North Sea, and the Vecht into the Zuyder Zee. It has an old cathedral (720), and an ancient University (1636), and other interesting things. But we hastened on to Amsterdam, without stopping. In passing, Utrecht seemed to be a nice old place, clean and well kept, and its environs are studded with many beautiful mansions and parks, with long rows of stately trees. Holland abounds in such nice old cities, and, if just a little sleepy, they must be nevertheless very restful and kindly places to live in.

Holland is the Netherlands or Low Country of Europe, and is so called because so generally below the level of the sea and its own numerous canals. As you ride along in the cars you see vessels of all kinds sailing above you, as if navigating the air, and you wonder what would happen if the sea-dikes were to break or the canal banks give way. In very ancient times the whole region was evidently a swamp, the work of Father Rhine and his numerous branches; but it has been diked and ditched and drained by man's industry and skill until now it is one vast meadow and dairy farm.* It is not much given to grain, though wheat, barley, oats, and other grains grow on the higher levels; but delicious grass is everywhere, and it is the very paradise of horses, cows, sheep, pigs, ducks, and geese. The cows espe-

*The Rhine has twelve hundred tributaries or feeders; but loses itself in Holland, and passes into the sea by so many mouths that it is hard to say which is the Rhine really.

cially are beauties—black-and-red-striped Holsteins, in great numbers, and grazing everywhere in infinite content. We saw more cows, sheep, and pigs grazing at large in the fields, during our first afternoon in Holland, than in all Germany, Switzerland, and Italy previously. The cows were large, sleek, and well cared for, as only Germans and Dutchmen know how to care for cows, and some even were blanketed. Here, also, we saw them yoked to wagons and carriages, as in Germany, and they moved at a pace quite surprising—for cows!

Of course, there are wagon-roads everywhere, and good ones too, fine specimens of civil engineering. But her canals are Holland's chief highway, with wagon-roads often on their banks, and these serve a double purpose; first, as ditches or drains to her marshy and otherwise worthless land, making it invaluable for grazing and hay; and, secondly, as waterways, affording cheap and easy transporation. The canals bisect Holland everywhere, and are really a great triumph over nature. Her surplus water is pumped up into these by multitudinous windmills or little stationary engines, and the canals carry it out to sea. These canals literally swarm with all kinds of vessels and barges, propelled by all sorts of power, but chiefly sails and man-power. Men pole them slowly along, mile after mile, or they rig a rude harness to their shoulders and jump ashore and tow them along—sometimes half a dozen together. The women also assist with these vessels and barges, and do their share, if not more than their share, of all kinds of manual labor in Holland.

Indeed, Holland may well be called the land of canals and windmills. From the time you enter Holland until

you leave it you are never out of sight of windmills, and these are made not only to pump water, but also to grind grain and aid in manufactures generally. Her canals all lead to the sea, and thus make Little Holland one vast seaport and her people one great nation of merchants and sailors, and hence her colossal commerce for centuries, as if she were one great metropolis like London or New York. The Dutch have literally conquered their land from the sea and the swamp, and Holland's coat-of-arms might well be the dike and the canal couchant, with the windmill rampant.

We found Amsterdam to be a city of five hundred thousand, in the midst of marshes and sand-dunes, belted and threaded with canals—a real "Venice of the North," but with a better people than Venice ever had. She has canals everywhere, but has well paved streets also, brick chiefly, with wagons, cabs, and trolley cars. Her buildings, while not lofty, are solid and substantial. Her enterprise and commerce belt the globe, and her merchants and bankers may well claim kinship with those of our New Amsterdam, and neither be ashamed of the other.

The city lies at the influx or mouth of the Amstel into the Zuyder Zee, which has been dredged into an excellent harbor here. Originally there was a dam across the Amstel here, and hence the name Amsterdam. Rotterdam, Monnikendam, Zaandam, Schiedam, Edam, and other like-named Dutch cities originated in the same way. It is not a very old place—only about 1204—but has had a great history. Its real importance and prosperity date from the sixteenth century, when the Spanish had ruined Antwerp, and driven thousands of her mer-

chants, manufacturers, and artists into Holland for a new home. During the past century her trade has rapidly increased, thousands of vessels entering and clearing in a single year of late; and as the chief mart for the products of the Dutch Colonies—tobacco, coffee, rice, spices, and diamonds—she is indeed one of the first commercial places in Europe.

Amsterdam—"Venice of the North"

Her situation is not good; her houses have all to be built on piles, and hence the jest of Erasmus that he knew a city "whose inhabitants dwell on the tops of trees like rooks." Her soil is loam and loose sand, upon which no heavy building can be erected, until piles be first driven into the firmer sand beneath, twenty-five to fifty feet; and hence buildings at Amsterdam often cost as much below the ground as above it. Sometimes, indeed, a heavy edifice sinks into the sand and mud, the piles being inadequate to support it and its contents.* Canals of various sizes divide the city into nearly one hundred islands, which are connected by nearly three hundred bridges, like Venice. The water in these canals varies from three to five feet, and is kept clean and sweet by constant renewals from the sea. The cost of keeping and maintaining the canals, dikes, and bridges is estimated at several thousand florins per day. But the very safety of the city depends on these, and any serious defect or break would expose Amsterdam to being put many feet under water.

Her great North Sea Canal, connecting her with the North Sea, is fifteen miles long, but saves her shipping an exasperating voyage of fifty miles. It is sixty-five

* In 1822 a great warehouse, built for the East India Company, sank into the mud, with thirty-five hundred tons of grain.

yards wide, by twenty-two feet deep, with great locks capable of accommodating the largest seagoing craft, and with breakwaters, lighthouses, and everything complete. The total cost was 35,000,000 florins, of which Amsterdam paid part, the reclaimed land a part, and Holland the rest. But it makes Amsterdam and Holland one vast seaport forever.

We stopped at the "Bible Hotel," in the heart of the city, where one Jacob Liesveld, in 1542, printed the first Dutch Bible, as said, and had to flee the city because of it. He escaped to Leyden or Antwerp, but was caught by the Inquisition and brought back and burned for his wicked act. Our hotel was erected on the spot where his printing-office stood, and contains a copy of his old Bible. We found it a good place to stop at, and much patronized by Americans. Our only objection was, it was too close to the churches, whose bells rang all night, every quarter of an hour or so—as bad as down in Italy—and thus murdered sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," rather more than we liked. Indeed, they played a short tune every quarter of an hour, and a longer one at the full hours, until their tintinnabulation became a tribulation difficult to bear. I know George Herbert wrote

> "Think when the bells do chime,
> 'T is angels' music;"

but that was for English lanes, and not the streets of Amsterdam.

The weather was dull and raw—a great change from the Rhine—but we wandered through the city and saw considerable of it. The architecture is unmistakably

Dutch, but it is good and solid. The old Royal Palace, the Exchange, the university, the Nieuwe Kerk, the Zoological Garden, and the Jewish Quarter are all places of interest, and order and cleanliness prevail. The good Dutch housewife is everywhere in evidence, with broom, brush, and cloth, and what she can not accomplish in the way of cleaning or scouring is not worth doing at all. Along many streets are handsome rows of trees and stately residences, and Amsterdam evidently makes the most of her situation.

Amsterdam—Dutch Art

The best thing we saw there, however, was the Ryks Museum, in the heart of the city—an imposing building covering an entire block nearly, erected only recently, but representative of all Holland, both ancient and modern. It is in the Early Dutch Renaissance style, with many Gothic and Romanesque features, and adorned with sculpture and mosaics. Here are costumes, armors, weapons, models of ships and machines, illustrating every phase of Dutch history; old Delft ware, porcelain and lacquer work; engravings, coins, manuscripts, books; and a collection of paintings and portraits of all the schools, Italian, French, Spanish, as well as Dutch, that is most creditable to Little Holland. Its portraits of naval heroes and pictures of sea-fights—Admiral Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and others—recall the best days of the Dutch navy, and remind one of the great war paintings at Venice even. Here, also, are choice pictures by Jordaens, Teniers, Van der Helst, Franz Hals, Jan Steen, Paul Potter, Van Dyck, Rubens, and the Dutch and Flemish masters generally. Many of these are very fine; but I think one is struck with the convivial air of most of them, as if the chief end of life in those old

Dutch and Flemish days was eating and drinking. Besides these, there is a whole roomful of Rembrandts, and his great "Night Watch" particularly, his largest and most celebrated work, which of itself is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. Why it was called the "Night Watch" nobody seems to know. It represents a company of arquebusiers coming out of their doelen or guildhouse, and evidently going out to a shooting-match in the daytime. The costumes and weapons of the officers and soldiers are remarkable, and the life and spirit of the flag-bearer and drummer really speaking. Two lively children, one with a cockerel—evidently the prize to be contended for—add to the interest of the scene. The remarkable chiaroscuro of the picture has led some to believe that it was a "Night Watch;" but the event evidently took place in daylight, and the extraordinary lights and shadows of the picture are such as only Rembrandt himself could paint. Altogether it is a most remarkable and dramatic picture, and, ever since its painting, has been enthusiastically admired by all lovers of good art. There are no engravings that do it even scant justice. It was surrounded by a group of admirers the day we were there, and we shall carry it in our memories as a precious recollection forever, like the great picture of "The Assumption" by Titian, at Venice. It is an immense painting, eleven by fourteen feet, taking up the whole side of the "Rembrandt room;" but we would not wish it to be any smaller. If the great Dutch painter had done nothing more than the "Night Watch," his fame would have been secure forever.

Of course, we went down to Marken, a curious old fishing suburb of Amsterdam, on an island in the Zuyder

Zee. We went by a little steamboat, down a great canal, past Broek in Waterland—said to be the cleanest place in the world—to Monnikendam, and so to Marken. At all of these villages the people wear only wooden shoes, and drop them at the door when they enter their dwelling-houses, ready to put on when they come out again. How they ever keep them on their feet is a mystery, they are so big and unwieldy. But they do, and the boys and girls go scurrying along the streets or the towpaths with them on as if they were light as feathers. The streets are paved with brick, with not an ounce of dirt anywhere, and even the very trees look as if they were washed and scoured. The houses also are mainly of brick, with now and then one of frame (very old), and their furnishings are simple and antique.

Marken

Main Street, Marken.

At Monnikendam, we saw two dogs harnessed to a little carriage, and drawing too half-grown boys along quite smartly. In the heart of the village we saw a large dog drawing a baker's cart, and the baker also occasionally. When it came to an ascent or a hard pull, the baker would jump off and push behind. But he would soon jump on again, and the dog trotted along as if he could pull the load easily. The Dutch believe in making

everybody work, even their cows and dogs, as well as women. In Switzerland and Germany they use only large dogs, and they gear them side by side with the man or woman; but here in Holland they use dogs of any kind, and they hitch them under the cart or wagon, to little singletrees of their own, and, first and last, these thrifty Dutchmen get a prodigious amount of work out of their dogs even. We saw them in use in Amsterdam and everywhere, and often pulling and tugging so hard that we could well believe "working like a dog" to be an old Dutch saying.

Women Carrying Hay, Marken.

At Marken we found everything quaint and curious. There is only a handful of people here, but they seem to have come down from the Middle Ages. Their houses are mere rookeries of logs and boards, though some are of brick, one story, with red-tile roofs and small windows and doors, but clean as wax inside. Instead of beds and bedsteads, they have closets or lockers in the walls, which shut up in the daytime and open at night. Their array of blue crockery-ware—some of it real old Delft—is a sight to see, and the gold and silver head-dresses of the women, and their garments generally, seem more fit for a museum than the nineteenth century. The men, in their baggy trousers and wooden shoes and woolen

caps, appear to have stepped out of some old Dutch painting, or to be "comrades true" of Hendrik Hudson and Peter Stuyvesant. We tried to buy some of the blue ware and other quaint articles, but found they were all regarded as heirlooms. These people live by fishing, and many of them have never been off their little sand-spit, not even to Amsterdam. They maintain their ancient customs and costumes; as did their ancestors, so do they; but they also have a little church and school-house, and a mayor and police officer, and thus doze away the centuries. Outside of their houses they have great flocks of ducks and geese, paddling about the drains and ditches, as everywhere in Holland. But they seldom see a newspaper, and the whole outside world, with its facts and its doings, is as a sealed book to them. They might as well be clams or oysters; and we were glad to quit these "children of nature," and get back to Amsterdam again.

NATIVES, MARKEN.

Chapter XXII

E left Amsterdam, August 18th, at 2.45 P. M., and, passing Haarlem and Leyden, arrived at The Hague about 6 P. M. Holland is truly "Little Holland," and it does not take long to travel from one of her cities to another. *En route* we had canals and windmills again always in evidence, as before reaching Amsterdam, and the same widespread meadows covered with cows and sheep, ducks and geese. Here and there we encountred sand-dunes and pine-barrens, with long stretches of canals, and now and then hyacinth and tulip farms, with gladiolas and other bulbs also in cultivation. The Hollanders grow and export these all over the world, and indeed make quite an account of their bulb business.

At The Hague we found the hotels full, but finally secured quarters at the Hotel Vieux Doelen, or "Old Shooting Gallery." This is an old-established house there, dating back to 1382, and said to have been a hotel since 1635. It boasts of having entertained all the American ministers for years, and many of the commissioners at the great Peace Congress here in 1899. It fronts on one of the chief squares, in the heart of the city; it has a spacious reception-room, dining-room, and parlors; and, after the first day, we had excellent

accommodations there. The tradition is, that the counts of Holland and their nobles used to go to shooting matches or target-practice here at The Hague (properly *S. Graven Hage* or *den Haag*—the Count's Hedge or Inclosure), and when they got through they used this old hotel as their clubhouse or banqueting-hall. It looks old enough and spacious enough for this old story to be true, and we found it crowded with pleasant people. **The Hague**

The Hague is the capital of Little Holland, and a goodly city of about two hundred thousand people. It is an old historic town, and for centuries has been the favorite residence of the Dutch princes; rich in great memories, but of no industrial or commercial importance. No town in Holland has so many broad and handsome streets, and spacious and imposing buildings and squares; but it has little modern business, except politics. The titled and the wealthy of all Holland have long made it their home, and concentrated their taste and money here; and hence its superior beauty and charm, its wide streets, imposing mansions, and superb trees and parks. In the matter of shade-trees and parks, I know of no American city to equal it, not even Cleveland, with its Euclid Avenue and parks.

The natural soil at The Hague is loose and sandy; but the Dutch began to plant beeches, chestnuts, and lindens here centuries ago, and have kept it up, along all their streets and canals, and in great parks as well, and have taken loving care of them, mingling mud and muck with their unkindly sand; and as the result they have now one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and they intend to keep it so.

Here William the Silent, the George Washington of the Netherlands, lived and breathed defiance to Spain and the Inquisition, and gave battle to them both, and whipped them, over three hundred years ago. It is true he was assassinated, like Abraham Lincoln; but his spirit survived and made the Dutch Republic, and still survives in Little Holland. The Hague has two stately statues of him in its public squares—one equestrian—and several superb portraits in its museums; and as you gaze upon these, you can not help thinking that the great Dutchman would have made an excellent American. He had the same humane spirit and generous heart and open-mindedness that Lincoln had, and the same passionate love of civil and religious liberty that all Americans boast. But he was three centuries ahead of Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley. Well may the Hollanders call him "The Father of their Fatherland!"

The Binnenhof, an irregular pile of buildings, some of them of mediæval origin, stands near the center of the town, and was once surrounded by a moat. The whole pile has an antiquated air, and one can well believe in its alleged origin—about 1250. In the little square in front of it, John Barneveldt, the Grand Pensionary or Prime Minister of Holland, was beheaded in 1619, in his seventy-second year, "for having conspired to dismember the States of the Netherlands, and greatly troubled God's Church." History is not clear that poor Barneveldt was guilty, but for a like crime in part we allowed Jefferson Davis (certainly guilty) to go "scot free" in 1865, and I judge no American now regrets it, though in old war days we used to sing,

"We 'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple-tree!" Just beyond is another old building, formerly used by the Spanish Inquisition; and here they show you the old dungeons, and an old torture-chamber where they put heretics to starve to death, while beneath was the prison kitchen from which the odors of cooking ascended to the starving prisoners. What hideous cruelty and diabolical ingenuity those old Spanish priests had, and how can history execrate them sufficiently? No wonder that mysterious power "which makes for righteousness" afterwards, in due time, broke Spain as "with a rod of iron," and dashed her world-wide empire "in pieces as a potter's vessel!"

The Town Hall, the Groote Kerk, and the Municipal Museum are well worth seeing, as also the "House in the Wood," the royal villa where the Peace Congress sat. But the best thing at The Hague, it seems to me, after William the Silent and her old Binnenhof, is her National Picture Gallery, just beyond the Binnenhof. Here is Paul Potter's famous "Bull," painted in 1647, that was over to our Centennial in 1876, and which has no superior in Europe. Here also is Rembrandt's celebrated "School of Anatomy," painted for the Amsterdam guild of surgeons in 1632, and scarcely inferior to his famous "Night Watch." It is a picture of a distinguished anatomist lecturing to a group of surgeons, while he dissects a corpse on a table before him and explains its anatomy, and nothing could be more real and lifelike. Then there are other Potters and Rembrandts by the score, and masterpieces by Jan Steen, Terburg, Gerard Dow, Teniers, Jordaens, Ruysdael, Van der Meer, Velasquez, Murillo, and Holbein,

and Rubenses without number. The Rembrandts and Steens here are numerous and superior, and one can not help enjoying this gallery very much. Jan Steen especially grows upon you the more you see of him, and some of his creations are really wonderful. One of his pictures here is a "Physician Feeling a Young Lady's Pulse," and it is exquisite in its humor. Another is a "Picture of Life," and contains about twenty persons. While the elders are enjoying their oysters, the children are playing with a dog and cat. Jan Steen himself plays a merry air, while ogling a young woman, and a portly boor is laughing, glass in hand. In the background are card-players and smokers. Another is known as the "Menagerie." It represents a platform, with a brook flowing by it, and an old leafless tree on the right with a peacock on it. Ducks are paddling in the water, and fowls and pigeons picking up grain from the ground. On one of the steps sits a girl with a saucer of milk, feeding a lamb. A baldheaded manservant with a basket of eggs is addressing her, while another standing on the platform with a fowl under his arm looks at her laughingly. Another is a "Portrait of Jan Steen and Family," and consists of eleven persons. The principal place at the table, of course, is occupied by Jan Steen himself—a figure with long hair and a broad hat, laughing and smoking, and about to drink. On his left is his wife, a corpulent lady, filling a pipe, apparently for her own use. In front is Jan's aged mother, dandling a grandchild on her knees; while by the fireside is his father in spectacles, singing from a sheet of music, to the accompaniment of a flute played by Jan's eldest son, a likely lad, almost a man. In the

foreground are a dog, some copper household utensils, a mortar, etc. These scenes are all homely, but most lifelike and real, and Jan Steen must have been a great artist in his line after all. His paintings are not large, but they are instinct with life and action, and we enjoyed them greatly. This collection of paintings was begun by the princes of the House of Orange in 1647, and the Dutch rulers have kept it up ever since. The French plundered it in the time of Napoleon I; but after his downfall most of the stolen pictures were returned, and the catalogue now numbers several hundred paintings, most of them of a high order. But here, as at Amsterdam, we were struck with the social and convivial character of so many of them, as if Dutchmen never tired of drinking and feasting; and therefore when a Dutch painter sits down to paint he is pretty sure to depict the good things of this life, and especially "the pleasures of the table." How these old Dutch burghers must have liked to eat and drink and smoke! And their descendants are not unworthy of them, judging by what we saw of good Hollanders at home.

Some three or four miles away, down by the North Sea, lies Scheveningen, the seaside resort of The Hague; and a charming place it is. It is not Newport nor Long Branch, but more like Elberon and Atlantic City. Originally it was an old fishing village, like Seabright, and practices that industry still; but it has blossomed out into a first-class watering-place of twenty thousand inhabitants or more, with a superb Curhaus, splendid hotels; and a magnificent avenue leads down to it from The Hague, laid out centuries ago, with eight

or ten rows of handsome shade-trees, a tramway in the middle, a carriage drive on one side, and an equestrian path on the other, with footwalks on both sides, and a great park much of the way, flanked with beautiful villas. It has the same high sand-dunes as Asbury Park and Spring Lake used to have; but these have been left ungraded, and Scheveningen undulates all over these. A high tide once swallowed up half of the town, leaving its little Gothic church (erected 1472) at the west end of the place, instead of the middle as formerly; but Scheveningen has forgotten all this, and revels in her summer visitors. It has a splendid beach, surpassing even Atlantic City and Cape May, and its bath-houses are on wheels. When a bather enters one of these, a horse is hitched on and trots out into the surf with the bath-house, and wheels around; he is then unhitched and driven ashore, while the bather descends from the rear of the bath-house into the sea. When through with his bath, the horse comes out and draws bath-house and bather back to shore again.

They have no big "board walk," but the beach is protected by a solid stone wall, backed with sand, for a long distance, and this is paved, as well as the streets and roads at Scheveningen, with hard red bricks. Brick pavements, indeed, are used extensively at The Hague, and in all the Dutch cities, for roadways, as they have been since the thirteenth century, and they have advantages over asphalt, even, especially in wet or icy weather, horses not slipping so easily. They use them for twenty years, and then take them up as needed, and reverse them and use the other side until worn out.

We went down to Scheveningen by what is called

the New Road, by an electric tramway, that skirted a canal and half way down crossed it, lined with beautiful residences much of the way, and everything clean as a pin. The Hague is even cleaner than Amsterdam; and what more can one say? We returned by the Old Road, on top of horse-cars, through the beautiful avenue and park above spoken of, and enjoyed every foot of the ride. The Hague has fewer canals than Amsterdam, and they are all supplied with sea-water, constantly pumped in and flowing out, and with only occasional boats passing to and fro, propelled chiefly by man-power.

We were at The Hague several days, detained by the illness of two of our party, and one day went back to Leyden. We found it to be a venerable old place, with only about fifty thousand population, though formerly it numbered one hundred thousand. It is situated on the Old Rhine, the sluggish waters of which flow through the town in canal-like arms. In the sixteenth century it sustained a terrible siege by the Spaniards, lasting nearly a year, when William of Orange ordered the dikes to be pierced and the sea let in, thus inundating the country and drowning out the Spaniards; a heroic remedy, but it ended the siege.

Leyden presents many picturesque mediæval features, especially its old city gates—the remains of its old fortifications—its old Burg, its old Stadhuis, its old museum, and old university. We took a horse-car ride down its old Breestraat, and could well believe ourselves back in another age. Its Burg is a great circular mound of earth, in the heart of the town, and undoubtedly of very ancient origin, either Roman or Saxon. What a history it has had, and what a tale

it could tell if it only had a tongue! It has a great well or cistern on top, and has seen many a battle, and stood many a siege. We climbed up its sides, and ascended its old brick walls, and had a fine view of Leyden and the surrounding country and distant sea.

Its old Stadhuis has a lofty flight of steps in front, surmounted by quaint Dutch lions, upholding the arms of the city, and is a fine example of the Dutch style of the sixteenth century. Its interior is much as it was in the fifteenth century. It has some good carved paneling, very old, and over the side entrance on the north is the following inscription: "When the Black Famine had brought to death nearly six thousand of our people, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again, as much as we could wish"—referring to the great siege of 1574. Its lofty spire is quaint and picturesque, and adds much to the attractiveness of the venerable old edifice.

Its museums contain much of interest, and its old university has one thousand students still, and a library of nearly two hundred thousand volumes. It was founded in 1575 by William of Orange, who after the great Spanish siege of 1574 offered to reward Leyden for its gallant conduct either by exempting its citizens from taxes for a certain number of years, or by establishing a university there. The temptation was great, for her losses had been many and heavy. But Leyden chose the better part, and so got her university. Its fame soon extended throughout Europe, and the greatest scholars of their age—Grotius, Scaliger, Boerhaave, Arminius, and others—resided and wrote here. The "Leyden Jar" was first invented here, and Leyden

still enjoys a high reputation as a seat of learning, especially in natural science and medicine. Most of the professors teach at their private residences, some of them still in Latin, though some lecture in the university halls.

Leyden impresses you as a quaint old place, as a true Dutch city of the olden times, with a pensive and melancholy air, but well repays a visit there. We took lunch at an excellent restaurant near the old Stadhuis, and afterwards saw a Dutch regiment marching out to the suburbs for inspection and drill. The men were undersized somewhat, compared with German soldiers, but were clean and well equipped, and moved with an alacrity and spirit that spoke well for their discipline. They seemed to have true "grip and grit," and doubtless were worthy descendants of their gallant and heroic ancestors.

Altogether we were in Holland over a week, and, as a whole, it was true Dutch weather. We did not see the sun once while there, but only a dull gray sky from day to day, always threatening to rain, but never raining. The weather was raw and cool, and we always needed thick clothing, and usually an overcoat as well. They told us it was not always that kind of weather in August; but this is what we found, and we were glad to get away, notwithstanding all the great names and heroic past of brave Little Holland.

Chapter XXIII

E left The Hague, August 22d, at 9.30 A. M., and a three hours' ride by railroad brought us to Brussels. We passed Delft, Rotterdam, and Antwerp *en route*, but did not stop to see either of them. It was so raw and cool, and we were so tired of Holland weather, that we were eager to get into Belgium. Delft is a quaint old Dutch city of some thirty thousand inhabitants, renowned for its windmills and blue crockery-ware. Like Leyden, it has a "pensive and melancholy air," as if it had seen better days, and the very cows and sheep grazing in the surrounding meadows seemed to be old-fashioned also. Rotterdam and Antwerp are more considerable cities, with two hundred thousand inhabitants each, and of real commercial importance. Rotterdam, of course, is in Holland, and is next after Amsterdam as a place of business, both being great entrepots for the trade and travel of the Rhine Valley, and indeed all Germany. Antwerp is in Belgium, and is its chief seaport and entrepôt, as well as great arsenal and fort. It is heavily fortified on modern principles, and is intended as a rendezvous for the Belgian army, if compelled to retire before a superior enemy; and they say it would require an army of three hundred thousand men to besiege it effectually, and at least a year to

reduce it by starvation. In 1564 it was the most prosperous and wealthy city in Europe, surpassing even Venice itself. But the Spanish sacked it in 1576, putting seven thousand of its inhabitants to death by fire and sword. Then the Duke of Parma, in 1585, besieged it for over a year, and in 1589 its population had dwindled from one hundred and twenty-five thousand to fifty-five thousand, and soon to forty thousand. Now again it has recovered its prosperity, and is an active and growing place. We were sorry to miss its old cathedral and museums, and its great masterpieces by Rubens and others—particularly his famous "Descent from the Cross"—and the Van Dyck Exhibition then open there. But we had seen a good many Van Dycks and Rubenses already, and expected to see more, and must needs hasten on. My chief recollection of Rotterdam and Antwerp is many canals and boats, and a forest of masts, with rows of warehouses inside and wide-spreading meadows outside, dotted with cattle and horses. It was a real panorama while it lasted, but soon over and gone. Antwerp

Belgium lies higher than Holland, and we soon passed from meadow-land to grainfields, and there are no better farmers on the Continent than the Belgians. They had already finished their harvesting, and grain-stacks appeared everywhere, as neat and trim as if made by English or American farmers. We here saw our first reapers and binders, and Belgium knows how both to use and make them. Little Belgium is not a very big country, but she literally swarms with cities and towns, and villages are everywhere. We never saw a denser population anywhere. She is a little larger than

New Jersey; has about eleven thousand square miles to New Jersey's eight thousand; is one hundred and fifty miles long by one hundred and ten wide only; but she contains nearly seven million inhabitants, against New Jersey's one million five hundred thousand, and the Belgians are an active, industrious, and prosperous people. They are a larger and more robust race than the Hollanders, bigger even than the German, and, as a whole, I have never seen finer-looking men and women anywhere. They keep a standing army of fifty thousand men, capable of expansion to one hundred and fifty thousand in war times, and pay their king 4,000,000 francs a year, or $800,000; and though a pretty good king, as European kings go, yet King Leopold does not begin to compare with President Roosevelt, whom we pay $50,000 a year only!

Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is a fine city of about five hundred thousand, her suburbs included. She dates back to the eighth century, when there was a village here called "Broeksele," or Marsh-dwelling. The city consists of the heights and the lower parts; the former occupied by the aristocracy and better classes, the latter by the trading and lower classes. There was always a well-defined difference between the two, and it continues to this day. We found good quarters upon the heights, near the Boulevard Waterloo, and our invalids were soon rejoicing in a warm and genial sunshine again. Indeed, it was a complete change of climate from Holland, and it continued so while we were in Belgium. Brussels has fine streets, and handsome houses, and beautiful parks, and in many respects is indeed Paris in miniature, as her citizens

claim. She leveled her old walls many years ago, and converted their wide spaces into broad boulevards, with five and six rows of stately trees, encircling the city, reserving only an ancient gate or mediæval tower here and there. Here are superb walks and drives, with electric lamps blazing at night, making it light as day, and her people are pardonably very proud of their city. Her old gates and towers, still standing and well preserved, lend interest to the city, and are well worth seeing. It is an old saying in Belgium that "Brussels rejoices in noble men, Antwerp in money, Ghent in halters, Bruges in pretty girls, Louvain in learned men, and Malines in fools;" and you can not pass along her streets and see her citizens without thinking that Brussels well maintains her reputation.

Belgium also is famed for its fine horses, both saddle and draught, and we saw more private carriages and horses, and better and faster horses, in Brussels than anywhere else on the Continent. It was a pleasure to see them go, and reminded one of home. Here, also, we struck many "automobiles," and they went skimming everywhere along the superb streets and parks. Of course, Brussels has electric tramways, both overhead and underground—one of them literally belting the city—and great omnibuses besides; but no canals worth mentioning, after Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Antwerp.

Brussels has old cathedrals and churches (as St. Gudule and Notre Dame, A. D. 1204-1302), but they are chiefly remarkable for elaborate wood-carvings and stained-glass windows. An old pulpit in her Notre Dame is curiously carved, with a cow, an ass, a rooster,

and a whole lot of chubby angels and cherubs. But otherwise the old church is a disappointment. There are no paintings in them worth considering, but the windows are fine, especially in St. Gudule, many of them dating back to the thirteenth century, and with a delicacy of design and a richness of coloring that our modern window-builders can not equal. There are some modern windows here, too; but they are glaring and garish, and one wonders why stained glass has become one of the lost arts and can not be recovered.

Belgium has a magnificent "Palace of Justice" here in Brussels, where her law courts of all kinds are housed. It is a huge and massive pile, adapted from the Assyrian and Græco-Roman styles, five hundred and ninety feet long by five hundred and sixty feet wide, nearly square, and is said to be "the largest architectural work of the nineteenth century." It is larger than our Capitol at Washington (seven hundred and fifty-two feet by three hundred and forty-seven feet), but cost one-third less. This "Palace of Justice" is on the highest point in Brussels, and dominates the whole city and landscape, and it is marvelous that Little Belgium could design and erect such an edifice. It covers more ground than St. Peter's at Rome. It is embellished with colossal figures of Justice, Law, Strength, and Clemency, and also with statues of Demosthenes, Lycurgus, Cicero, Ulpian, and other noted characters, and surprises the passing tourist. Of course, its great dome is surmounted by a cross and a gilded Belgic Crown, which is not half so nice as our Goddess of Liberty. In effect it is heavy and gloomy; but nevertheless it is a fine modern building, and a credit to Little Belgium. We

went in to see her law courts and judges, and observe how things were conducted over there; but found all adjourned until October.

Brussels has also her old Hotel de Ville, or City Hall, which dates back to, or was begun, A. D. 1402. It is one hundred and ninety-eight feet long by one hundred and sixty-five deep, and incloses a spacious court, thus securing light and air both inside and outside. It is surmounted by an old tower, beautiful and graceful beyond description, three hundred and seventy feet high, and this is crowned by a gilded statue of the Archangel Michael, sixteen feet in height, though apparently only of man-size, which serves as a weather-vane to the whole city. This old Town Hall is literally covered on the outside with a multitude of statues and carvings of both men and animals; and inside it is rich with tapestries, paintings, portraits, and wood-carvings, that must have cost the city thousands and tens of thousands of dollars—and more. But Brussels has been five hundred years in doing it. Wait until some of our American cities get to be five hundred years older and wiser, and likely we, too, shall then have "Hotels de Ville" worthy of our City Fathers.

Hotel de Ville, Brussels.

In front of this old Hotel de Ville is the Grande Place, or marketplace, one hundred and twenty yards long by seventy-four wide—one of the finest mediæval squares in Europe, and renowned in the annals of Belgium. Here, in 1568, twenty-five great Flemish nobles, including Counts Egmont and Horn, were beheaded by the cruel but "thorough" Duke of Alva, for no other crime than patriotism. It is surrounded by the Halle au Pain, an ancient prison (now a museum), and old Guild Houses; such as the Hall of the Butchers, the Hall of the Archers, the Hall of the Skippers, the Hall of the Carpenters, the Hall of the Tailors, and the public weigh-house, with its ancient scales and weights. All these are antique and grand in their way, not to say gorgeous, and we have nothing like them in the United States.

In another little square not far away (Petit Sablon) rises the monument of Counts Egmont and Horn, which formerly stood in front of the Hall au Pain, but afterwards was removed here. The lower part is a fountain, above which rise two colossal figures in bronze, representing Egmont and Horn on their way to execution. They are surrounded by ten marble statues of celebrated contemporaries, and the whole is inclosed by an artistic railing, with forty-eight small bronze figures on the pillars, representing the Artistic and Industrial Guilds of the sixteenth century. These last are very quaint and ingenious, and well worth one's study. The little square abounds in roses and flower-beds, and it is a lovely little nook to linger in, when tired out with sight-seeing, as one often is.

Brussels has a fine old park, down in the heart of

the city, originally a hunting-ground of the Dukes of Brabant, adorned with fountains and statues, and much frequented by the people, and a very extensive one (some four hundred and fifty acres) in its suburbs, called the "Bois" or the "Bois de la Cambre." You reach this latter from the Boulevard Waterloo by the broad and handsome Avenue Louise, which is bordered by many elegant new houses, and traversed by a good electric tramway. It is a lovely ride of two miles or so, and the "Bois" itself is charming and delightful of an evening, with music, carriages, and equestrians, as the day we were there. All Brussels seemed to be there that evening, and everybody and his wife to be enjoying themselves.

Down in the town are the Royal Palace, and the National Palace where the Senate and Deputies meet, and the National Bank, and the Bourse, or Chamber of Commerce; but they did not interest us. The most striking thing we saw down there were the great open-air cafés and restaurants, of an evening, thronged by thousands eating, drinking, and smoking, both male and female. These were something new and un-American, and reminded one of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The music was always good, and though beer and wine flowed freely, no drunkenness was observable. There must be something in the climate, as well as in "the custom of the country," to enable people to indulge so freely.

The old fire-engine houses we saw down there bore the quaint legend, "Succor in Case of Fire," or "Help against Fire," though exactly how helpful they might prove we had no opportunity of determining; but doubt-

less, Belgium-like, her fire engines would give a good account of themselves when called on.

Of course, we visited her picture galleries, both ancient and modern, and found them very good. They are both free to the public on certain days, with a small charge on other days, and their educating and uplifting influence must be very great. Here everybody can see Rubens, Rembrandt, the Van Eycks, Van der Weyden, Van Broeckhoven, Jan Steen, Teniers, Dow, Gallait, Leys, Jordaens, Robbe, Wauters, Montigny, and the other great Dutch and Flemish masters, as well as Van Dyck, Paul Veronese, and Perugino, and drink in their souls at will. There is a painting there by Gallait of the "Abdication of Charles V" that is a masterpiece of composition, drawing, and coloring. There is another by Biéfve, "The Compromise or Petition of the Netherland Nobles in 1565," with portraits of Egmont, Horn, William of Orange, Montigny, and others, that it would be hard to beat. There are others by Rubens, his "Adoration of the Magi," "Coronation of the Virgin," "Virgin and Child in an Arbor of Roses," and "Four Moors' Heads," that are very fine. There is a portrait of the Duke of Alva, by More, that looks the great butcher he was. There is one of Philip II of Spain, that looks the cruel bigot and bloody monster he was; one of an "Old Woman Fallen Asleep while Reading," by Nicolaas Maes, that is most real and life-like; one of the "Reading of the Bible in Times of the Inquisition," most solemn and impressive; another of the "Last Refuge," or a Protestant saved from the Spaniards by nuns in a convent during the sack of Antwerp; another of a "Protestant Preaching the

Reformation in a House at Antwerp," with light from the stake shining through a window. All these are good. But it is impossible to particularize where there are so many good and so few poor. Altogether there are nearly a thousand paintings here, both old and new, and I confess I rather liked the modern gallery the better. In conception, drawing, color, pose, and expression, there are many pictures here hard to beat, and I do not see why they do not interpret the thought and feeling of the nineteenth century quite as well as the old masters do the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Here, also, are sculptures and statuary, and some ancient and modern bronzes, of men, horses, lions, tigers, and bears, that are most interesting and instructive; and, best of all, these handsome galleries are free to everybody, substantially, and so helpful and inspiring to every poor boy and girl.

We went back another day to take a second look at these galleries and their art treasures, and were still more impressed by them. Surely Brussels may well take pride in them, and no true lover of art and of artistic things can afford to pass them by.

But Brussels has one gallery (Wiertz's) that is unique, and not likely to be paralleled soon. The pictures are all the work of one artist, and the product of his lifetime. He would not sell to anybody while living, but painted and painted, and gave them all to his native city. He was not without genius, but seems to have been unhinged, if not insane. His subjects are all (or nearly all) of the grotesque, the ghastly, and the horrible. One is the great one-eyed "Polyphemus"

devouring the companions of Ulysses. He is portrayed as a colossal cannibal, literally eating one poor fellow, and grabbing with his great claw of a hand for two or three others, while Ulysses himself, with hand on sword, looks helplessly on. Another is the "Revolt of Hell," with Satan as the old serpent, and his horrid angels breathing fire and smoke as they assault the cross, while a particularly ambitious fiend, with great flapping wings, attempts to crush it with a rock. Another is an old witch teaching a young witch how to begin—by riding a broomstick. Another is of a horrified mother, returning from market and finding her beautiful child burned to death during her absence. Another is of a man buried alive, and afterwards coming to himself and striving to burst from his coffin. Another, entitled "Famine, Madness, and Crime," is of a mother who has killed her child and cut off its chubby little leg, and is now boiling this in a pot over the fire for dinner. Another is of "Napoleon in Hell," with amputated arms and legs flying at him, and dissevered heads scowling at him, and widows and orphans howling and shrieking at him, brandishing their fists and cursing him, while infernal fires are already gnawing into his vitals and getting ready to consume him. Another is "Visions of a Man Beheaded," after his head has been cut off, with his bleeding stump lying on one side of the block, and his bloody head with staring eyes on the other.

There are some good things, such as "The Greeks Contending over the Body of Patroclus;" a "Chained Dog," a fine piece of work; "A Belgian Lady Defending Her Honor," by pistoling a French soldier who

assaults her; "Venus at the Forge of Vulcan;" the "Education of the Virgin;" the "Rosebud," a charming young woman, and some others of exquisite drawing and coloring. But the general effect of the collection is of the ghastly and the horrible. This violates the first rule of Greek art, which always held that nothing is worthy of the painter or sculptor that does not tend to refine and elevate and uplift the mind and soul of the beholder. I am sure neither Phidias nor Praxiteles would have ventured upon such subjects; and if they had, Athens would have rejected or suppressed them.

Here in Belgium is the home of the "Belgian block," and they put it to good use everywhere; not only for paving streets, but also for sidewalks, as in Brussels and other places. They cut the blocks uniform, and put them down on a good foundation of sand and gravel, with the joints well connected, and the whole makes a smooth and substantial pavement, hard to beat. Of course, it is not so clean and noiseless as asphalt or brick; but it is more durable than either, and costs considerably less. They also pave their main country roads with these "Belgian blocks," and have done so for a century or two, to a width of eight or ten feet only, with a dirt road on either side. The main road through the battlefield of Waterloo is so paved, and others that we saw, and the old Roman roads could not have been much more serviceable.

Here in Brussels, also, we saw many dogs harnessed up with men and women, as in Holland and Germany, and "working like dogs." They were mostly undersized, and mongrel curs of all kinds; but they did a great deal of hard work, and led one to pity them oft-

times. So, too, we saw women engaged in all kinds of hard manual labor the same as men, and one day at the railroad station at Brussels we saw a woman cleaning and blacking a man's shoes. She was a delicate creature, and he a great hulk of a man, and it seemed as if the business should have been reversed. I so expressed myself to a Belgian, but he answered: "Well, it is better than nothing. She is probably very poor. It helps her to make a living. And it is disagreeable to starve!" The truth is, that in all those European countries the rich are very rich, and the poor very poor, with no hope of passing from one class to another; and that is the misery of the whole business. A great gulf yawns forever between "the classes" and "the masses;" and it must madden men sometimes to think that, no matter what they do, they and their children and their children's children must be groundlings forever. Hence the Nihilist and the Socialist, who, in America at least, really have no *raison d'etre*, thank Heaven!

We spent a Sunday in both The Hague and at Brussels, and went to the English church both times. The congregations were fair, but the sermons intolerable. They had no pews, only rush or split-bottomed chairs, tied together with ropes, and most uncomfortable. At Brussels there was a sexton, in a quaint old costume, who preceded the rector up the aisle, and the congregation did not exceed fifty, in a church capable of holding four or five hundred. The service was Low Church. The music was fine, but the preaching abominable. The minister alternately shrieked and mumbled, and mouthed his English so intolerably that it was all Bel-

gian or Greek to us, and after standing it for an hour or so we departed without edification. There were two English young ladies, however, stopping at our pension who declared the sermon "beautiful," and it may be we were at fault more than the preacher. It is well to remember good George Herbert: Brussels

> "Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge;
> The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
> God takes a text, and preacheth Patience."

England deserves credit for one thing—she plants a Protestant Church wherever Englishmen go, and maintains it there, whether the natives come in or not. Englishmen and Americans at least will worship there, and maintain "the faith once delivered to the saints;" and that is great gain.

Chapter XXIV

F course, being at Brussels, we went out to Waterloo. This is only twelve miles to the southward, *en route* to Paris, and well repays a visit. If "there is n't anything there worth seeing," as a person who had been there before us said, it is because one has not got the right kind of eyes to see. Here Wellington stood against Napoleon, and whipped him, and drove him back into France, and out of Europe, and established the power and authority of the Anglo-Saxon race over the whole earth for a century nearly now. I think that was something to do; and you can see it all here at Waterloo, if you have only the right kind of eyes to see.

Waterloo itself is only a little typical Belgian village, of a few hundred inhabitants, strung along the Brussels and Charleroi road for a mile or two. It is three miles or more from the battlefield, and the great battle only happened to be so called, because Wellington wrote his first dispatch home from there. It took him three days to get the news to London; he could do it now in three minutes. But it soon set all England wild, and Europe as well. The French call it the battle of Mont St. Jean, because it really occurred there. But it got the name of Waterloo, and, though erroneous, will so pass down the centuries.

To understand Waterloo, one must go back to the beginning of the campaign; only a few days before, really. Napoleon had returned from Elba only three months before, and all Europe was up in arms against him, nearly a million of soldiers preparing to invade France. Quickly he recruited a great army again; but where to strike first puzzled him. Finally he decided to move on Belgium, where the English and Prussians lay, ready to march on Paris, and to separate and whip them in detail, if possible, before turning his attention elsewhere. To do this, he must needs move quickly and secretly, and accordingly he ordered his army to assemble at Charleroi, Belgium, on the road to Brussels—about thirty miles from there—as speedily as possible. Here he himself joined, June 15th, while the English were assembling at Quatrebras, and the Prussians at Ligny, twenty-one and twenty-eight miles from Brussels respectively, to safe-guard the two main roads to Brussels. In round numbers he had one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, the Prussians one hundred and twenty-one thousand, and the English, or allies, ninety-four thousand. He ordered Ney to Quatrebras, eight or ten miles away, with forty-three thousand men, to watch Wellington and stand the English off, while he himself attacked Blücher and his Prussians, June 16th, at Ligny, also eight or ten miles distant, and whipped them well; but without routing them, however. He supposed they were going to fall back on Namur and Liege, and possibly to the Rhine (at right angles nearly to the Brussels road, and thus separating themselves more and more from Wellington), and left Grouchy, with thirty-three thousand men, to

observe and handle them, while he himself, with the rest of his army, joined Ney at Quatrebras, June 17th. Ney had been slow in getting there on the 16th, or he would have overwhelmed the allies, who were only partly concentrated, and Wellington himself only just escaped capture after some desperate fighting there. The duke now withdrew everything to Waterloo, and decided to stand and fight there, if Blücher would re-enforce him with "a single army corps." His reply was that he would come with his whole army; "upon this understanding, however, that if the French do not attack us on the 18th, we shall attack them on the 19th." With this understanding, then, Wellington halted at Waterloo, and prepared for action.

In many respects Waterloo is indeed an ideal battle-field, and not unlike our own Gettysburg. It is easy to see why Wellington won, when one rides over the field. I never understood it before going there, and let me see if I can now make it plain to others.

The English had much the advantage of position, just as Meade had at Gettysburg. Wellington had marked it with his eagle eye and nose, over a year before, as a good place to fight, and his engineers had it well mapped out and ready for battle before Napoleon arrived there. The half-paved highways from Nivelles and Genappe, up which the French were advancing, unite at the village of Mont St. Jean, a little hill only, whence the main road leads to Brussels. The whole country there is not a dead level, like so much of Belgium, but a series of waves and swells, with rocky crests and detached hills, especially on Wellington's side, affording every facility for concealing and protecting

troops. Here, on the crest or ridge of a long swell, extending from La Hougomont (Hugo's Mont or Hill) on the right to Mont St. Jean on the left, a distance of two and a half miles or so, Wellington posted the English army. Opposite, a mile or so away, on a much lower swell, Napoleon posted the French army. This was not unlike Meade and Lee at Gettysburg, on Cemetery Ridge and Seminary Ridge, respectively. Between was a considerable intervale, and, as Napoleon attacked, the French had first to march down and across, and then charge up, much as Lee had to do; and Wellington had only to stand still and hold fast, as Meade did, with La Hougomont and Mont St. Jean to help him, as Meade had Kulp's Hill and Little Round Top to help him. Mont St. Jean did not count for so much as Little Round Top, but La Hougomont proved another Kulp's Hill, and more, and one could well understand this when he saw what it was and is.

La Hougomont is a solid and massive old chateau of brick and stone, built in the sixteenth or seventeenth century for defense, with numerous outbuildings, and a large yard and extensive garden, all inclosed by a high and substantial brick wall. There were more buildings there then than now, and more places for shelter and defense. There is a high hedgerow before it now; but then there was also a considerable grove, since cut down. It has heavy wooden gates, secured by strong iron bars, that show marks of age and battle, but look good for another century or two. Inside is a great Belgian barn, of stone and brick, that is a real fortress of itself on a moderate scale. This was filled with sleek-looking horses and cows the day we were there, while

outside were antique plows, harrows, carts, farm-wagons, etc. Also inside, just beyond the main entrance, is a little brick chapel, with a rude altar at the farther end, surmounted by a carved wooden statue of St. Anne, with the child Christ in her arms. A ball knocked off his head during the battle, and his feet were charred by fire, but here the flames stopped. "A miracle," the Belgian peasants say; but no mass has been said there since, several soldiers having been killed in the chapel.

Here Wellington rested his right wing, as well he might—it was a miniature fort—after carefully loop-holing all its walls, and scaffolding them, so as to fire from the top as well as underneath—a double line of fire—and barricading every door and gate with wagons and carts. He posted four companies of his English Guards here, the best troops he had, under splendid officers, re-enforcing them from time to time as needed, and planted artillery to command all the approaches and also to command the place itself if surrounded by the enemy. It seems incredible, but this little English garrison—never over a thousand strong, if so many—here resisted the whole of Reille's corps, some twelve thousand strong, beating it back again and again, and holding La Hougomont to the last. The French did not know what it was. They thought it only a piece of woods, with a house or so in it, and butted their brains out against its massive brick and stone walls in vain. They attacked it furiously, brigade after brigade, but did it by piecemeal, and gained nothing. Prodigies of valor were performed here on both sides; the French climbing over the walls, only to be shot or bayoneted as they leaped down on the inside, and the English fight-

ing like bulldogs amidst fire and smoke, against overwhelming odds. The French early set fire to it; but the English fought the flames and the French both. When the French swarmed around it too much, the English howitzers on the ridge above shelled and scattered them like chaff, and all day long the English never let go their bulldog grip here. Why the French did not bring up some of their splendid batteries and knock it to pieces, or make powder-bags and blow down its walls, is very surprising. But here was a fatality that, of itself, cost Napoleon the field; and there were others.

Farther down the English line, near the center of it, but somewhat to the front, is La Haye Sainte, a brick and stone farmhouse, with barns and outbuildings also, but with nothing like the strength of La Hougomont. Here Wellington also posted some good troops (King's German Legion), but the place was too far front for re-enforcing or supplying with ammunition, and, though gallantly defended, the French finally took and held it. Why they did not then bring up their artillery here and enfilade the British lines, raking them east and west to St. Jean and Hougomont, is another mystery, and must be counted as another fatality. One would suppose it would have been the first thing Napoleon would have thought of; but his mind may have been too much engrossed just then with the approach of Blücher, and Ney overlooked or neglected it, as he did other things in that campaign.

The two armies were pretty well matched as to numbers actually present on the field—Wellington 67,661 men, Napoleon 71,947. But Napoleon had two hundred and forty-six guns to Wellington's only one hundred

and fifty-six, and his cavalry was also superior. But, worst of all, Wellington had a heterogeneous army of English, Belgians, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Germans, Nassauers, and Dutch, part of whom were disaffected, because formerly under Napoleon, and part poltroons. Of course his English troops were good, though in part raw recruits, his veterans of the Peninsula being absent in America, paying their respects to Andrew Jackson at New Orleans. But of his army as a whole, Wellington afterwards said, "It was the worst I ever commanded." No reliance could be placed on his Netherlanders, especially the Belgians. Early in the battle they broke and fled from the field, amidst the jeers and execrations of their English allies, and never returned, reporting at Brussels that the day was lost. Practically, therefore, Wellington was reduced to fifty thousand men, composed of four or five different nationalities, of whom only about thirty thousand were really British. His generals, however, were good officers, many of them trained under his own eye, veterans of the Peninsula and India; and he himself was in his military prime (forty-six years), confident of himself and eager to fight Napoleon. He had fought his best marshals in Spain and Portugal, and whipped them, and now was ready to tackle their chief also. On June 15th he had been at the famous ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, and there received his first news of Napoleon's advance on Belgium. "Bony has humbugged me and gained twenty-four hours march on me!" he said to the Duke of Richmond. But he immediately went to bed and slept six hours, and then mounted his horse and rode at speed to Quatrebras (twenty miles), where he arrived at 3

A. M., June 16th, and at daylight was at Blücher's headquarters several more miles away, where he advised old "Marshal Forwarts" (he was seventy-two, and had been fifty years a soldier) to make some changes in his dispositions; but he would not, and got well drubbed by Napoleon that day at Ligny accordingly. Wellington intended to concentrate at Quatrebras, but found it too late, and so ordered everything back to Waterloo, or Mont St. Jean; and here now he stood ready to receive battle, and to fight as man never fought before for "God and native land." Of course, he expected Blücher to re-enforce him; but until Blücher came, or whether Blücher came or not, he resolved to stand and fight it out, like the intrepid Englishman and heroic soul he was.

On the other hand, the French army was homogeneous, all Frenchmen, and composed mainly of old and well-disciplined soldiers, accustomed to act together and habituated to victory. They were Napoleon's veterans, the victors on a hundred battlefields. Over two hundred thousand French soldiers had got home from foreign prisons not long before, and here were Napoleon's pick of them, thirsting for revenge and glory again. His officers, also, were good, though his old marshals were mainly absent, only Soult and Ney present; Soult as chief of staff, and Ney second in command. Grouchy was also along, but detached to watch the Prussians, with thirty-three thousand men, not included above, and never reached Waterloo. But Napoleon depended upon him, and had he divined Grouchy would never reach the field, evidently he would have fought the battle very differently, or not fought it at all. His old marshals had tired of fighting, and either remained at home or had

taken "French leave," and gone abroad. Napoleon himself was then forty-five, and though claimed not to be himself as formerly, neither physically nor mentally, yet clearly he showed no evidence of this in the pending campaign and battle. Both were admirably planned, and they worked out like clock-work up to certain points, and then went absolutely to pieces, as if struck by destiny. He left Paris June 12th, at 3.30 A. M., and rode day and night in his military carriage, until the evening of the 14th, when he neared Charleroi. On the 15th he mounted his horse, and rode from 3 A. M. to 9 P. M., and then ate and slept until midnight, when he mounted again and rode along his lines, closely inspecting the enemy both on horseback and afoot without his staff (as was his custom, declining to endanger his staff officers unnecessarily), and that day fought the Prussians at Ligny, winning a real victory, and effectually separating them from Wellington, as he supposed. He was in the saddle again all that day (16th), and that night slept hard and late. On the 17th, it rained hard; but he duly mounted and rode eight or ten miles to La Belle Alliance, a little country tavern only, and here he established his headquarters, ready for battle next day at Waterloo. It rained hard all that afternoon and night, with much thunder and lightning, but at 1 A. M. (18th) he mounted and rode to the front, and rode and walked all along his picket-lines, as was his custom before battle, to assure himself that everything was in order and the enemy still there. At 2.30 A. M. he was near the wood of Hougomont, and then returned to La Belle Alliance. Soon afterwards a report reached him that the English were retiring, and he again mounted and

rode two miles and a half through the rain and mud with one of his corps commanders (d'Erlon), intending to order instant pursuit if the report proved true, but a close inspection on foot showed they were still there, grouped about their camp-fires. At 8 A. M. he mounted again and rode along his lines, and issued orders for his army to draw up in three lines ready for battle, but it did not cease raining until 9 A. M. It was 10.30 A. M. before his formation was completed, with bands playing, colors flying, and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur*" from all parts of the field, in plain view of the English from their higher ground, and then (fatally) he still delayed his attack until 1 P. M., because of the softness of the ground. Above all else he was an artillery officer. He believed in cannon. He had won Austerlitz, Jena, Marengo, and his great victories elsewhere, chiefly by cannon, and he did not want to go into action until he was sure of his guns. All this goes to prove that Napoleon was really himself at Waterloo, alert and vigorous as usual, though older and fatter, and suffering at times from some bladder trouble. He believed his army superior to the English in both numbers and fighting capacity, and was confident of beating them, as he had beaten the Prussians at Ligny. He thought Grouchy would head off or stand off the Prussians, as Ney had stood off the English at Quatrebras June 16th, and he meant to make quick work of Wellington, now that he had him at bay. He told Soult on the morning of the battle, that his chances were at least ninety out of one hundred; that the duke was only "a Sepoy general," after all—referring to his campaigns in India—and that "this English general would have to have his lesson,

as others had done, and he would give it to him before the day was over!" And so he boasted, French-Corsican-like, while Wellington grimly sat still and bided his time; his men well under cover, while the French were in plain view.

The field has been described pretty well already, but it may help to a clearer understanding of it if I say that it is well represented by the letter V, or better by an inverted letter A, thus "V." The right-hand stroke is the Nivelles road; the left the Genappe road. At the inverted apex is Mont St. Jean; Wellington is there. At the right foot is La Hougomont; Reille's corps is there, with Jerome Bonaparte commanding one of his divisions. At the left is La Belle Alliance; Napoleon is there. The cross-bar would be Wellington's line of battle substantially, with La Haye Sainte near the center, but somewhat in front. The triangle below the cross-bar would be the plateau of Mont St. Jean, commanding the road to Brussels, for which was the whole struggle. Whoever occupied and held that was sure to have Brussels, and so Belgium, and so perhaps Europe; and hence the great combat.

It was Sunday, and all the instincts of Wellington were against fighting on that day; but there was no help for him. It was now well on towards noon, if not after (accounts differ as to the exact time, though the attack was ordered for 1 P. M.), when the battle opened by the advance of a part of Reille's corps (French left wing) under Jerome Bonaparte, a brother of Napoleon. Its skirmishers advanced rapidly and attacked furiously, expecting to take La Hougomont by storm, but were bloodily repulsed. They soon returned to the assault

with redoubled fury, and speedily forced their way up to and over the old brick walls in some instances; but the British infantry and howitzers soon drove them out, or bayoneted them, and again they were compelled to retreat. This was only the beginning of reiterated assaults lasting all the afternoon, in which the French infantry literally swarmed about and over and through La Hougomont, but they could never take and permanently hold it. They battered down its gates and doors. They set fire to it. They drove its defenders from wall to wall, and room to room. They bespattered it with blood, and filled it with the dead and dying. But somehow Wellington always re-enforced it at the right moment, and his men held on with a dogged pluck and resolution characteristic of the race. Had the French once gained it, they would likely have gained the day also. But destiny or Providence ordered otherwise. It was not unlike our first day at Gettysburg indeed.

But this attack on La Hougomont was only meant as a feint. Napoleon never supposed it would take more than an hour or so, and would draw Wellington's attention away from his main attack. This was to be against the British left and center, at Mont St. Jean and La Haye Sainte, and was meant to carry the plateau and seize the main road to Brussels there. It was well planned, but indifferently executed, and only partially successful; not unlike our second day at Gettysburg. It was ordered for 1 P. M., but did not begin until about 2 P. M. It was placed in charge of d'Erlon, his best corps commander, and aimed straight at the key of the English position there. He moved out with upwards of twenty thousand men, including cavalry, supported by seventy-

eight guns, many of them twelve-pounders; and it must have been a "braw" sight and a "bonnie" spectacle, as the Scotch say. It was only six hundred yards or so to the English lines. The French artillery fired over their heads, as they crossed the intervale and began the ascent, and then ceased for fear of hitting their own men. The four divisions moved in four columns *en echelon*, with a front of about two hundred men each in forty ranks, five paces apart (practically a solid column), and promised great things, but proved unwieldy and lacked mobility. When they got to the crest of the ridge the British, or allies, rose suddenly and attacked furiously at short range, with both infantry and artillery, as well as cavalry, and though a part of their line gave way (Netherlanders), yet the rest fought with great gallantry and intense fierceness. The charge of the British was irresistible, and soon the French were driven hotly back, with the loss of two eagles, fifteen guns, and thousands of prisoners, besides the killed and wounded. The three left columns, indeed, were forced back in great disorder, and the whole attack failed, though at one time it promised success. It broke the Dutch-Belgians, and indeed looked so promising for awhile that Napoleon, watching it through his glass from La Belle Alliance, concluded it had succeeded, and at once dispatched a courier to Paris to announce his victory. But he did not know Wellington; and Blücher also was to be reckoned with.

Shortly after d'Erlon moved out to his grand attack, a column of troops appeared on the heights of St. Lambert, far off on the French right. Soult thought them only a cloud at first. Napoleon took them for Grouchy, hastening to his assistance, after fending off Blücher,

but soon discovered they were Prussians instead. They had to be looked to, as they menaced his right and rear, and so his communications, and he ordered the Sixteenth Corps to attend to them—about ten thousand men—and re-enforced them with six thousand more afterwards. He gave his own attention to this, as the most important item pending, and turned the battle in front over to Ney, as second in command. This was between 3 and 4 P. M. Here was another fatality; for though Ney was called "the bravest of the brave"—had four horses shot under him at Waterloo—yet he seemed disaffected or disobedient at Quatrebras, or incompetent, was too slow in getting up, and was never, indeed, accounted a great general; lacked coolness and judgment. He was a cavalry officer *per se*,—brave but reckless, as Napoleon was an artillery officer; and he decided now to put in his cavalry and show the infantry how to do it. He did not order all in, but one division he meant to hold (Guyot's) went in with the rest, without orders, leaving him no reserves, and here was another fatality.

He formed his four divisions—about four thousand men—into twenty-six squadrons, over half a mile long, and launched them as a solid column again against the English center and left, hoping to crush Wellington with the mere weight of his attack. It promised well. His artillery again opened fire over the heads of his advancing cavalry, and pounded the English lines savagely; but they had to cease firing as his cavalry ascended the slope, and here Wellington formed his infantry into squares, three lines deep; front line kneeling with fixed bayonets, and the other two firing over their heads, with

his artillery in the center, firing from time to time, as the infantry opened ranks or lay down.* His artillery tore great gaps through the French cavalry; but still they advanced, and galloped round and round these British squares, hacking at the men with their sabers, and firing off their pistols and hurling them in their faces. But they did not break a single square; and presently Wellington's cavalry, or what was left of it, charged them fiercely, and again the French were driven down the slope, and retired to their own side of the valley. Presently they tried it again with reiterated assaults and increased fury, and it seemed as if those English squares must break and crumble to pieces. But they did not. They took La Haye Sainte, indeed (the English never recovered it), when its ammunition was exhausted and defenders all slain, fighting with clubbed muskets and bayonets to the last. But the Iron Duke still held fast. What was Ney to do now? His infantry and cavalry were both used up, had been recklessly wasted against Wellington's invulnerable lines, and he had no reserves left to fall back upon. At one time he had gained nearly half a mile of the English line, west of the Brussels pike; but Wellington had promptly brought up fresh troops, and restored it again. All day long the duke seemed gifted with ubiquity. He always appeared on the field at the right moment, wherever he was most needed, and his presence—cool, confident, determined—always turned the tide of battle. He never lost his head,

*Some of his artillery, indeed, remained outside his squares, and pounded the French as they advanced or retired, the gunners taking refuge within the squares, as necessary. But why the French did not spike or otherwise disable these outside guns, I don't know.

and appeared everywhere as the incarnation of English common sense and English bulldog courage—game all through.

It was now well on to 7 P. M. Napoleon thought the Prussians' advance substantially checked, and turned his attention to Wellington again. The battle meanwhile had lulled since the repulse of the cavalry. He soon discovered Ney's plight, with his cavalry used up and gone by being launched obstinately and blindly against the British squares, and decided that the only thing left to do was to put in his Imperial Guard. Had he not had the Prussians to look after, he would have had sixteen thousand fresh troops to attack the British left, and Wellington would have been hard pressed indeed, if not beaten. As it was, he was pretty well used up, too; but he had some fresh troops left, both cavalry and artillery, and above all was himself still plucky and resolute. Of course, he was eager for Blücher to get up. But he meant to fight it out, whether Blücher got up or not. The old story of his exclaiming, "Blücher or night," is likely apocryphal, as he was too good a soldier to allow such words to escape him on the battlefield. More likely he said, "Well, Bony, we 'll see which can pound the longest!"

So Napoleon now ordered his Imperial Guard forward, as a *dernier ressort*, as Lee launched Pickett's Division the last day at Gettysburg. He had kept most of it in reserve all day, back of La Belle Alliance, out of fire; Ney not being allowed to use it. But he now ordered the whole of it forward, and as it passed his headquarters with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" bands playing and colors flying, he placed himself at its head, and

led it down to where Ney was—just in front and south of La Haye Sainte—and after addressing it briefly turned it over to him. It consisted of infantry and artillery, about five thousand men, and was indeed the very flower of the French army, picked men, veterans of many a battlefield. In order to encourage them, he also ordered a report to be spread that Grouchy had arrived over on the right. Ney at once assumed command, and, placing himself at its head, marched straight for the British right center, between La Haye Sainte and La Hougomont. He had tried the left twice and the right repeatedly, and now essayed the right center, hoping for better fortune, not knowing Wellington had his reserves there. The column moved *en echelon* again, with a two company front, with ranks five paces apart, as before, with two batteries of horse-artillery covering its left flank, while d'Erlon's corps, or what was left of it, covered its right flank. It moved diagonally across the field, at the *pas de charge*, bands playing and colors flying, with their huge bearskin caps, arms à-port, and officers in front waving their swords, while the French cannon again fired over their heads and pounded the English lines. The English artillery replied, plowing great lanes through the French ranks as they got nearer; but still the column advanced. Soon Ney's horse was shot under him, and he was given another, and that also was shot, and then he advanced on foot, encouraging his men at every step; and, notwithstanding death and destruction all about them, the Guards actually gained the slope and advanced to the last ridge where the English lay concealed by growing wheat. The whole battlefield, indeed, was covered with wheat, rye, barley, and oats.

Here Wellington commanded in person, and when the head of the column was within fifty or sixty paces he suddenly opened on them with grape and cannister, while his whole line rose and poured their musketry fire into their very faces. The Guards halted instinctively, it was all so sudden, and the head of the column wavered and staggered, as if struck by a great flail. Then the rear ranks attempted to deploy into line, seeing the folly of their attack in column when every bullet killed half a dozen men and every cannon ball half a hundred, but only confusion resulted, of course. Then some unknown British officer, rising to the occasion, shouted out: "Now 's the time, boys, charge!" and the whole British line swept forward, pouring it into them both front and flank, and in spite of all Ney and his gallant officers could do, soon the Guards, outnumbered and dazed, recoiled, and then sullenly retreated, and presently crumbled to pieces—half panic-stricken or worse—leaving the ground heaped with their dead and dying. In trying to deploy, the French masked their own batteries—they could n't fire without hitting their own men—and so their protecting cannon were of no use to them. Ney tried to rally his men, as they drifted back, but failed; and then, hatless, with waving sword, covered with mud and sweat and blood, he shouted out to d'Erlon, as he passed by: "Where are you going? Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the field of battle!" But he did not die there. His men pushed him into a square, to escape the British cavalry now in hot pursuit, and so he was swept off the battlefield, to be shot afterwards by the Bourbons, more shame to them. This was about 8 P. M.; and now the whole of the allied line rose up

by Wellington's orders, "Up, Guards, and advance!" and, with himself among the foremost, charged down the heights, and across the intervale, and up the French slope, even to La Belle Alliance, sweeping all before them—as Meade should have done the last day at Gettysburg. It must have been a magnificent sight. But O, how tragic and pitiful!

Meanwhile the Prussians, instead of being checked as Napoleon supposed, massed more and more on the French right, and about 7.30 P. M. (they had been slow in getting up), turned it, and began to open on their rear with forty-eight guns, the balls of which soon reached the Genappe road, Napoleon's main line of communications, spreading terror and confusion there. A few of the Prussians, indeed, made the English left, and re-enforced it, where they were badly needed. Though stoutly resisted by the French, the Prussians nevertheless continued to advance, and when Napoleon saw the Imperial Guards repulsed and wrecked, he quickly comprehended all was over with him. His final order was, "*Tout est perdu! Sauve qui peut!*"—"All is lost! Save himself who can!"—and, placing himself in a passing square, he also was borne from the battlefield. The pursuit continued for five or six miles—the retreat degenerating into a rout—the French losing all semblance of an army even, and rushing pellmell back on Genappe, where the road crossed the river Dyle by a single bridge. This soon became choked with wagons and artillery, and here alone a hundred pieces of cannon were abandoned, together with Napoleon's military carriage, containing his maps, order-books, and correspondence. The next day Napoleon secured a horse, and with this

rode on to Paris, whither the *débris* of his Grand Army presently followed him. The British were so exhausted they could not press the pursuit; but the Prussians were comparatively fresh, and Blücher now took pleasure in getting even with Napoleon for worsting him at Ligny. Napoleon, in his Official Report, claimed that he "had gained the battle;" that Wellington, of course, did not know when he was whipped; that "we occupied all the positions which the enemy occupied at the outset of the battle;" that "the army saw with joy the battle gained and the field of battle in our power;" and that afterwards, without due cause, "a complete panic at once spread itself throughout the whole field of battle," and hence the unfortunate "issue of the battle of Mont St. Jean, glorious for the French armies, and yet so fatal." Of course, he knew better, but instinctively fibbed, after the Bonaparte nature.

Now came "the Butcher's bill," and of course it was enormous—over fifty thousand men *hors de combat.* The total French loss was probably thirty thousand, besides two hundred and twenty-seven guns; the English and Prussians twenty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-five. At Gettysburg Lee lost twenty-seven thousand five hundred and twenty-five, and Meade twenty-three thousand and three. Their armies were about the same as Napoleon's and Wellington's respectively; so that the two battles were not unlike generally, and they were both soldiers' battles more than generals' battles.

Afterwards Wellington and Blücher marched on to Paris at their leisure, and when they got there Blücher wanted to hang or shoot Napoleon as an outlaw and

monster. But Wellington said, No; they were conquerors, not executioners; and it would not sound well in history to dispose of him in that way, after triumphing at Waterloo. So Napoleon was sent to St. Helena instead, and he was left to fret his heart out in that island prison, the Nineteenth Century not knowing what better to do with the greatest prodigy our race has produced, after Alexander and Cæsar. Unquestionably he had more genius than Wellington; but Wellington excelled him in common sense and "clear grit," and so conquered at Waterloo.

Napoleon himself was guilty of grave errors in the conduct of the battle, and, besides, seems to have been dogged by ill-luck or fatalities. The heavy rain that morning, and the night and day before, was against him; he could not move his artillery. He went into action too late; he should have attacked at 9 A. M. instead of 1 P. M.; and then Blücher would not have got up in time to trouble him. He trusted too much to Ney, and allowed him to waste both infantry and cavalry in reckless charges. He did not take sufficiently into account the steadiness and pluck of English soldiers. And then there was Hougomont besides. And he ought to have been himself at La Haye Sainte. Certainly he was rashly overconfident; and Grouchy failed him miserably. Had Grouchy done his duty, all might have resulted differently. His orders after Ligny were to follow up and watch the Prussians, Napoleon judging they would fall back on Namur and Liege, away from Waterloo; but when he found they were marching on Brussels, aiming to reach Waterloo, he should at once have "cut across lots," and got there first. Instead, he continued "to

follow" them, and fought a useless rear action at Wavre, when he should have marched to the sound of Napoleon's cannon. His second in command, Gerard, urged this upon him at 12.30 P. M., soon after Waterloo opened; but, with blind obedience to his orders, he kept hammering away at the Prussian rear. At 1 P. M. Soult wrote him: "You will maneuver in our direction. . . . Be at hand to fall upon and destroy any enemy that may attempt to attack our right. . . . Maneuver to join our right, without loss of time." Precisely what he ought to have done without orders; but he did not get Soult's order until 7 P. M., and it was then too late. Waterloo was practically over, and Grouchy, with thirty-three thousand men, twelve or fifteen miles away. Unquestionably he was either indifferent or incompetent; perhaps both. If it be said Napoleon erred in not giving him more precise orders, and that he should have kept him better informed as to what was happening at Waterloo, the answer is, he trusted to his good sense and sound military judgment, as he had a right to do, if fit for such a weighty command.

Wellington was at fault in not concentrating at Quatrebras in time; he was caught napping, and barely escaped ruin there. But this was his last mistake. His dispositions and conduct at Waterloo were faultless. If it be said that he erred in losing La Haye Sainte, the answer is, he could not hold it; and also, that he ought to have retaken it, the like answer is, he was not able to do so. He had a "big job of work" on hand as it was, and it taxed him to the utmost. He was wary and cool from the outset, and, of course, he knew every hour's delay by Napoleon was in his favor, as it increased the

chances of the Prussians getting up. They were certainly dilatory; but they felt a little cross at Wellington for not coming to their help at Ligny, not knowing he could not, the French having intervened; and, besides, the roads were so soft and miry it was almost impossible to march at all. The soldiers were continually wanting to halt. But Blücher's constant order was: "Forward! I have given my word to Wellington, and you must help me keep it!" It was 4.30 P. M. when the first Prussian battery opened its fire. By 6 P. M. they had forty-eight guns in action. By 7 P. M. they were heavily engaged, and undoubtedly did much to save the day. In his official report, Wellington says he "attributed the successful issue of the battle to the cordial and timely assistance of the Prussians," so that they are entitled to their fair share of credit. But unquestionably it was the English (and their allies) who did the heavy fighting, and I am inclined to think that Wellington would have whipped, anyhow, without the Prussians. He had eighteen thousand good soldiers back at Hal and Tubize—not far from Waterloo, some nine or ten miles—whom he never brought up, holding them in reserve in case Napoleon took La Hougomont and turned his right, and this does not look as if he needed Blücher at all. Of course, it was very nice to have Blücher handy; but it looks as if Wellington went in to win, with or without the Prussians. There is a story, told with great circumstantiality of Wellington's riding secretly over to Wavre, with a single orderly, the night before the battle, to see Blücher again, and make sure of his co-operation; but the duke always laughingly denied it.

There does not seem to be much in Victor Hugo's

elaborate account in "Les Miserables" of a sunken road near the English line, concealed from the French cavalry, and into which they rode helter-skelter, like Western buffaloes, one rank riding over another, until it was filled up with the dead and dying. Certainly there is no such road there now that amounts to much, and it does not seem as if there ever was. It is pure imagination of the great French poet and novelist mainly.

But Hugo is right when he says that Waterloo turned largely upon accidents and fatalities; that they were all against Napoleon; that he had "vexed God," and his time had come. "Waterloo," he says, "is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe." The nineteenth century was above the horizon, and its whole stream and tendency were against the *Idee Napoleon*. "It was not Wellington who won at Waterloo," he says, "but England and English soldiers."

Unlike Gettysburg, however, Waterloo has no National Cemetery or monuments worthy of the place. It has a great clumsy mound of earth (because the Greeks had a mound at Marathon, I suppose), five acres in area and two hundred feet high in the center, but that is about all. This is surmounted by a colossal Belgic lion, facing southward defiantly towards France, cast from captured French cannon, the whole erected by the allies, and maintained by Belgium. The French in 1832, on their march to Antwerp, hacked off a part of the tail, but the rest was too big and bulky for such vandalism. Holland and Hanover have also each erected a graveyard obelisk or pillar, unworthy of them and their soldiers. In a little church at Waterloo is a bust of Wellington, and some memorial tablets to English and

Dutch officers. In a garden a few yards from the church is a monument to the *leg of Lord Uxbridge* (afterwards Marquis of Anglesea), who commanded the English cavalry, and had a leg shattered in the battle and amputated on the field! This monument bears a fitting epitaph, and is shaded by a weeping willow! At Hougomont there are a few tablets and gravestones to officers who fell there, and at La Haye Sainte, and also back at Brussels, to those who died in the hospital; but there are no such magnificent and multiplied monuments, and no such great National Cemeteries, as we have at Gettysburg, Arlington, Chickamauga, and Chattanooga, and scant respect has been shown to the memory of the thousands of private soldiers who fell here. Of course, the French were buried indiscriminately where they fell, and no record kept of their names and graves, and the rank and file of the allies do not seem to have fared much better. Our guide said that three hundred English soldiers were disposed of by casting them into an old well at La Hougomont, as a handy grave ready-made, and he showed us the well—disused since then—and added, "Some were not dead when cast in, but their sighs and groans were heard for hours afterwards." But we refused to credit this gruesome story.

But certainly these European monarchies have cared little for their rank and file, while they have glorified and enriched their commanding officers. Belgium alone gave Wellington three thousand acres of valuable land not far from Waterloo, and made him the largest landholder in Belgium, while England heaped honors and riches upon him untold. Only a Republic knows how to treat men as men, whether alive or dead, and we

should be infinitely glad we are Americans. As Burns well said:

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp—
> The man 's the gowd for a' that."

All this we saw at Waterloo, and more; and you may see the same, if you care to see, and have eyes to see with.

Chapter XXV

WE were at Brussels just a week, and left there August 28th, about 1 P. M., and arrived in Paris about 6 P. M. the same day. In our ride through Belgium again we could not help being struck with her industry, her energy, and her prosperity,—fine farms everywhere, excellently well-tilled; swarming villages, with substantial cottages; and large towns and cities, with multitudinous founderies, factories, and smokestacks. Belgium has both coal and iron; but, above all, the Belgians know how to utilize her natural resources, and so out of their little kingdom have already made a great State. One of these days she will be a republic, and worthy of the name. We met Belgians who were already talking on this wise, and to whom the very name of America was dear and reverend.

At Feignies we passed the frontier (and the custom officers), and entered France. Soon we noticed we had struck another country and a different people. The houses were smaller and ruder—usually only one story, with red-tiled roofs; the farms were poorer, and not so well tilled; the towns and villages were fewer and more antiquated; no new houses or factories, no smokestacks, as a rule; and a general air of neglect, not to say decadence. And when we struck the Seine—a little river not half so large as the Delaware apparently—instead of

swarming with trade and travel, like the Rhine, we found only a few canal-boats and barges crawling along. If Belgium owned it, she would deepen and widen it to the sea, and soon make Paris practically a first-class seaport, as Manchester has done, thus doubling her business and commerce. This is what Napoleon recommended a century ago, and France has been talking about it ever since, and one of these days she will do it, when she gets over the nonsense of "militarism," with its barbarism and waste, and turns her attention to higher and better things—if she ever does.

And so at last we were in Paris—an old, old city, too—old in the days of Julius Cæsar, though then surrounded by forests and marshes. It was then called Lutetia Parisiorum, the Parisii being a Gallic tribe occupying both banks of the Sequana or Seine. But about the year 360 its name was changed to Paris, and political franchises conferred upon it. It is now a city well on to three million inhabitants, and growing steadily, but not rapidly. We found good quarters on the Rue St. Honore, at the Hotel De Lille et d'Albion, near the heart of the city, and settled down to see and enjoy La Belle Paris. It was in the midst of the Dreyfus trial at Rennes, when all Europe, and indeed the whole world, was bubbling over with excitement, and many tourists avoided Paris. But we "took heart of grace," and ventured there, and came away safe and sound.

Of course, there are many things we did not see. But we saw enough to know that Paris is a great city; great in population and business; great in art, and science, and literature; great in architecture; great in her avenues and streets; great in her galleries and churches;

and abounding in great men still, notwithstanding the Dreyfus case, which was a reproach to all France.

Of course, I can not tell the tithe of what we saw, and can not hope to particularize much. But let me speak generally, and say how things impressed us as a whole. We went first to the Louvre, and went back again and again, as we had leisure. When we had an hour or two to spare, and nothing else to see, we put it in at the Louvre, as the best thing we could do. Formerly an old hunting-chateau, in the midst of a forest infested by wolves, and hence called the Lupara or Louverie, it is now the most important building in Paris, both architecturally and artistically; indeed, a vast palace of art and antiquities, extending from the Rue de Rivoli to the Seine. The original chateau long since disappeared, and the present palace was erected by Francis I, about 1541, and afterwards extended and beautified by Henry II, Louis XIV, the two Napoleons, and other splendor-loving monarchs. With the ruins of the Tuileries ("tile *kilns*" originally) it now covers an area of about fifty acres, and impresses you as one of the most magnificent palaces in the world, notwithstanding all we had seen in Italy and elsewhere. As we entered its vast corridors and gazed about us, we were simply dazed, and much we had seen elsewhere seemed to dwindle into insignificance.

This was especially so as we walked down the first corridor and ascended to the landing where stands the Niké of Samothrace or the colossal winged statue of Victory found there in 1863. It is believed to have been executed to commemorate a great naval victory off Salamis, B. C. 306, and to be the most important relic

of early Hellenic art. It is headless, but instinct with grace and life and action, and really seems as if about to fly and hurrah. Instinctively we took off our hats and stood reverent before it, as the finest thing in the way of ancient sculpture we had yet seen anywhere. What must she not have been originally, with an appropriate head on her glorious shoulders, with a staff in one hand, and a trumpet in the other held to her lips, blowing a blast of patriotic triumph, as thought to have been? We had seen plenty of "Victories" elsewhere, both marble and bronze, but nothing to equal this one in breadth of conception, in dignity and grace of form and energy of movement, as well as artistic treatment of her flowing robes. It must have been a great artist that conceived and executed this glorious statue.

Next we passed into a great hall or saloon, where the royal and imperial crowns and jewels of France, and other objects of *vertu*, are exhibited in glass cases—beautiful and costly beyond description. Here is one diamond (the Regent) valued at 12,000,000 francs, and a sword of Napoleon First that cost 2,000,000 francs, besides other diamonds, rubies, pearls, rock-crystals, vases, and enamels, too numerous and valuable to mention.

Next we came to another great saloon and vast corridor filled with exquisite paintings, unsurpassed in this world. Altogether there are over three thousand pictures here, many of them masterpieces of all the schools, and they cover acres if not miles of space. Here are more Raphaels, Titians, and da Vincis, it is said, than in any other gallery in Europe. Here is Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," the best thing he ever painted,

with the Virgin clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and her head crowned with stars. It was brought from Spain by Marshal Soult during the Napoleonic wars, and sold to the Louvre for 600,000 francs or $120,000. Here are Rembrandts, Correggios, Veroneses, del Sartos, Van Dycks, Jan Steens, Paul Potters, Lorraines, Poussins, Lebruns, Davids, Vernets, Ary Scheffers, Millets, Delacroix, and other great masters, both ancient and modern, without end. There is one whole saloon of Rubenses—more than all we had seen before—many of them superb in conception, drawing, and coloring, as his scenes in the life of Marie de Médicis, a score or more, every one a gem of its kind. We wandered off from this into side galleries, crowded also with handsome pictures, and went home to lunch leg-weary and brain-dazed with the extent and variety of what we had already seen, as well as their general excellence.

Another day we tried it again, stopping only at the best, or what we liked best, and then descended to the ground-floor to see the collection of ancient sculptures. Here are marbles from Greece, Rome, Carthage, and Phœnicia, with statues and busts of Homer, Hercules, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Julius Cæsar, and others, and of gods and goddesses innumerable. Here especially, in a room by itself, is the famous Venus of Milo, the most celebrated of the treasures of the Louvre, and exquisite beyond description. This is the only statue of Aphrodite extant, which represents her not merely as a beautiful woman, but also as a divine goddess. Her torso is not complete—part broken and lost—but what is left of it is noble and majestic, and the

whole statue is alive with an indescribable charm of immortal youth and beauty. The pure and noble expression of her head indicates the goddess's independence of all human conditions and the self-sufficiency of her own divine character. It stands in the middle of a circular room, a piece of pure white marble, against a background of maroon hangings, and was constantly surrounded by a coterie of admirers, male and female, sitting or standing and criticising it, the day we were there. This statue was found in 1820 by a peasant in the island of Milo, at the entrance of the Greek Archipelago, and undoubtedly dates back to the time of Phidias and Praxiteles, and well suggests what marvels the masterpieces of antiquity must have been.

On the same floor, across a great court, are the Egyptian and the Asiatic Museums, with their wonderful statues and sarcophagi from Memphis and Thebes, and colossal winged bulls from Assyria and Nineveh. Then there is a collection of mediæval and Renaissance sculptures; a Marine Museum, with models of ships and galleys; an Ethnographical Museum, a Chinese Museum, and a thousand other things I have no room to mention. Suffice to say, that the Louvre is so vast and its saloons and corridors so extensive that it would take a man half a day, nearly, merely to walk through them without stopping to examine anything. To study it properly would take a lifetime and more. But one can see a good deal in a week, if he has read up in advance, and that is the only way to do a great gallery really. One knows then pretty much what he wants to see, and proceeds to see it, if he has eyes to see.

But I must stop particularizing, must condense and

abbreviate, or we will never get out of Paris. Of course, we went to the Luxembourg Gallery, with its splendid collection of modern paintings, by Rosa Bonheur, Cabanel, Meissonier, and others, and to its beautiful palace and garden; also to the Cluny Hotel and Museum, with its wonderful collection of antiquities, weapons, costumes, tapestries, laces, and faience; also to the Palace of Justice and the old Sainte Chapelle adjoining, "a perfect gem of Gothic architecture," rich in costly carvings and exquisite stained-glass windows—nothing better in all Europe; also to the new Hotel de Ville, or City Hall, massive and beautiful, both outside and inside (the old one was burned down by the Commune in 1871); also to the Grand Opera-house, the largest in the world, costing over $10,000,000, and a miracle of beauty and splendor; also to the Gobelin factories, with their marvelous tapestries, equal almost to oil-paintings; also to the Hotel des Invalides, with the magnificent tomb of Napoleon beneath its great dome; also to the Arc de Triomphe, the largest arch in existence, with twelve great avenues radiating from it; also to Pére-la-Chaise, the great cemetery of Paris —over one hundred acres—with big and little tombs mostly above ground; also to the Place de la Concorde,

Place de la Concorde, Paris.

the largest "Place" or square in Paris, the home of the guillotine in other days (nearly three thousand persons lost their heads here, 1793 to 1795), but now spacious and beautiful with fountains and flowers, and the matchless obelisk of Luxor; also to the Place de la Bastille, the ancient prison-house of the French tyrant-kings, but smashed forever by the liberty-loving Revolution; also to the Place Vendôme, with its Column Vendôme (an imitation of Trajan's at Rome), with its spiral panorama in bronze of Napoleonic victories, made from 1,200 Austrian and Russian captured cannon, with the Great Napoleon standing guard over it; also to the Eiffel Tower, the highest work of men's hands on the earth, nine hundred and eighty-four feet, or nearly twice the height of our Washington Monument, though not so stately and impressive; also to the Tuileries Gardens, with their wonderful fountains and flowers, the Palace destroyed by the Commune, 1871, and not yet rebuilt; also to the Trocadéro, the Pantheon, the Madeleine, Notre Dame, the Champs Elysées, Versailles, Sevres, and Saint Cloud. All these we saw, and more, with their wealth of architecture and art, both ancient and modern; and there is no denying that the French have both genius and taste. They not only have a

Paris, The Seine, etc.

love of art, as do the Germans also, but an artistic instinct hardly inferior to the Italians or Greeks themselves, and much superior to the Germans. This is visible, not only in their museums and galleries, but also in their buildings and furniture and everyday life as well, though I confess we grew tired of their everlasting worship of the nude. Of course, the human figure is divine; but the French seem to forget that a little drapery is sometimes in order—if only a figleaf or two.

The Louvre is certainly grand and glorious, with its wealth of pictures and statuary. Napoleon's tomb is worthy of their great soldier—one of the greatest soldiers of all time—and of the French people of his day. The Pantheon, once a church—dedicated to St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris—is now a magnificent Hall of Fame, with Mirabeau, Victor Hugo, Marshal Lannes, Baudin, La Tour d'Auvergne—"the first grenadier of France"—and other great Frenchmen buried here. Notre Dame is a venerable and majestic pile, carrying you back to the Middle Ages. (I dropped my umbrella here, enraptured with her glorious windows, but an unknown Teuton tourist picked it up and restored it—all honor to his honest race!) The Madeleine is a gem of church architecture, stately and sublime. The Trocadéro is an Oriental-Spanish-French dream, of our modern era. The Champs-Elysées, gently ascending from the Place de la Concorde to the Place de l'Etoile, lined with elms and lime-trees, and with the great Arc de Triomphe breaking the sky-line at the far end of it, a mile and a half away, is a superb and magnificent avenue, unsurpassed upon the earth.

There is nothing like it in Europe, and nothing in America, except Pennsylvania Avenue, with our own matchless National Capitol breaking the sky-line there. It is superb by day, with its throngs of people, cabs, and carriages; but at night, when aglow with electricity and gaslight, it is as ravishing and bewildering as a dream of Aladdin.

Versailles—it is fourteen miles out to Versailles, and we went there by railroad. We returned by electric tram-cars, on top of them, *via* Sevres, St. Cloud, and the valley of the Seine, through the heart of Old Paris, by its old walls and gates. Versailles itself is wonderful, its façade alone over a quarter of a mile in length, and the rest of the great palace in proportion. Here are magnificent halls and saloons crowded with great war-pictures by David, Vernet, Delacroix, Gerard, Yvon, Gerome, and others, covering the walls by the acre and mile nearly; not daubs, but superb works of art, that can not but interest and delight every one who has a drop of fighting blood in his veins. Here also is the great Hall of Mirrors, where King William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in 1871, while Von Moltke and Bismarck looked on, and doubtless smiled grimly; and outside

VERSAILLES.

and on all sides are the wonderful fountains and walks and wooded alleys that are the despair of modern landscape gardeners. Indeed, Versailles strikes you as one vast miracle of art and prodigy of expense. It cost Louis XIV two thousand millions of dollars, and the labor of six thousand horses and thirty-six thousand men for years, on the buildings and grounds alone, without its matchless paintings, furnishings, and faience. Voltaire, with characteristic French wit, called it "the abyss of expenses," or the Hell of Finances. And all this from the common people — "the third estate" — while the nobility and clergy, forsooth, were exempt from taxation! No wonder they had the French Revolution over there. It cleaned France (and Europe) pretty well, and tore up by the roots a thousand old abuses, and tempered despotism, and taught kings and emperors everywhere a lesson they have not yet forgotten, and will not soon forget. And so, I think, it had "extenuating circumstances," as the French lawyers say, and that there was some excuse for it, after all.

Fountain and Gardens, Versailles.

We did not go to the Bois de Boulogne, her great park of two thousand two hundred and fifty acres, largely virgin forest; nor to her great university; nor

to her National Library, over three million volumes, thirty-seven miles long if in a row—largest in the world; nor to St. Denis, because we lacked time, and wanted to see other things first, and so did not get there at all, much to our regret.

Of course, Americans like Paris, and it is an old saying that "all good Americans expect to go to Paris when they die!" She is not unlike New York and Chicago, though not so young and gushing, of course. But she has the same air of ease and abandon, as if confident of her own equilibrium, and wanting the whole world to see and note it. One is struck immediately with the vastness of her street travel and traffic. Multitudes of people, multitudes of cabs and omnibusses, multitudes of tram-cars everywhere. Where do the Parisians all come from? Where are they all going to? How do they all live? The street cafés and restaurants account for many of them; but how about the remainder? And then, at night, the street-lights and street-scenes are marvelous and vast. Not Aladdin, with his wonderful lamp, ever conceived of such beauty and splendor.

One evening, after dinner, we took a carriage, and rode up the Champs Élysées, and down the Boulevard des Italiens, the Boulevard de la Madeleine, the Rue Lafayette, the Rue St. Honore, the Rue Rivoli, and the whole city seemed exquisite and gorgeous.

I think Paris as a whole gives one the impression of antiquity and beauty, as well as modernity. She has no such "sky-scrapers" as Chicago and New York (they are not allowed by French law); but her buildings are more uniform and artistic, both old and new. Many

are only rough brick and stone, but stuccoed as in Italy. Others are from a peculiar building-stone found there, that is soft when first quarried, but hardens on exposure. This is put up rough, and afterwards dressed and chiseled into shape, often with elaborate ornamentation, which accounts for many of her handsome edifices, that would be impossible elsewhere. One peculiarity is sure to strike you, and that is the multitude of her chimney-pots, row upon row, breaking all the sky-line, especially in the old quarters; such as the Faubourgs St. Martin, St. Antoine, and the Latin Quarter. I do not know what is the reason for this, unless it is because every room has its own flue, and every flue its own chimney-pot. But why Paris should build this way, more than other cities, seems strange and uncanny. So, also, you are struck by the multitude of her book-stores and bookstalls; books for sale along all her old streets; on the quays of the Seine; in the shadow of Notre Dame; around the Louvre—everywhere nearly—both old and new, and, as a rule, very cheap. She certainly must be a reading city, if nothing else. Her streets are well-paved—chiefly asphalt and wood—and cleaned every night, and her cabs and carriages go at a speed unlawful elsewhere usually. The rule is for pedestrians to look out for them, and not for them to look out for pedestrians; and, if you get run down, you are liable to be fined for obstructing public travel, instead of being paid damages. Her great omnibuses —"double-deckers"—do not halt for passengers to get on or off, except at fixed stations; but you have to scramble in and out the best you can, which is sometimes the worst for you, especially if aged or ladies.

Several times we had to jump for them, and once I missed my footing, and came near being dragged down and run over in the multitude of vehicles.

Paris did not impress us with the traditional politeness and courtesy that we had read and heard so much about. The Italian is polite all through, and you can not but see and feel it. Instinctively he wants to help and serve you, regardless of reward. But the Frenchman has only a surface politeness, mere bows and grimaces, while at heart he is selfish and mercenary. We noticed this everywhere, but particularly on the street, and in the shops and galleries, where nobody wanted to serve one in any way, without being liberally "tipped." We saw but few well-dressed people, as a rule, to our real astonishment. The "blue blouse" was not much in evidence, evidently disappearing as a badge of labor and poverty. The lower classes, as a rule, were fairly well-clad and comfortable. But the better classes all seemed to go to derby and slouch hats, and sack coats, instead of "stovepipes" and Prince Alberts, as we expected. So, too, there were no "Grand Dames" in Paris then, or at least we saw but few of them. They may have been at the seaside or in the mountains, as it was still August; but, at all events, if we noticed a well-dressed lady, on the streets or elsewhere, she was pretty sure to be an American on her travels. The type was unmistakable, and we rejoiced in our fair countrywomen. The galleries and museums, as well as Worth's and the Bon Marché, were alive with them, though the "Bon Marché" does not surpass (if it equals) our John Wanamaker's.

It is true that Paris is living somewhat upon her

past glories, perhaps, but one can not help observing that she still abounds in art and science, in architecture and talent. It is true we did not see many new buildings (no churches) going up on her streets generally; but this was because she was bending all her energies to getting ready for her great Exposition of 1900. She had torn up many of her streets, and was repairing and repaving them; was building tramways for electric cars, both surface and underground, to get rid of her multitudinous cabs and omnibuses; and down along the Seine she was erecting colossal Exposition Buildings that in 1900 were the wonder of the world. She must have great engineers and architects and artists still, as well as intelligent and skilled workingmen, or she could never do all this. So, also, her new Hotel de Ville, Trocadéro, and Eiffel Tower are marvels of architecture and art, and evidently France has not lost her head yet, if her heart has gone wrong in some ways and things.

The Dreyfus case, that hideous French nightmare, was still on while we were in Paris, and everything there seemed on the edge of a volcano. M. Guérin was still besieged in Fort Chabrol, as his printing-house was called, and nobody could tell what a day would bring forth. Many Americans we met in Holland and Belgium would not go to France at all, and others we met in Paris were hastening away; and they were not to be blamed; for revolutions are ugly things, especially French revolutions. We had more faith in the Republic and so ventured on, as I have already said. It was curious and instructive to watch the Parisians and to talk to them. There was no real disorder anywhere,

except Fort Chabrol, but intense excitement everywhere. Dreyfus was on every tongue, and everybody was for or against him. But prudent Parisians disliked to talk. Evidently they did not want to be quoted, if things went wrong, and nobody knew what was right or wrong just then, nor which side was going to win. Only President Loubet and Gallifet, his war minister, seemed to know their own minds, and they were resolved that the new trial should go on, come what may and cost what it would. But there was to be no disorder in Paris or the provinces, and the law was to triumph, whichever side won. We went up to Fort Chabrol one day, and inspected it as closely as allowed, and I thought they made a mistake in not snuffing Guérin out at once; a squad of gendarmes or a handful of soldiers could have done it, as it afterwards proved. But it might have cost bloodshed, and evidently Loubet wanted none of that till the Dreyfus affair was over and ended.

Paris—The Dreyfus Affair

Indeed, it was all very Frenchy, and to say that is to size up the whole situation. It was every party against the Republic, and yet the Republic endured and endures. On the one side were the Imperialists, the Monarchists, the Clericals, and the Jew-haters, all shouting for "the honor of the army," but really meaning, "Death to the Republic!" With them stood the lower orders, ignorant and bigoted, led by the priests, really patriotic, and believing in the army as their weapon of revenge. On the the other side stood Dreyfus, with Loubet, Gallifet, Picquart, Zola, Labori, and the real intellect and conscience of France, with the best men in France—nearly all her Protestant people—

battling for the right and resolved on justice, cost what it might. It was a great battle *a l'outrance*, with the whole world looking on. Clearly, President Loubet deserves infinite credit for managing things even as well as he did. Anyhow, he steered the Republic safely through, and sent Dreyfus home to his wife and children, amid the applause of Christendom. It must be remembered that it was not America nor England, nor even Germany, that he had to deal with, but France —La Belle France, indeed, but mercurial, irrepressible, exceptional, revolutionary France—and he certainly saved her from a sanguinary and destructive civil war.

On all her public buildings, and over many of her churches even, France has engraved or painted her great national motto, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." It stares at you everywhere in Paris, but often seems like a mockery and a sham. Evidently, France does not mean it nor comprehend it, and she will have to go to school to George Washington and William McKinley a good many years before she does. For the essence of it is justice to every human being, however humble or however great, and she has not even begun to learn this yet. She is polite on the surface, as goes without saying; but she is not honest, she is not moral, she is not sincere, nor truly religious. Her heart has been eaten out of her by the Roman Catholic Church, which has made her a nation of devotees and atheists, and exposed her to the scorn and contempt of the civilized world. Of course, the Church was against the Republic, and had never a word of sympathy or pity for poor Dreyfus—more shame to her and to her irreparable damage!

French vanity and conceit are beyond conception. In the great picture-galleries of Versailles, among acres of other superb war-paintings, is one of "General Rochambeau and Washington at the Siege of Yorcktown" (so spelled), with little Rochambeau in the foreground and great Washington in the rear, as if the Gallic bantam did all the business there! And so it is everywhere, until one gets everlastingly tired of French braggadocio and French gasconade.

Her army is moth-eaten and honeycombed by corruption and fraud, by imbecility and cowardice. Her army chiefs (Mercier, Roget, Boisdeffre, Gonse, and the rest) have sunk beneath contempt, as liars, perjurers, and forgers, or suborners thereof—ought all to be sent to Devil's Island for conspiring to send poor Dreyfus there—and the rank and file are worthy of such chiefs. It was Aristotle who said, "An army of stags led by a lion is better than an army of lions led by a stag." I never saw such undersized, ill-kempt, slouchy-looking officers and soldiers as everywhere in Paris, and I do not wonder at their insubordination and mutiny and murder of superior officers in Africa. Of course, the Germans would walk right over them again, and the English would give them another Waterloo on every battlefield. They could not stand an hour against Sherman's "bummers" or Roosevelt's "Rough Riders." It will take a generation of hard work, of drill and discipline, to put the French army again upon its feet. And meanwhile Germany will "wax fat and kick," and laugh poor France still further to scorn.

Unquestionably, France is in a bad way. Like Spain and the other Latin nations, she seems to have

become degenerate and decadent. Only the spelling-book and the Bible can save her. She has gifts and graces still, as evidenced by her still holding on to the Republic. But any day she is liable to "shoot Niagara," and then woe to the French people! Of course, Rennes was worse than Sedan or Waterloo. They were only physical defeats; but the verdict at Rennes was the abdication of faith, the triumph of unreason, a mockery of right and justice, a brutal defiance of both morals and religion, and no nation can do that and live, unless she repents in sackcloth and ashes, and "brings forth works meet for repentance."

We spent a Sunday also in Paris, and went to the English church not far away from our hotel. It was a goodly edifice, with a capacity of five or six hundred people, and comfortably filled, mostly English and Americans. The sermon was wholesome, and the service, on the whole, uplifting and edifying. Afterwards, on our way home, we stopped in at the Madeleine, and found a congregation of only about half the size, lost in its vast spaces. It is a great Grecian temple, with no windows, except three circular ones in the roof, and these flood it with light: a very grand and stately building, reminding you somewhat of the old Pantheon at Rome. In the evening we took a stroll through the Garden of the Tuileries, across the Place de la Concorde, and so up the Champes Elysées, which was black with people and crowded with cabs, carriages, and coaches, returning from the Bois de Boulogne and the Longchamp races. It had been an ideal Sunday, a

> "Sweet day: so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky,"

as old George Herbert wrote, and the Parisians were out enjoying it to the full. Our general weather in Paris had been overcast and cool, somewhat resembling Holland, but this particular Sunday made up for our other days there. There was no disorder, but a good deal of hilarity, as would be expected in men returning from the races. We saw no Grand Dames nor French gentlemen here either—only a good-natured, big Parisian crowd. Of course, there was no general observance of the Sabbath—that would not have been Frenchlike—but I confess there was more observance of it than we expected. On the Rue St. Honore, Rue Rivoli, and the other streets we passed through, there was no general work or business going on. Most of the shops and stores, indeed, were closed all day, and all in the afternoon and evening, and labor generally suspended. In our own hotel, masons and carpenters were at work all day; but this was to complete repairs and alterations urgently needed there, and might have happened in America under like circumstances. On the great Exposition buildings nothing was being done, the Government having ordered due Sabbath observance there —all honor to the Republic! Of course, the cafés and restaurants were all open, or gay Paris would starve. The above observations may not accord with others. But I think La Belle Paris (the Beautiful, the Magnificent, the Artistic, the Pleasure-loving, and Half-Pagan Paris, so called) should have the benefit of the same, nevertheless.

Paris—Sabbath Keeping

Chapter XXVI

E left Paris, September 4th, at 10 A. M., and reached London about 7 P. M. We went by way of Dieppe, and crossed the Channel to Beachy Head and New Haven, and thence by rail to London. Our route lay first down the valley of the Seine, and thence by Rouen to Dieppe, and the ride was altogether charming. The quaint French landscape was everywhere idyllic, and Rouen antique and interesting. Dieppe is not much of a place, and we found the Channel as placid as a millpond. Our little steamer, the *Sussex*, was crowded with English and Americans returning from the Continent, but nobody was seasick. The smell of the salt sea air was welcome again, and everybody seemed glad to be rid of France and all French ways. It took us three hours to make the run from Dieppe to New Haven, and we were truly glad to reach there, and to feel ourselves once more in "God's country," or something akin to it. Certainly Old England seemed to be our own country, or something very like it, with some differences. It was delightful once more to hear the English tongue, and to speak and be spoken to by everybody, about everything, everywhere. It is true the English do not speak "American" exactly. They differ in intonation and emphasis, and speak more down in their throats than

we Americans do. But, then, you can make out to understand what they say, as a rule, even at their worst, which is sometimes really barbarous; and this is great gain surely, after hobbling through Italian, German, Dutch, and French for three months or more, as we had been doing. The very signboards and handbills were interesting. Everybody seemed talking all the time, and the flavor of the old speech was never so charming.

We passed up through Sussex and Surrey—two beautiful English counties, not unlike our own Sussex County, N. J., named after the old English county. The country was mostly flat and monotonous; not so rolling as our New Jersey Sussex, and without its lovely "ponds" or lakes, but with large grainfields and broad pastures, alive with horses, cattle, and sheep; not much woodland, indeed, but abundance of handsome trees everywhere—oaks, elms, and beeches along all the division lines, and scattered in clumps or singly through the fields, much more than in America; no fences, as a rule, but hedges and ditches everywhere, but these less well-kept than we expected. We had expected to see the English hedge the perfection of everything in that line; but there are hedges in New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania better than the average Sussex and Surrey hedge. There were no great mansions or castles, but plenty of unpretending farmhouses of brick or stone, covered with red tiles or gray slate, and few barns of much size—nothing like those in Switzerland and America. The English stack their grain near their farm-buildings—too near for safety from fire—and thresh at their convenience, as a rule.

They have many potato and turnip fields, wide acres in extent—more so than in America. As you get up into Surrey, there is some rolling country, with distant hills and nice landscapes; but the approach to London is flatter than about Trenton and Philadelphia. The Thames seems small—not much larger than the Delaware at Trenton, if any, but deeper, and covered with a forest of masts, and lined with a wilderness of smoke-stacks.

And so we entered London, landing at Victoria Station. Here we spent the next two days only, and then hastened north, hoping to see something of Scotland also before bad weather set in. We had planned to "do" the Scotch Lakes and Trosachs, at least, and wanted to see Edinburgh and Glasgow anyhow. We went north by way of Cambridge and Ely, but did not see much of either, except their distant towers and spires from the railroad. We halted at Lincoln, York, and Durham, and saw each of the great cathedrals there, and were amazed at their size and solidity, and charmed with their beauty and religiousness. They are all superb specimens of Norman and Norman-Gothic architecture, and are all of dark-gray stone, with lofty towers and battlements, and

> "Storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light;

frozen music, poems in stone; not lyrics, but grand epics rather. Their interior decorations amount to little, compared with Italian cathedrals; but in dignity, sublimity, and religiousness they are unsurpassed, and indeed seem unsurpassable. There is nothing tawdry

or petty about them—no gimcracks and tinsel—like some of the Continental cathedrals; but they are vast, uplifting, and sublime, with a sober dignity and grandeur and solemn impressiveness all their own. They date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries; were all built three centuries or more before Columbus discovered America; and how England then possessed the artistic taste and mechanic skill to erect such vast and glorious edifices, and the money to pay for them, excites one's wonder and surprise. They each cost millions of dollars and years of labor. Where did the money come from in those days of small things? It is certain England is building no such cathedrals to-day;* has n't the money and labor to spare, though she is taking reverent and loving care of these ancient ones.

An English canon we met, of Durham Cathedral—a very learned and scholarly man—told me he did not know how England did it, but he ventured this opinion. He said in those days they had no army or navy to provide for; no railroads, canals, telegraphs; no banks and big manufacturing plants to put their money into; no colonies, no steamship lines; and, consequently, all their surplus cash went into their cathedrals. Moreover, there was only one Church then, and everybody believed he had a soul to save, and if he had sinned, the best way to repent was to help the Church. Hence, some built a tower, others an altar, others a window, and so on, as a means of grace. The architects and skilled mechanics worked for small pay, and the common laborers for only their victuals and clothes, believ-

* The Catholics, however, now building one in London, and the Methodists contemplating another there.

ing they were doing God's work. So the great cathedrals went up, slowly but surely, and costing but little real cash after all. And as for the artistic skill, this was a characteristic of that age, and extended all over Europe. We had seen it in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France, and here it was flamboyant again in England. His surmise seemed chock-full of sense, and I give it here accordingly; though the common people in England used to believe that these great edifices were chiefly the work of angels and demons, particularly when they saw no more being built. The Lincoln Cathedral crowns a high hill, and is said to be "the finest church in Great Britain," in respect to size, delicacy of detail, good preservation, and grandeur of position. It is four hundred and eighty feet long by eighty feet wide (two hundred and twenty across the transepts), and eighty-two feet high, with towers two hundred and sixty-two and two hundred feet high, respectively, and greatly impresses one. It dates back to about the year 1100.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Lincoln itself is an old place, dating back to old Roman days, when it was one of the nine privileged Roman colonies in England. It is now a town of forty-two thousand inhabitants, the county-seat of Lincoln-

shire, and is chiefly occupied with the manufacture of agricultural implements. They show you here the remains of an old Roman basilica, and also an old Roman city-gate (Newport), said to date back to B. C. 50, or about that time. The old Roman Road (Watling Street or Ermine Street) from London went directly through Lincoln, straight as an arrow for miles, north to Hull, and so to York and Durham.

York Minster

The York Cathedral or Minster is also on rising ground, and is one of the largest and grandest in England. It is five hundred and twenty-five feet long by one hundred and ten feet wide (two hundred and fifty feet across the transepts), and one hundred feet high, with towers two hundred and thirteen and two hundred and two feet high, respectively. It is built of magnesian limestone, on the site of an old wooden church, erected about the year 627. This was succeeded by a stone basilica, which was burned down in the eighth century. A third church was erected here, and burned down in 1069 by William the Conqueror, and a fourth followed. The present edifice was begun in 1154, and not finished until 1472. It is the finest example of the decorated style in England, with elaborate carving everywhere, both inside and outside,

York Minster.

yet there is a symmetry of design and simplicity about the whole peculiarly pleasing. In original stained glass it excels all other English cathedrals, the "Jesse Window," the "Marigold Window," and the great "East Window" (seventy-eight by thirty-three feet), being particularly fine. The Chapter-house is considered the most beautiful in England, and bears the handsome Latin inscription, "*Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum.*"

York also is an old place—the Eboracum of the Romans—situated on the little River Ouse. It is now a town of about seventy thousand inhabitants, the county-seat of Yorkshire, with few signs of industry or growth, living chiefly upon its past glories. In the second century it was the capital of Britain under the Romans, and their chief station, the headquarters of the Sixth Legion, and the frequent residence of their emperors. Severus died and was buried here in 211, and Constantine the Great was proclaimed emperor here in 306. Doubtless, Julius Cæsar and Agricola were both here at times. It retained its importance in the Saxon period, and was the center from which Christianity spread throughout the north of England. The title Duke of York is borne by one of the royal family only, and the mayors of York share with those of London and Dublin the right to prefix "Lord" to their official names. The old city walls still stand, and greatly interest one. These were built about the middle of the fourteenth century, on the line of the old Roman walls in part, and the view from these is picturesque and pleasing. We ascended the walls by old stone steps, and walked along them for a mile or two, and then descended

by an old Roman tower to the Minster, and afterwards rambled about some old and narrow streets, with timbered and overhanging houses that reminded one of Florence and Nuremberg. We got a poor lunch here, and went on to Durham the same afternoon. Durham Cathedral

The Durham Cathedral, or "Abbey," as called locally, is not so large as Lincoln or York, but is said to be "the grandest Norman building in England." It also is situated on a rocky bluff or hill, and in many respects is of surpassing interest. It is five hundred and ten feet long by eighty feet wide (one hundred and seventy across the transepts), and seventy feet high, with towers two hundred and fourteen and one hundred and thirty-eight feet high, respectively. The first church here was built about 995, when the body of St. Cuthbert was brought and deposited here by the monks of Lindisfarne, after wandering about with it almost all over the north of England. The present cathedral followed about 1100, but was not completed until 1480. On entering the nave you get a full-length view of the whole edifice, and are struck with its grandeur and solemnity. Dr. Johnson describes it as giving him an impression of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration," and this sums it up pretty well. Its massive walls and enormous columns—richly but simply carved—and vaulted ceilings, and superb windows, greatly impress one, and it seems indeed as solid as a mountain and as lasting as eternity. It contains a shrine to the Venerable Bede, and his remains are believed to be interred here; also an old oaken chest, containing the bones of St. Cuthbert, or what is left of them. On the outside are grotesque corbels and gargoyles, and a

quaint old door-knocker, and also the sculptured figure of a cow, commemorating the legend that the monks of Lindisfarne were led by a dun cow to bring the relics of St. Cuthbert to this spot, and so locate the great cathedral here.

Durham itself is the county-town of a shire of that name, and a city of 16,000 inhabitants only. It lies in a horseshoe loop or bend of the little River Wear, and the Bishop of Durham was formerly a formidable prelate, being lord military and civil, as well as ecclesiastical of all that region, with vast revenues. His old castle still stands, on the neck of the peninsula caused by the bend of the Wear — erected by William the Conqueror in 1072—but is now in better use as Durham University. In Cromwell's time, "Old Noll" abolished the episcopacy here, and ordered the castle turned into a college or university. But it did not materialize until 1833. We spent a day here, exploring the cathedral and the old castle or university, and were well repaid by what we saw. The kings and queens of England and Scotland used to stop here in journeying to and from England and London, and we were shown their great banqueting hall and royal apartments, full of antique cabinets, bedsteads, chairs, and hangings, in-

THE NAVE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

cluding a bed of Charles I, a table and desk of Judge Jeffreys, and other curiosities.

Our route lay up the east coast of England, and we found the country mainly flat or only gently rolling, like Western New York or Northern Illinois. The east coast especially much resembles Holland and Belgium, with ditches, drains, canals, and windmills everywhere. It was originally fens and marshes bordering on the North Sea, the whole region indeed called the "Fen Country," but is now drained and the sea diked out, and magnificent meadows and succulent pastures make it the very paradise of flocks and herds. Only geese and fisher-folks were there formerly, and men moving about on high stilts and in small boats; but now horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs are everywhere. Indeed, the east coast is often called the Holland of England, with vessels sailing along in the air the same as on the Dutch canals; and many of the people there are descendants of the Dutch, who came over from Holland with William III, in 1688. They saw the future that lay in the fens when diked and drained, and settled there in considerable numbers. But when they got well to work the primitive inhabitants rose and drove them out, as "carpet-baggers" and intruders, burning their houses and ricks and destroying their dikes and canals, because interfering with their old and established industries; to wit, goose-breeding and fishing. But it is pretty hard to exterminate such amphibious creatures as Dutchmen; and so, in time, the Hollanders got established there—at least some of them—and they still survive in the language, names, and customs now existing there.

We entered Scotland at Berwick-on-Tweed, and passing Dunbar (where Cromwell once smote the Scots hip and thigh, for their good, as it turned out), rode thence to Edinburgh along a bluff and rocky coast, with far-stretching views of the North Sea most of the way. It was like a ride along the New England coast, with the Atlantic fretting and foaming at one's feet, and we enjoyed every mile of it. It is a fine farming country, with noble farms running quite down to the sea nearly everywhere. The farmers were just through with their grain-harvesting, and their fine barns were surrounded with great stackyards, that spoke well for Scotland and Scotch farmers. No sickles and scythes are in use here, as in Italy and Germany; but patent mowers, and reapers and binders, and steam-threshers everywhere. There are no fences, either, and not many hedges, but solid stone walls along the roads and through the fields, the first cost of which, of course, was large, but they were there to stay, generation after generation. Many sheep were also in evidence, but not so many as in England. Large fields of turnips and potatoes also abounded.

Edinburgh, I confess, was something of a disappointment; not so large, nor so business-like, as we anticipated (having only about two hundred and fifty thousand population); but "beautiful for situation," with Arthur's Seat towering above it, and worthy of romantic and canny Scotland. Edinburgh dates back only to about 617, when King Edwin of Northumbria established a fortress on the castle-rock here, around which a little town soon grew up, called "Edwin's Burgh" or "Edwin's Town." The history of the city

is practically the history of the old castle, which has been besieged and burnt and retaken a dozen times or more, by Cromwell and others, but has always remained the eye and heart of Scotland. The old rock slopes gradually to Holyrood on the east, and a good road ascends thence to the top; but on the other three sides it descends almost perpendicularly, and is practically impregnable.

We took a carriage and drove up to the castle gate. Here we alighted, and, crossing the ancient drawbridge and moat, passed under the old portcullis, and so into the castle proper. Here we were shown the Crown Room, containing the ancient Scottish regalia; Queen Mary's Room, in which James I of England was born in 1566; the old Parliament Hall, now a museum and armory; and St. Margaret's Chapel, the oldest building in Edinburgh, dating back to 1100, and with its rude doors and quaint little windows looking quite that old. In front of the chapel is a huge cannon, called "Mons Meg," formerly believed to have been cast at Mons in Belgium, but now ascribed to Scottish skill. It quite overlooks the town and country, and could make a big noise and do much damage, if equal to its size and caliber. The whole summit is crowned by batteries, and a magnificent view of the city and the Firth of Forth, and of the Pentland Hills in the background, is had from the Bomb Battery and other points. The garrison was composed of Scotch Highlanders, in their picturesque but absurd dress for actual service, their knees and legs quite bare; and we were a good deal interested in talking with their officers and men. It was a raw cold day, but they protested their uniforms were

all right, and they were certainly a healthy-looking and trim, well-set-up lot of soldiers.

Next we drove to Holyrood Palace, the old residence of the Scottish kings, and saw the ill-fated rooms of Mary Queen of Scots, with the stain on the floor caused by the blood of her favorite Rizzio when he was justly assassinated. Here, also, is a great collection of portraits of Scottish kings, that seem all to have been brothers, or all to have been painted by the same artist, chiefly out of his imagination. This old palace was once Holyrood Abbey, and the ruins of the old Holyrood Chapel adjoining are still vast and imposing. One would think Scotland would have preserved this beautiful chapel in some way, and not suffered it thus to fall into decay and ruin. It might yet be restored, and ought to be, for the sake of "auld lang syne."

Next we went to Old St. Giles, where John Knox, the uncrowned king of Scotland, used to thunder against Queen Mary and her corrupt court from Sunday to Sunday; and then down to John Knox's house, where he used to live and pray, "Give me Scotland or I die," and from the window of which he preached to the people in the open square. It is only a little window, but he knew how to preach great sermons from it, and to make Mary and all Scotland, and sometimes England as well, tremble at his words. We sat in his old chair, and saw the table on which he wrote, and the bed in which he slept, and were filled and thrilled with the spirit of the great preacher. Here also we saw an exquisite little picture of Mary Queen of Scots, and could well realize what a witchery and charm she exercised over the men of her age and time. No wonder Queen Elizabeth cut off her

head. If she had not done it, Mary would have beheaded or dethroned her.

Not far away, in an open square near St. Giles, formerly a churchyard, is a rude stone in the street pavement, marked "I. K. 1572," and here is the grave of John Knox, exposed to every passer-by. One would have supposed that Scotland would have done better than this by John Knox, her greatest son, and of course she has elsewhere. But he should have a more fitting memorial here. On the other side of the old church, also in the street pavement, is the figure of a great heart, marking the site of the old Tolbooth or city prison, and known as the "Heart of Midlothian." Here at St. Giles, and in its surroundings, we are on Scotch historic ground, and every good Scotchman lifts his hat and breathes a prayer for "bonnie Scotland."

Afterwards we drove to the elaborate (too elaborate) monument of Sir Walter Scott, near the Waverly Hotel and Station; to the Wellington Statue; the Nelson Statue; through Princes, George, and Queen Streets—three as handsome streets, perhaps, as there are in Europe; but otherwise Edinburgh did not impress us favorably. Its buildings are tall and streets narrow, except in the newer portions, and it seemed well to deserve the name of "Auld Reekie!" A cloud of coal-smoke hovered ominously over it. Its tall houses reeked with dirt and grime. Scotch whisky and gin mills abounded everywhere, with some "Temperance Hotels" however. Its streets were muddy and dripping. A "Scotch mist" prevailed daily, that usually thickened into rain. The weather grew cold and "beastly" (that 's good English), and we resolved to "about face" and get back to "Merrie

England." We were sorry to give up the Scotch lakes, and the Trosachs, and Glasgow; but we had already taken heavy colds, and feared to venture farther into "the land of cakes and ale" in September.

The Scots did not seem to mind the weather, however. They tramped about the streets with thick shoes and woolen clothing, and went off on excursions to Arthur's Seat, the Firth of Forth Bridge, Abbotsford, and the like attractive points, on tops of omnibuses, chatting gayly, both men and women, though some did condescend to carry umbrellas and lap-robes. The next week the London papers reported snow north of the Tweed, and an English friend told us confidentially, that the Scotch climate was "always beastly; nine months winter and three months bad weather, do n't you know!"

Chapter XXVII

ETURNING to England, we penetrated into Lincolnshire, to see Winterton, the little place my grandparents came from in 1795—James Rusling and Mary Fowler, after both of whom I was named. We found it to be a typical English village, of twelve hundred inhabitants or so, about four miles from everywhere; no railroad there, and the nearest station (Appleby) about four miles distant. But it is in the heart of Lincolnshire, in the midst of a beautiful and fertile district, and it would seem one could doze his life away there forever. The country is as level as Delaware, but with the Yorkshire hills in the distance, and thoroughly cultivated—no finer farming anywhere. There were great fields of turnips and potatoes everywhere, and the whole country-side was literally swarming with grainstacks, as trim and precise as a New England Quaker. These Lincolnshire farmers pride themselves on their grainstacking, and they certainly have reduced it to a fine art.

Winterton

The village itself lies at the junction of five fine roads, with the old Crosskeys Inn at their intersection, as if the key to unlock them all, and with true English one-story brick or stone houses, flush with the street, straggling along them all. It contains one or two large mansions, surrounded by extensive grounds, inclosed

by high brick walls; but the rest are simply English cottages and village residences, homelike and cheerful with roses, geraniums, and marigolds, and bubbling over with chubby-faced English children.

A goodly Wesleyan chapel of red brick—not ambitious to be called a church yet, but squinting that way—adorns the lower part of the village, and the farmers and humbler folk thronged this the Sunday we were there. On the rising ground, crowning the town and well overlooking it and the surrounding country, stands the old parish church, "All Saints," a solid stone edifice, erected about 1100, and apparently indestructible. This, also, was well filled the Sabbath we were there, but by the gentry and better classes apparently. It has a square stone tower, after the style of most English country churches, surmounted by a cock and cross, and contains a fine chime of bells, said to be five hundred years old. In the church porch is a little oaken door (a door in a door), on old iron hinges, black with age, and savoring of antiquity. Inside is a quaint old stone baptismal font, with the inscription, "With the Holy Ghost He shall Baptize you," and the date 1663. The aisles and floor are all stone, of course, and the seats old English oak. Over the chancel is the Scripture motto, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me," and on either side are the Ten Commandments and the Creed in old English text of blue and gold. The roof, of course, is vaulted oak. The effect of it all is severe simplicity, and churchly good taste, and I never saw a more devout congregation of worshipers. Everybody participated in the service, both in the hymns and prayers, and all seemed to be edified thereby. The ser-

mons were of a high order, especially in the evening, when Rev. Dr. Fowler, a kinsman of mine, preached. Here we found the record of my grandmother's birth in 1766, and of her marriage in 1787, and the old family records back to Cromwell's time nearly. Outside, in the surrounding graveyard, we found our old family graves for a century and more, and heard the same old bells ring that have been ringing there at their marriages and funerals for centuries at least.

Down the street, a few hundred yards away, is the old stone house in which my grandmother was born, and her people before her and since, for one hundred and fifty years or more. Her grand-nephew now owns and occupies it—Rev. Joseph T. Fowler, D. C. L., aforesaid, canon of Durham Cathedral and professor in the university there—a man of parts and character. For the next week and more he devoted himself to his American cousins, and gave us an insight into English life and character that we would otherwise have missed. He was a bachelor, and his home consisted only of himself and spinster sister. But it was a typical English home, and perfect of its kind, with solid ease and comfort, culture and refinement. We soon became "chummy," and, it goes without saying, talked all day and half the night, and parted at last with unaffected regret and real reluctance on both sides.

Together we explored Winterton and the countryside there, and rambled far and near. One day we drove up to Wintringham, a little village four miles north, where my grandfather first learned storekeeping over a century ago, and went into business for himself after marrying; a quaint old place, not half the size of Winter-

ton, but with a fine old parish church and rectory, situate on the old Roman road from Lincoln to Hull. In the church is a tablet to the poet Henry Kirke White, born here and much beloved, and an old marble effigy of a knight in armor, with his feet resting on a lion, so old nobody knows who he is. It was formerly near the altar, but was removed as Roman Catholic or heathenish, and now reposes in an obscure corner—a sign of the Low Church tendency of the times. Outside, in the old churchyard, are some superb elms and walnuts, and gravestones innumerable. The old church and rectory are both exquisite in their way, and seem to have grown up unconsciously, as a part and parcel of the noble old Lincolnshire landscape there.

Another day we went over to Epworth—the birthplace of John and Charles Wesley—only a few miles from Winterton, but hard to get at, because off the chief lines of railway. Like Winterton, it is a few miles from everywhere—three and one-half miles from the river Trent; four and one-half from Haxey; five and one-half from Crowle; thirteen from Bantrey; twelve from Gainsborough; sixteen from Doncaster; thirty from Lincoln; and one hundred and sixty-five from London. It is a little town of some two thousand inhabitants, and the center and capital of the "Isle of Axholme," a section of Lincolnshire surrounded by Rivers Trent, Idle, and Don; and hence so called.

The chief things there, of course, are the old Epworth rectory and church, and both are indeed admirable. We went first to the rectory, the home of the Wesleys—where Samuel and Susannah Wesley bred nineteen children, ten of whom grew to maturity—and

passed thence through the handsome old garden with its apple-trees and flowers, its dahlias, marigolds, chrysanthemums, and cabbages, and down the old street to the gracious old church, where both Samuel and John Wesley preached. Near the side door is the flat gravestone of Samuel Wesley, upon which John stood and preached when no longer allowed to occupy his father's pulpit, though still a clergyman of the English Church. Little did the narrow-minded bigots of his day comprehend him and his mission, or foresee his great future. The old parish church is severely simple, but truly English, and the ancient churchyard outside, with its flagged walks and stately trees and crowded graves, most solemn and impressive. We went, partly by railroad and partly by carriage, through lovely English roads and lanes, and were so busy talking we missed the way on our return, and did not reach Winterton until after dark. It was a dismal day overhead, with drizzling rain now and then, true North-of-England weather in September; but with our umbrellas and lap-robes we got through all right, and made our due "Pilgrimage to Epworth" nevertheless. Our rig was an English two-wheeled "trap"—without cover, of course—with a fine gray mare, that never broke a trot, and my only trouble in driving was, that, on meeting others, I was constantly turning out to the right, after our American rule, whereas the English rule is to keep to the left. Dr. Fowler's constant injunction was, "Keep to the left, man! Keep to the left!" And then he repeated the old English road caution: "If you keep to the left, you will be sure to be right; but if you keep to the right you will always be wrong!" All along the road, and all through England, we met these

two-wheel "traps," driven by both gentlemen and ladies, and four-wheelers indeed are the exception, except as family coaches.

Dr. Fowler's grandfather, William Fowler, an eminent archæologist and antiquary in his day (brother of my grandmother, Mary Fowler Rusling), was an early disciple of John Wesley, and a trustee and class-leader of the Wesleyan Chapel in Winterton, but continued a member of the Established Church, and now lies buried near the porch of old All Saints in Winterton. On one of Dr. Fowler's houses in Winterton, in the main street, is a marble slab, erected by the Doctor, with the modest inscription, "Here Mr. Wesley first preached in Winterton." Evidently he stood in the doorway, and preached to a street congregation—the street rising slightly there. It is a tradition in the family that Mr. Wesley was often their guest, but the Fowlers did not leave the Established Church, three of the present generation being clergymen in it. The Ruslings, however, became Methodists, and emigrating to America continued in that communion, as a rule. There are some of that name still in Lincolnshire; but we could trace no relationship, and our own branch seemed extinct.

Here at Winterton, and all through Lincolnshire indeed, are the remains of old Roman camps in the shape of Roman tiles and tesselated pavements, and unquestionably the Romans were here in force in ancient days. A century ago, Mr. William Fowler, aforesaid, became greatly interested in these, and in ancient stained-glass windows at Lincoln, York, and elsewhere, and devoted his latter years to making drawings and colored engravings of them. These brought him to the notice of Sir

Walter Scott, Sir Joseph Banks, the Royal Family, Archbishop of York, Bishops of Oxford and Ely, the Duke of Wellington, and others, and his published volumes of them are still reckoned among the art treasures of England. Dr. Fowler kindly favored us with a full set of these, which we prize very highly—the only set in America. But our sojourn at Winterton was full of other pleasures also—sweet recollections, fragrant reminiscences, halcyon days, and "Attic nights," as Cowley says—and these, or their delicious memories, will abide with us forever. I never did take much "stock" in genealogy or pedigree; but it is as good to be well-born as ill-born; and it was pleasant to know that our Kin Beyond Sea were still of some "pith and moment."

The weather at Winterton was raw and misty, and drizzling; not so bad as Scotland indeed, but we seldom had a half or quarter day even really fine. The sun would rise in the morning clear and beautiful, but by nine o'clock it would be overcast and drizzling; by noon it would clear up, and the sun come out, not like our American sun, but more like a boiled turnip or pumpkin. By three after noon it would be misty and drizzling again. And so we often had a half dozen different kinds of weather the same day. The Wintertonians called it fine weather, and said they had had a lovely autumn. But they know nothing of our American autumns in England, and least of all of our glorious Indian summer. Indeed, it seemed more like our November than September.

Chapter XXVIII

WE left Winterton September 19th, and reached Peterborough, about one hundred miles south, in time for lunch. This is an interesting old town of about twenty-five thousand people, with quaint houses and crooked streets, and a fine old Norman cathedral (four hundred and seventy-one feet long by eighty-one feet wide, and a tower one hundred and eighty-eight feet high), dating back to the eleventh century or farther. It was covered with scaffoldings both inside and outside, restorations going on; but enough was visible to indicate what a superb old edifice it is. Its roof is one of the best specimens of fan-vaulting in all England. Its spires, and pinnacles, and turrets are all very beautiful. But it suffered severely from the Puritans in Cromwell's time, who, in their mad iconoclasm, smashed the fine stained-glass windows, leveled the altar and screen, destroyed most of the brasses and monuments, and demolished the cloisters. Sad work all this for God-fearing and sober-minded Englishmen. But, as the French say, there were "extenuating circumstances." The Church had abused her rights and privileges, and they were trying blindly to "get even" with her! Here Catharine of Aragon and Mary Queen of Scots were both buried. Fotheringay, where Mary was beheaded, is only a few miles away, and she was

brought here for interment. But subsequently her remains, by order of James I of England, her son, were removed to Westminster Abbey, and a tomb erected over them there. To the north of the west door is a portrait of Old Scarlett, the sexton who buried both Catharine and Mary, with a quaint epitaph to the old gravedigger. Peterborough

Next we passed by Rugby, the scene of "Tom Brown's School-days," a sleepy town of twelve thousand inhabitants, with its famous school, founded by Lawrence Sheriffe in 1567, with endowments that now yield over $35,000 a year and provide for over five hundred boys. The great English educator, Thomas Arnold, father of Matthew Arnold, was head-master here, 1828 to 1842, and lies buried in the beautiful chapel.

We reached Leamington the same evening, and stopped there overnight; a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, situated on the Leam, a tributary of the Avon, reminding one of our Saratoga. A century ago it was only a small village. But chalybeate, saline, and sulphurous springs were discovered there, that the doctors said were good for the stomach and liver, and so it grew into a famous health resort, and continues so. It has springs, baths, and many good hotels, and altogether is quite a charming country place.

Only a few miles distant is Sulgrave, the ancestral home of the English Washingtons. The manor-house was built by a Lawrence Washington about 1550, and bears the Washington coat-of-arms. But whether this was our "Lawrence Washington," or George Washington was descended from these Sulgrave Washingtons, has not been conclusively proved. It looks as if he was;

and George Washington was a good deal of an English country gentleman, much more so than a typical American. But we can not yield him to Sulgrave just yet.

Next morning—a beautiful English morning—we took the horse-cars, and rode to Warwick, about two and one-half miles from Leamington. It is a continuous village all the way, through a charming bit of country, and one would think they would have an electric road there. Warwick is a quaint old town, of twelve thousand people, and the seat of Warwick Castle; and a fine old castle it is. It is one of the oldest and most picturesque feudal residences in England, and dates from Saxon times. It is still in a good state of preservation, and occupied by a descendant of Guy, the great Earl of Warwick, "king-maker" of England centuries ago. The oldest portion is Cæsar's Tower, one hundred and fifty feet high, built soon after the Norman conquest—a huge fortress and lock-up, with gruesome dungeons beneath it. The Normans seem to have been great soldiers and engineers, as well as architects, and to have located their castles excellently everywhere, as here, so as to control and command the surrounding country. The old castle stands on a high hill overlooking the beautiful Avon, dominating all the landscape,

Old English Inn near Warwick.

and the views from its towers and windows are exquisite beyond description. You enter by a sunken road, cut through the hillside, and, passing the ancient moat and gate, come out on a superb lawn, with stately oaks and beeches flanking it, and gorgeous peacocks wandering here and there. Inside is a fine collection of paintings, and ancient armor, and antique furniture, valued at a million of dollars or more. There is a whole roomful of Van Dycks, and among them Charles I on horseback, his best portrait extant, and of which we had seen copies at The Hague and elsewhere; a smooth-faced, long-haired, pointed-bearded, princely personage, not without some gifts and graces; but it is an insincere and treacherous face, and, unless all history is false, he deserved to have his head cut off half a dozen times over.

There is an inlaid marble table there, deftly and curiously wrought, that is valued at forty thousand dollars alone. Also an ancient bed, in which Queens Anne, Elizabeth, Victoria, and others, have all slept. Also Warwick's ancient mace and Oliver Cromwell's battle-helmet; doubtless the one he wore at Dunbar, and at Naseby, and Marston Moor. Also an old arm-chair, made from the good ship *Golden Hind*, in which that doughty old sea-dog Sir Francis Drake first sailed around the globe. As an old soldier, I was permitted to take Warwick's mace (evidently an old battle-club) in my hands, and to place Cromwell's helmet on my head; a courtesy and honor duly appreciated, and which may account for my greater combativeness ever afterwards!

Warwick itself is an old, old town, having been originally a British settlement, and afterwards occupied by

the Romans. Its present name is Saxon, and it is said to have been founded in the year 1. Many of its houses retain their mediæval features, and its old east and west gates are still standing, though its walls have disappeared. We strolled through its picturesque, ivy-clad streets, and down by the old bridge over the Avon, conjuring up its romantic past, and peopling the old town and castle again with knightly men and ladies fair; but were quickly brought back to modern life by a flock of sheep and a frightened cow and calf, that a pair of sturdy English boys were driving to market or pasture. These galloped wildly about the ancient streets, helter-skelter, and we had to take refuge in the nearest convenient store or "shop," as John Bull calls it, to escape their mad rush.

It is only five miles from Warwick to Kenilworth and Kenilworth Castle, another fine old baronial mansion, but now largely in ruins. It was a great place in its day, but sacked and ruined in Cromwell's time, and never restored. We had not time to visit it, much to our regret; but the same afternoon we went on to Stratford-on-Avon, only ten or twelve miles distant, and took in Shakespeare, with Anne Hathaway, his home, grave, and other attractions. A very interesting old place this, a typical English town of eight or nine thousand inhabitants, but with some modern traits or appurtenances. As our train ran in, on the banks of the classic Avon, we saw a Stratford "team" playing football, and they played well. A little farther on we struck the city "Gasworks;" lanterns and tallow-dips no longer in use there. At the station we found three lively cabs, but one of these sufficed to carry us to Shakespeare's house, a

quaint old English, half-timbered dwelling, rather better than its neighbors. We sat in his ingleside, or chimney-nook. We rested in his old arm-chair—said to be his. We saw the best portraits of him extant. We gazed upon his old flower-garden, but nobody is allowed to enter it; too tempting for souvenirs. Then we rode by John Harvard's house (or his mother's), father of Harvard University, to beautiful old Trinity Church, and stood with lifted hat by Shakespeare's grave, and walked through the ancient graveyard, and by the side of the lovely Avon, where Shakespeare used to walk and fish and ponder. And came away better Shakespearians than ever. Stratford-on-Avon

Of course, we were interested in Shakespeare's grave, and touched by his well-known epitaph:

> "Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
> To digg the dust enclosed heare;
> Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
> And curst be he yt moves my bones!"

What did he mean by this? I venture this explanation. Old Trinity is a fifteenth-century edifice, and literally full of graves and tombs—chancel, aisles, and walls, all occupied. In old times, everybody that was anybody wanted to be buried inside a church, and when this became full it was the custom to empty the graves, and cast the bones indiscriminately into a near-by charnel-house, and consume them with quicklime. There is such a charnel-house now at Trinity Church, but no longer in use; it was walled up a century or more ago, because of the growing refinement and reverence of the age and increased sanitary knowledge. Naturally,

Shakespeare did not want his body dug up, and cast into the hideous old charnel-house, and disposed of in this way, and hence his ominous curse on the man "yt moves my bones!" His curse has held good all these years. His grave has never been opened. But is not this a rational explanation of it?

Anne Hathaway's cottage lies a mile or so away by the road, but only about half that distance by an old footpath, a "short-cut" across the fields. It is in pretty much the same condition as when Shakespeare courted her here, with an old settle on which likely they both sat and chatted, an old bedstead, old chairs, and other old relics of three hundred years ago, and in front is a tiny garden, gay with old-fashioned flowers.

Altogether Stratford is a beautiful spot, and makes the most of her great dramatist. "I am sure, sir," said a worthy Stratfordian, "we ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Shakespeare for being born here; for I don't know what we should have done without him." The annual pilgrimage there is about twenty-five thousand, of whom over one-fourth are Americans, and this patronage does much to keep the town alive. It is the heart of Warwick County, the heart of the heart of "Merrie England." And I don't wonder it produced Will Shakespeare. It is just the kind of a place in which Shakespeare should have been born—so beautiful, so idyllic, so "Far from the Madding Crowd." And if the world had more such charming places as Stratford-on-Avon, there would be more William Shakespeares.

Returning to Leamington, we went next to Oxford, and, I need scarcely say, fell in love with that beautiful old place, the great university town of England, with

twenty-three colleges and over three thousand students. The whole constitute Oxford University, and are supervised and governed by it. Here England nurses her great men, and produces her great soldiers and statesmen, philosophers, and thinkers. Cambridge also is a great university town, as Rugby and Eton are great preparatory schools; but Oxford surpasses her. As a seat of learning Oxford seems unrivaled, and it certainly is the very paradise of scholars and thinkers. Each college has its own buildings, grounds, and chapel, and many are gems of architecture and good taste; as Christ Church, Trinity, Magdalen, Wadham, Balliol, Merton, New College, Lincoln; their gardens, quadrangles, and towers being beautiful as a poet's dream or a scholar's fancy. The Magdalen Tower, especially, with its Addison's Walk along the Cherwell—there is nothing more exquisite anywhere. Well might Hawthorne say: "The world, surely, has not another place like Oxford. It is a despair to see such a place, or ever to leave it; for it would take a lifetime, and more, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily." We strolled from college to college and library to library—Bodleian, Radcliffe, and all—artistic, ivy-clad, and classic, with their quaint carvings, old oaks, elms,

Magdalen College, Oxford.

beeches, apple-trees, and cedars of Lebanon, and were intensely interested everywhere. We had seen Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dickinson, and others at home, and enjoyed their college sights and atmosphere; but Oxford was founded by Alfred a thousand years ago, and seems in a hundred ways to be the heir of all the centuries.

It was vacation time, and only a few of the university dons and students were still there. These seemed to be chiefly mousing about the libraries, and among them were several Americans. In the Bodleian we struck a bright young fellow from Washington, D. C., who had graduated at Johns Hopkins, and had then come over to Oxford to read a little more. He thought Oxford a fine place, of course; but, when questioned closely, doubted whether life there, on the whole, was preferable to our American colleges for our average Young Americans. He said the expense was much greater, and, moreover, there was danger of their becoming saturated with English ideas and ideals, which they would have to abjure when they got home. Still he liked Oxford, and was enjoying its life and libraries immensely.

Here, also, at Oxford, we were shown the spot where Ridley and Latimer were burned at the stake, because of their Protestant faith, by "Bloody Mary"—only three centuries ago. It was a bloody but heroic age. Said Latimer to his brother martyr, as the torch was being applied, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; and we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as shall never be put out!" And they did both "play the man," and so saved old England to the Protestant religion and modern civilization, as it seems, forever.

Here, also, we saw the dormitory and study of John Wesley, when he was a fellow of Lincoln College at Oxford. Here is the pulpit in which he preached for six years as chaplain to the college; I ascended and stood in it. Here is the room in which his "Holy Club" met for meditation and prayer, daily, according to method, and hence they were nicknamed "Methodists"—a mere handful then, only a century and a half ago; but to-day his Methodists number nearly ten millions scattered around the globe. A week previously I had visited his birthplace at Epworth, Lincolnshire. The next week I saw the memorial tablet to John and Charles Wesley in Westminster Abbey, among England's greatest worthies, with John's three great sayings: "The best of all is, God is with us;" "The world is my parish;" "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." A week afterwards I stood by his modest grave, back of City Road Chapel, London, with uplifted hat and bowed head, and reverenced him more than ever. A truly great man was John Wesley, a great lover of his country and his kind; one of God Almighty's "picked men," whose name and fame will broaden with the centuries and endure forever. Oxford

Oxford itself is a town, of some fifty thousand inhabitants, situated at the junction of the Thames and Cherwell, with an amphitheater of gentle hills surrounding it, and is the county-town of Oxfordshire. It dates back to the year 900, and strikes one as superlatively an old college town, and not much else. Its citizens are proud of the great university, and the university men feel kindly toward the old city. The old riots of "Town and Gown" are practically a thing of the past, abolished by

modern athletics absorbing the surplus energy of the students. The Thames is only a small river at Oxford, but it affords good rowing grounds, which the students improve to the utmost.

From Oxford we hastened on to London, and were glad to get back to that great metropolis once more. The ride from Oxford is but an hour or so, and the whole route, down the valley of the Thames, abounds in interest and beauty. We passed Windsor *en route*, but returned there afterwards.

Chapter XXIX

FIRST and last, we were a fortnight in London, and saw a good deal of it. It is surely a great city, the greatest on the earth, or that ever was on the earth. It is the metropolis of England, and the center of the British Empire. It extends fifteen miles east and west, by ten miles north and south, and is still growing steadily and rapidly. With its suburbs, it embraces six millions of people, or it is about twice the size of Greater New York; and unquestionably it is the richest city on the globe, or that ever was on the globe. This is only a general way of describing London. But it will do for a preface. London

Its name is from the Latin Londinium, as Tacitus calls it, and this is only a Romanizing of the ancient British name, *Llyn* or *Lin*, a "pool," and *din* or *dun*, which means a "hill," or "hill-fortress." The "pool" was the widening of the Thames here, where it makes a bend or sweep, and affords a good place for docks and shipping. The "dun" or the hill was likely the high ground by Ludgate Hill, where St. Paul's now stands, or Cornhill near the Mansion House and Bank of England, or probably both. In the days of the ancient Britons London was probably only a collection of rude huts, on these two hills, encompassed by a rampart and water-ditch, while the rest was woods and marshes.

When the Romans arrived there, early in the Christian era or somewhat before, London rapidly grew into importance. Those old masters of the arts of war and trade soon made it a resort of merchants and mariners, the Thames affording a ready access to the sea. But it was never raised to the dignity of a *municipium*, like St. Albans, the most important city in Southern England during the Roman period, nor regarded as the capital of Roman Britain, like York. Roman relics are often found in digging for London foundations now, or in dredging in the Thames, and fragments of the old Roman walls are still discernible. They seem to have been nine or ten feet thick by twenty feet high, and to have consisted of a core of rubble, with facings of stone and brick, like the old city walls down in Italy and elsewhere on the Continent. Wherever Rome went she carried her building instinct and skill, and left evidences of her might and power. It must have been a great thing to be a Roman in those days.

These old walls were built by Constantine the Great in the fourth century, and their gates were Newgate, Bishopsgate, Ludgate, Aldgate, Billingsgate, etc.—names still commemorated in streets and localities there. Roman London was about a mile long by half a mile wide, from the Tower to Ludgate, and from the Thames to London wall. Its remains are still found, at about eighteen feet below the present surface at Cheapside and the Bank. The Saxons, who followed the Romans, either destroyed their great works, or allowed them to fall into decay—walls, roads, bridges, villas, baths, temples, and statuary—as they did all over England. It is amazing how quickly the great Roman civilization,

that had endured for four and a half centuries, disintegrated and fell to pieces after the Romans left. How could it have happened that way, when Rome was a blessing and benediction to the land, far surpassing what England had ever seen before? But King Alfred, great and wise ruler that he was—far in advance of his age and time—reformed London, and rebuilt her walls (A. D. 886), as a rampart against the piratical Danes, and, though they often attacked, they never took it afterwards. Then came William the Conqueror, who gave London a charter, and engaged to maintain the rights and privileges of its citizens, but at the same time he erected the White Tower to overawe them. His charter read: "William king greets William bishop and Gosfrith portreeve, and all the burghers within London, French and English, friendly; and I do you to wit that I will, that ye be all lawworthy. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's day, and I will not endure that any man offer any wrong to you. God keep you." At this time, about A. D. 1066, London probably contained about thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, and was a great city for its day. But what would William and his Normans think of London now?

I think the first impression London gives one is that of hugeness, vastness, multitudinousness; and this grows upon you. Its streets are mostly narrow, like old New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Its buildings are not lofty, seldom exceeding four or five stories; but the rush and roar of its omnibuses, cabs, carriages, wagons, and people, crowding and choking its multitudes of streets and alleys, must be seen to be appreciated. In

the heart of the city "street-blocks" are of constant occurrence, long lines of vehicles choking the thoroughfares to a standstill; and in many places it seems worth a man's life to cross a street, as in the Strand, or Cheapside, or Piccadilly. "Places of Refuge" are provided in the middle of the worst streets, a foot or so above the ordinary level, and here aged and timid persons rush and wait until the traffic rolls by or a courteous policeman escorts them safely across. London has also underground railroads and electric tramways; but these are chiefly for her suburbs, believing her streets too narrow and her traffic too great for surface roads. Her cabs are cheap and excellent. But the omnibus predominates everywhere and is the chief feature of London streets; a huge double-decker, with two rows of seats on top, at right angles with the vehicle, and these top seats are always full. Here men read, smoke, talk, and discuss the news of the day; and sensible women, also, are much in evidence. Londoners do not seem to mind the drizzle and rain that occur every day here, nearly, though water-proof lap-robes are provided against the worst days. They use umbrellas also somewhat, of course, but provide these themselves.

It is a fine thing to climb to the top of one of these great omnibuses, and go sailing through the streets of London. There is no better place to study English life and character, and to see great London. We rode on them for miles some days, changing from one line to another, and always saw something new and interesting. As a rule, the horses are first-class, and the drivers obliging and intelligent. I made it my business to talk with the drivers everywhere, and met many

a "Sam Weller," bright and chipper as the day is long. And "Mr. Pickwick" was there, too, occasionally, though not so much in evidence.

Thus we navigated the Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside, Poultry, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Oxford Street, High Holborn, Tottenham Court Road, Bedford Street, Montague Street, Kensington Street, Victoria Street, and saw Whitehall, the Horse Guards, Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, Nelson's Monument, Landseer's Lions, the National Gallery, Wellington's Monument, the Royal Exchange, the Law Courts, the old Bailey, and Newgate. We went to Hyde Park, and saw Rotten Row, with all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance" of its wealth, rank, and fashion. We visited Buckingham Palace and the Albert Memorial, one of the finest monuments in all Europe, though in the procession of great men of all ages chiseled upon it no American appears, not even George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. We went to the Houses of Parliament (do n't compare with our Capitol at Washington), and heard "Big Ben" striking the hours for all London; and the Thames Embankment, with its Egyptian obelisk, twin to ours in New York at Central Park. We crossed Waterloo Bridge and re-

The Strand, London.

turned over old London Bridge, choked with traffic; probably on the site of the original Roman Bridge here. We visited the Tower of London, with its wonderful collection of ancient arms and armor, both for men and horses—the finest in Europe—and saw the British crowns and jewels and royal regalia, and talked with the yeomen of the guard, or "Beef-eaters." We explored Whitechapel and the East End, with its misery and crimes, though with some redeeming Homes and schools, that promise much for the future. We went to the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and the British Museum—the second greatest library in the world—and studied the Elgin Marbles, the Egyptian, Assyrian, and American Galleries, and saw the genuine signatures of England's kings and queens, and of George Washington and others, on old letters and proclamations. At the British Museum they told us they had a copy of every modern book printed, and verified it by producing two of my own. We went to Madame Tussaud's, and saw her wonderful collection of wax-figures of the great men and women of many centuries and celebrated characters of our own times. We vis-

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER.

ited the ancient Guild Hall or old City Hall of London, with its curious old statues of Gog and Magog; the Bank of England, with its vast treasures and quaint old watchmen, where eleven streets come together, with three thousand omnibuses and over one million people passing daily, with the equestrian statue of Wellington standing guard over all; Lincoln's Inn Fields, Crosby Hall, Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" (now a waste-paper store), the Mansion House or mayor's residence, City Road Chapel, Smithfield Market, where John Rogers "and other servants of God suffered death by fire for the faith of Christ, in the years 1555-56-57." How familiar all these names and places seemed. We had read about them all our lives. But here they were, present to the bodily senses, and London seemed not a foreign land, but like home.

The Royal Exchange and the Bank of England.

And then, when Sunday came, we worshiped in St. Paul's in the morning, with a goodly congregation of devout souls; in Westminster Abbey in the afternoon, with a still larger congregation, a good sermon, and exquisite music; and heard Hugh Price Hughes at St. James Hall in the evening—London's greatest preacher, not unlike Henry Ward Beecher, but more

religious—with an audience that crowded the hall to the doors, and more. Hundreds were turned away, and I myself only succeeded in getting in by pleading my privilege as an American. That same afternoon, on my way home from the Abbey, I encountered a great mass-meeting in Trafalgar Square, where fifty thousand Englishmen were assembled to discuss the South African question, and saw the London police handle it so skillfully and firmly that there was no disorder or violence, though the meeting was called by the peace advocates and captured by the war advocates. Whenever the peace orators attempted to speak, the crowd sang them down with "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," "Sherman marching through Georgia," and other patriotic songs; but it was all good-natured, and jolly even. And England was then on the verge of the Boer War, too, and her very atmosphere electric with patriotism and battle.

The police were certainly a fine body of men, both on foot and mounted, and I never saw a crowd handled better. When the meeting ended, they formed a wedge, and putting the speakers in the middle marched them quickly out of the crowd and into a neighboring hotel, whence they disappeared to their several homes. The London police, indeed, are an honor and a credit to the city. One finds them everywhere, a body of bright and stalwart men, of more than ordinary intelligence, and eager to serve and oblige the passing traveler. We never hesitated to call upon them for any information or assistance needed, and never failed to get it.

St. Paul's is a noble Romanesque edifice, with a

magnificent dome, and reminds one of St. Peter's at Rome, though, of course, inferior. It is the fourth largest church in the world, being surpassed only by St. Peter's at Rome, the cathedral of Seville, and the cathedral of Milan. Its location is not good, being so hemmed in by narrow streets and houses that its colossal proportions can not be realized. If it had any such superb site as St. Peter's, or noble square as the Duomo at Milan, it would appear much grander. The best view of it is from the Thames, below Blackfriars Bridge, though it looms lofty and imposing from all approaches to London. It is in the form of a Latin cross, and is five hundred feet long by one hundred and eighteen broad, with a transept two hundred and fifty feet wide and a dome rising three hundred and sixty-four feet from the pavement to the top of the cross. It was begun in 1675, and completed in 1710, by Sir Christopher Wren, who lies buried here, with his memorable epitaph, "If you would see my monument, look around you." It cost nearly $4,000,000, and was paid for chiefly by a tax on coal.

London—St. Paul's

Its site has had a curious history. It is supposed an old pagan temple was here originally, judging from the cinerary urns and other vessels discovered in digging the foundation for St. Paul's. A Christian Church followed this in early Roman days; but this was demolished by the pagan Saxons when the Romans retired. Ethelbert, King of Kent, is said to have restored this about 610. This church was burned down in 961, but rebuilt within a year. It was destroyed by fire again in 1087, but a new church was at once begun, though not finished for two hundred years. This church, old

St. Paul's, was five hundred and ninety feet long, nearly one hundred feet larger than the present cathedral, and in 1315 was equipped with a modern spire covered with lead, five hundred and twenty feet high—eight feet higher than the cathedral at Cologne. This spire was struck by lightning in 1445, but not restored until 1561, when it fell a prey to the flames, the church also being badly damaged by this fire. This seems to have been the history of all the old churches abroad—to have been burned down and built up again half a dozen times over. The underground parts of the ruined church were used as workshops and wine-cellars for a long while. The nave was turned into a public promenade—the once famous "Paul's Walk." The stones were taken to build Somerset House, and other public and private edifices. Then came Charles I, who resolved on its restoration, but the Civil War stopped this. And then came the great fire of 1666, which destroyed one-third of London, and wiped the old church out of existence. Hard by once stood the celebrated Cross of St. Paul ("Powle's Cross"), where sermons were preached, papal bulls promulgated, heretics made to recant or burn, and witches to confess, and where the pope's condemnation of Luther was proclaimed in the presence of Cardinal Wolsey. The platform on which this cross stood was discovered in 1879, at a depth of about six feet, when they came to lay out the pretty little garden on the northeast side of the present cathedral.

Inside, St. Paul's is crowded with tombs and monuments, chiefly of military and naval personages, more or less eminent. Wellington is there, as he should be, and Nelson, and Rodney, and Napier, and Gordon, and

Picton, and Sir John Moore; but Cornwallis, Howe, and a lot of other nobodies also. So, also, Dr. Samuel Johnson is there, and Bishop Heber, and Dean Milman, and John Howard, and Sir William Jones—not unworthy of the place. In the crypt is the hearse used at Wellington's funeral, cast from guns captured in his battles, and also memorial slabs of famous artists and others; such as John Rennie, builder of the great Waterloo Bridge; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Christopher Wren and wife, Sir Bartle Frere, and Benjamin West, the great American painter a century ago, the only American yet here. St. Paul's is a good place to visit. One is always impressed with its grandeur and sublimity; and you come away with a deep sense of England's greatness and majesty.

London—Westminster Abbey

Westminster Abbey, or "the Abbey," as Londoners call it for short, is a venerable pile on the left bank of the Thames, on a spot once overgrown with thorns and surrounded by water, and hence called "Thorny Isle." There was an old church here so long ago as 616, in honor of St. Peter, with a Benedictine monastery connected with it, to the west of the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary of the Graces (Eastminster), and so the whole came to be called Westminster Abbey. This church was destroyed by the pagan Danes, but re-erected by King Edgar in 985. The whole Abbey, however, may be ascribed to Edward the Confessor about 1050. In the latter half of the thirteenth century it was entirely rebuilt by Henry III and Edward I, and it stands now substantially as then, though there have been alterations and additions since. Like St. Paul's, it is in the form of a Latin cross, and chiefly in the

perpendicular and early English styles, with Norman touches here and there. It is five hundred and thirteen feet long by two hundred feet broad, and one hundred and two feet high, with towers two hundred and twenty-five feet high. It seems a great deal older than St. Paul's, and impresses one every way. With its royal burial vaults and multitude of tombs and monuments to celebrated men, it is not unreasonably regarded by Englishmen as their national Walhalla or Temple of Fame, and interment within its ancient walls is held to be the highest honor England can bestow. They show you the old stone chair here, on which the kings and queens of England have been crowned, and of Scotland before them, back to the time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and the tombs of kings, queens, princes, and nobles, without end; as Edward I, Henry VII, Charles II, William III, George II, Eleanor, Elizabeth, Mary, Anne, Mary Queen of Scots, the Duke of Buckingham, Duke of Richmond, and Earl of Exeter. Also, monuments of Pitt, Peel, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Warren Hastings, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Mansfield, Charles Darwin, General Wolfe, Sir James Outram,

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

General Havelock, Macaulay, John and Charles Wesley, and a host of others, who have made England what she is, and keep her so to-day. Over in the "Poets' Corner" are tombs or tablets to Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson ("O rare Ben Jonson!"), Goldsmith, Campbell, Southey, Browning, Tennyson, and others, and also one to our own Longfellow. It would seem they might have included Bryant and Whittier also. Of course, there is a great multitude of nobodies here, also, as in St. Paul's; and it would be a good thing to clean out many of the tombs and monuments, as undeserved or in bad taste. But the spaciousness and age of the old Abbey produce a profound impression upon you, and you walk cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the reverence and silence of the place. As Washington Irving said, "You feel that you are surrounded by the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds and the earth with their renown." One of these days, America also will have her Pantheon or Westminster Abbey, and will find names to record there not unworthy of the Republic.

London—National Gallery

The National Gallery on Trafalgar Square is a great building, but without much architectural merit. It contains many fine pictures from all the schools, particularly some Raphaels, Rembrandts, Vandycks, and Veroneses, that it would be hard to surpass anywhere. Its Reynoldses, Gainsboroughs, Hogarths, and Landseers are not equaled elsewhere, and there is a robustness, naturalness, and common sense about English art characteristic of the race. Her artists may lack the fineness and subtlety of other schools; but they know

British character and British landscapes, and average human nature, and paint all excellently well. One day while there (September 6th) we were treated to a terrific thunder and lightning storm, worthy of New York, or worse. The sky grew yellow and then black, and the rain came down in torrents. The whole city seemed enveloped in a true London mist or fog. The street and shop lamps were lighted at mid-day, and the ushers drove us all out of the galleries into the entrance, lest we might get lost there, or possibly something else get lost.

And out of all that we thus saw in and about London we gained the impression of great London—great in population, great in wealth, great in power, great in art and science and literature, great in intelligence and religion, the greatest product and proudest monument of civilization and Christianity to-day upon the earth, or that was ever upon the earth. And London was never more prosperous and potent than to-day; and Englishmen made and keep her so; for London is essentially an English city. Other nationalities there are, of course—Scotch, Irish, French, German, etc.—but the English overwhelmingly predominates. What an honor and a glory London is to the Anglo-Saxon race! It has taken two thousand years to do it. But they have done it; and there she stands, on the banks of the Thames she loves, and in the heart of England she reveres. One of these days New York will surpass her. It is written in the book of fate, predestined by our location and people; but we may go to London and learn many things yet, if we will; and it is only the inquiring and the teachable than can become truly great and wise.

London, it is but right to say, keeps the Sabbath and goes to Church on Sunday, and is not ashamed of it. Her multitudinous shops are all closed on that day, her vast business suspended, and nothing is open but her restaurants and tobacco-shops. Her patron saint is St. Paul, carved upon her city-seal, and her great cathedral named after him; and her city motto, blazoned over her Guild Hall and other public buildings is "Domine, dirige nos" (O Lord, direct us!") So, at Oxford, the chief motto is, "Dominus illuminatio mea;" and you will see the same or like mottoes all over London and England. Evidently they are a reverent and God-fearing race over there, as the French are only a pleasure-loving race, and this, more than all else, has made England what she is, and keeps her so to-day.

London—The Sabbath

THE THAMES, RICHMOND BRIDGE.

London and New York are the two largest cities in the world—the one having about six million inhabitants and the other about three million five hundred thousand—each being the greatest seaport in its own half of the world. London, with six million people, spends about $12,000,000 a year on popular education. New York, with three million five hundred thousand, spends about $15,000,000. London, with six million

inhabitants, spends about $8,000,000 a year for police service, while New York, with three million five hundred thousand, spends about $12,000,000. For her $8,000,000 a year London gets about sixteen thousand policemen, while New York for her $12,000,000 gets only about eight thousand. The total cost of governing London is about $70,000,000 a year, while the total cost of governing New York is about $100,000,000 a year. In other words, London government costs about $12 a head, while New York government costs about $28 a head. How much of this goes to the people, and how much to Tammany Hall, perhaps Mr. Croker could explain. But the comparison is suggestive, and Brother Jonathan should bestir himself.

Chapter XXX

F course, while in London, we took a day off and ran down to Windsor, the home of England's kings and queens for many centuries now. It is only twenty-one miles from London, up the valley of the Thames, and nothing could be more lovely than the picturesque ride there. The town itself has only about twenty thousand people, is the shire town of old Berkshire; but the castle and royal residence are the chief things. They stand on a little eminence overlooking the valley of the Thames, and there was a stronghold here no doubt in old Roman or Saxon days. But the castle as it now appears was first erected by William the Conqueror, and rebuilt by Henry III and Edward III, about 1300. Afterwards, George IV restored it, and then Victoria still further restored and enlarged it, at a cost of nearly $5,000,000, making it one of the most stately and magnificent royal residences in the world. London–Windsor

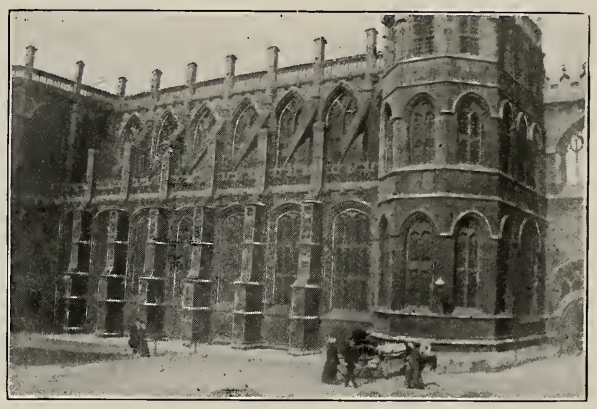
There is the Round Tower, one hundred and two by ninety-five feet, on a circular mound one hundred and twenty-five feet in diameter by forty-two feet high, of great antiquity. The castle and royal residence proper, St. George's Chapel, the Albert Chapel, the barracks for the troops, are all on an extended scale, as befits England. The tower was formerly used only as

a keep or prison, but is now a museum, with a huge bell in it brought from Sebastopol. The state apartments are full of rare and beautiful objects, as well as paintings, portraits, and tapestries; but the private apartments were closed, the queen being still absent at Balmoral. She ought to have been at Windsor, of course, to greet us; but the best we could do was to leave our compliments and kind wishes for her. We wandered from room to room, and greatly enjoyed the vistas from the terrace, over the exquisite valley of the Thames, with its far-stretching landscapes, and after seeing and realizing all here, one does not wonder that the kings and queens of England chose Windsor for their royal residence. How solid and substantial it all seems, yet stately and romantic, old England in epitome!

St. George's Chapel ranks next to Westminster Abbey as a royal mausoleum, though no king was buried here until Edward IV. He left directions in his will for a splendid tomb, with an effigy of himself in silver over it. But nothing now remains of this, except part of the iron grille surrounding it, said to be one of the most skillful and elaborate pieces of wrought-iron work in existence. Next, Henry VIII was buried here, alongside of Jane Seymour, and he directed that a magnificent bronze and marble tomb should be erected over their remains. But the tomb was never completed, and its metal work was melted down in Cromwell's time and cast into cannon. Charles I and other royal personages are also buried here, and the choir contains the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, with their historic coats-of-arms and banners. The chapel itself is one of the finest pieces of perpendicular architecture

in England, and is crowded with tombs and memorial tablets, like St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, of distinguished persons, both civil and military.

The Albert Memorial Chapel was built originally by Henry III, but altered and enlarged by Henry VII. While still unfinished, Henry VIII gave it to Cardinal Wolsey, and for a long time it was known as "Wolsey's tomb-house." The princely Wolsey engaged a distinguished Florentine sculptor to make him a splendid and costly tomb of black marble and gilt bronze, with his recumbent effigy on top, after the fashion of his time. But in Cromwell's time the bronze work was torn off and melted down into cannon—put to better use by the Commonwealth—and in 1805 the black marble sarcophagus was moved from Windsor and placed in St. Paul's, as a tomb for Lord Nelson, a more worthy Englishman. In recent times, since the death of Prince Albert, the whole chapel has been restored, and lined with rich marbles and reliefs, and dedicated to his memory; though, singularly, he is not buried here, nor under the magnificent Albert Memorial in London, but at Frogmore, a quiet little lodge in the Home Park, a mile or so from the castle. Here, however, repose George III, George IV, William



St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

IV, and other royal personages. A subterranean passage leads from St. George's Chapel to the Royal Tomb-house under the Albert Chapel, but the public are not permitted there. They will allow you to look through the grated doors and windows, and feast your eyes on dead royalty and their memorials in this way, but not otherwise. We tried all sorts of arguments and "tips" to gain admission, but the doorkeepers were truly English and inexorable.

The Royal Forest, or Great Park at Windsor, used to contain sixty thousand acres, but is now reduced to about two thousand. It abounds with magnificent elms and oaks, and contains thousands of fallow deer. Here are beautiful drives and lakes, and England certainly knows how to take care of her royal family, and seems not unwilling to do so.

There were only a few companies of household troops on duty at Windsor when we were there. We saw them at guard mount and on dress parade, and they were certainly all that could be desired, both as officers and soldiers. They much surpassed any soldiers we saw on the Continent, and were only to be compared with our own American army. West Point is certainly equal to Sandhurst and Woolwich, and the American private soldier is in no respect inferior to "Tommy Atkins." We trust they will never have to cross swords with each other; but if they do, let John Bull beware!

Another day we ran down to Canterbury, through the heart of Middlesex and Kent, past Rochester, Chatham, and Faversham. It was a lovely September day, neither too hot nor too cold, but just nice; and Kent never appeared to better advantage for that time of the

year. It seemed all one vast hop-field, with hop-pickers, both men and women, everywhere, and everybody making merry. These hop-pickers come down largely from London every year, for the hop season, and hop-picking makes a jolly "outing" for them. Apple-orchards and cherry-trees also abounded, and one could well believe there would be worse things than picking and eating "cherries in Kent in June." The whole country seemed fruitful and fertile beyond anything we had yet seen in England, and every field seemed cultivated as with a fine-toothed comb. There was a general air of happiness and prosperity everywhere, and ruddy-faced people and chubby-cheeked boys and girls were in plentiful evidence. Our journey down was not as romantic as that of the pilgrims from the Tabard Inn in Southwark in 1390, or thereabouts, as reported by Geoffrey Chaucer in his celebrated "Canterbury Tales;" but it was speedier, and in many respects more comfortable and delightful. There were "nine and twenty" of Chaucer's pilgrims, and they went on horseback, sometimes at a canter (derived from "Canterbury" pilgrimages), bound for the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, and it took them several days and nights to cover the distance—about sixty miles. There were only four of us; but we went by railroad and made the whole pilgrimage down and back in a single day easily. Canterbury

Canterbury itself is not much of a town, only about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, but it is the ecclesiastical metropolis of all England, and well worth a visit. The Archbishop of Canterbury is primate of all England, and, while he has an official residence in London (Lambeth Palace), his diocese and legal residence are at Can-

terbury. He is a great personage in England, taking precedence next to the king, ahead of all the princes, dukes, and lords. The great bell at Canterbury tolls only when he or the king dies, and for nobody else. The little river Stour runs through the town in two branches, neither of much importance. Canterbury contains many quaint old houses and churches, and has still a Falstaff Inn, which Sir John Falstaff used to frequent in Shakespeare's time, and the remains of the Chequers Inn, the popular hostelry of the pilgrims in Chaucer's day. In going from the railroad station to the cathedral we passed old St. Margaret's Church, a curious old structure, quaint and venerable; but a passing Canterburian could not tell us its age nor name even. Canterbury was one of the early military stations on the old Roman road from Dover to London (Watling Street), and there is a little church just outside of the city, called St. Martin's, that is believed to be the "Mother Church of England." Parts of its walls contain old Roman brick, and an old stone coffin is shown there, that is said to be that of Queen Bertha, who lived in pre-Saxon days. It is certain that in the year 597 St. Augustine arrived here from Rome itself, with a band of Christian priests, vowed to convert heathen England, and soon afterwards was appointed archbishop of all England by King Ethelbert. It is said that there was a Christian church already here, built in old Roman days, and afterwards used as a pagan temple, and that this was presented by Ethelbert, along with his palace, to St. Augustine, who turned them into a cathedral and monastery. This old cathedral was burned down several times and rebuilt, and was pillaged by the Danes, and one of the Archbishops of Canterbury

was carried off and murdered by them about the year 1000. At the time of the Norman conquest it had almost entirely disappeared; but Archbishop Lanfranc and his successors took hold, with true Norman building instinct, and in 1130 completed a new cathedral in magnificent style. Parts of this still remain; but there have been changes and additions since. The great central tower, called the Bell Harry Tower, one of the finest in all England, and with a magnificent bell in it, was not built until 1495, and the northwest tower is also modern. The general style of the superb old cathedral is Norman and perpendicular, and its dimensions are, total length five hundred and fourteen feet, breadth seventy-one feet, height of nave eighty feet, central tower two hundred and thirty-five feet, and west towers one hundred and fifty-two feet. The general effect is that of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, and there is no cathedral we saw in rural England that impresses one more.

Canterbury—The Cathedral

Canterbury Cathedral.

The crypt is a part of the early Norman cathedral, and its pillars are believed to have belonged to the old Roman church on this site. It is very spacious, and in 1561 Queen Elizabeth granted its use to the French and Flemish refugees, who fled to England from the Inqui-

sition, and they carried on their silk manufacturies here in this old crypt long afterwards. A part of it is still occupied by their descendants as a French Protestant Church, and it could not be put to a better use.

The cloisters are very beautiful, and are still in good preservation. The Chapter House has a ceiling paneled in Irish oak, and was being restored and beautified when we were there, and is still in constant use.

The old monastery or abbey adjoining has fallen into decay, and only some arches and windows and crumbling walls remain to attest its former beauty and grandeur. These, however, are very stately and artistic, and it seems a pity that such an edifice as this must have been, should be allowed to fall thus into ruins.

The windows of the cathedral are among the handsomest in England, and much of their stained glass dates back to the thirteenth century, or even earlier. One of these represents the life and death of St. Thomas à Becket, and others depict his supposed miracles. Still others contain figures of Edward IV and other royal personages, and all are very interesting and beautiful.

The interior of the cathedral is crowded with monuments and tombs, but chiefly those of great ecclesiastics only, such as archbishops. Henry IV is the only king buried here. But Edward the Black Prince lies here, with his handsome bronze effigy on his tomb, while above hang his surcoat, gauntlets, helmet, shield and battle-flag, with the dust of centuries upon them. He was a doughty warrior in his time, for the faith of Christ and the fame of England, and he could not have a fitter resting-place than in historic old Canterbury.

Here in Canterbury, also, is the tomb of the famous

Thomas à Becket, who was canonized soon after his death, and became the most popular of all English saints. It was, indeed, his fame as St. Thomas that made Canterbury the greatest of English cathedrals for several centuries. He was a great Englishman in his time—born 1118. His father was a London merchant, and he received the best education of his day, both in England and France. He never became a scholar, like Wolsey, nor even much of a theologian; but his intellect was keen and his manners captivating. He first read law, then turned soldier, and fought with ability and courage. He became Lord Chancellor and then Archbishop of England; must have been a man of parts and valor. When made archbishop in 1162, one of his contemporaries said: "The king [Henry II] had worked a miracle, in having that day turned a layman into an archbishop, and a soldier into a saint." After he became archbishop and primate of all England—head of the English Church—he broke with Henry, having nothing more to get from him, and sided with the pope in his great struggle for supremacy in England, as on the Continent. He became a devout ecclesiastic—"wore haircloth next his skin, fed on roots, drank nauseous water, and daily washed the feet of thirteen beggars." The king resolved to conquer or ruin him, and so summoned him before a great Council to account for 44,000 marks alleged to have been misappropriated by him while chancellor. "For what happened before my consecration," said Becket haughtily, "I ought not to answer, nor will I. Know, moreover, that ye are my children in God. Neither law nor reason allows you to judge your father. I refer my quarrel to the pope. To him I appeal, and, under the protection of

Canterbury—Becket

the Catholic Church and the Apostolic See, depart." He fled to France, and from that safe refuge anathematized Henry and his English enemies. The pope was a warm friend of Becket, of course, but did not want to break openly with Henry, and it was not until the Archbishop of York, in defiance of a papal bull, had usurped the functions of Becket, by officiating at the coronation of Henry's son, that he took sides against the king. Henry now began to tremble, and Becket was invited to return, and it was agreed that the king should discharge his debts and pay the expenses of his journey. Becket came back; but the king broke his engagements, of course. Becket, in retaliation, excommunicated the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Salisbury, who had assisted him in the coronation of the king's son. Here was a pretty "to-do" surely. The terrified prelates fled to Henry, who, on hearing their tale and an account of Becket's splendid reception at Canterbury on his return thither, bitterly exclaimed: "Of the cowards who eat my bread, is there not one who will free me from this turbulent priest?" Four of his knights heard him, and unsolicited they resolved to avenge their liege lord. They went to Canterbury of their own accord, and finding Becket threatened him with death if he did not absolve the excommunicated bishops. "In vain you threaten me," replied Becket. "If all the swords in England were brandishing over my head, your terrors could not move me. Foot to foot you will find me fighting the battle of the Lord!" Evidently he was resolved on either martyrdom or victory. A brave soul, he ought to have had a better fate!

That same night, December 29, 1170, while he knelt

in prayer at the foot of the altar of St. Benedict in the grand old cathedral, he was set upon by the overloyal knights, and done to death by sword and dagger. They show you the very spot still where he fell, and some of his alleged blood-stains; but the latter seem apocryphal. Canterbury—Becket

Two years afterwards Becket was canonized by the pope, and down to the Reformation innumerable pilgrimages were made to the shrine of "St. Thomas" of Canterbury from every corner of Christendom. His body was interred here in 1220 with great pomp, and his shrine was adorned with such magnificence that Erasmus wrote in 1512, "Gold is the meanest thing to be seen about it." Surpassing miracles were immediately wrought at his grave in the crypt, and at the well where his bloody garments were washed. So numerous were these, and so well attested, that two large volumes, kept in the cathedral, were filled with accounts of them. "Every fiftieth year a jubilee was celebrated in his honor, lasting fifteen days; plenary indulgences were then granted to all who visited his tomb; and as many as one hundred thousand pilgrims were registered at a time in Canterbury. The worship of St. Thomas superseded the worship of God, and even of the Virgin. In one year there was offered at God's altar in Canterbury nothing; at that of the Holy Virgin £4 1s. 8d; while St. Thomas's received £954 6s. 3d."—an enormous sum for those days. A pilgrimage to Canterbury became not only a pious journey, but a fashionable summer excursion, like our outings to Newport and Niagara, and Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales" has given us an admirable picture of such pilgrimages, with the manners and customs of a party of English pilgrims, leisurely

making the journey down from London town, and telling characteristic stories to each other, seeing which could tell the best story, and so escape his "score" at the next wayside inn or tavern. So, it seems, "swapping stories" is no new thing after all!

This worship of St. Thomas continued until 1538, over three hundred years, when Henry VIII broke finally with the pope and the Catholic Church, and struck boldly at all such abuses and superstitions. He appointed commissioners to visit Canterbury, and not only pillaged the rich shrine dedicated to St. Thomas, but caused "the saint" himself to be cited to appear in court, and to be tried and condemned as a traitor, and ordered his name to be struck out of the calendar of saints, and his very bones to be burned and his ashes scattered to the winds. His shrine was destroyed; its treasures confiscated, of course—Henry was careful about that—and the only remaining trace of it now is the surrounding stone pavement worn away by the knees of thousands of pious pilgrims before and since.

It is true there is another account, that his relics were not burned, but reinterred; and some remains, found in an old stone coffin beneath the crypt in 1888 are believed by some to be those of Thomas à Becket. But the weight of evidence is in favor of the former account, as Henry VIII set out to purge England of all such priestly abuses, and as a rule made thorough work of it. The story of Becket is really a story of King *vs.* Pope, or of the State against the Church—the Civil Power against Ecclesiasticism; and much as we may deplore the manner of his "taking off," yet we can not but sympathize with the Henrys in their vindication of civil free-

dom and abolition of superstition. Otherwise, where and what would England be to-day? Or would we like her to be another Italy or Spain? Or the twentieth century to be only the Dark Ages over again?

Canterbury—The Donjon

Returning from the old cathedral, we stopped at the Dane John (or Donjon), an ancient tumulus eighty feet high, bounded on one side by a part of the old city wall, and surmounted by a little obelisk—now used as a city park or pleasure ground. This old mound is probably of Celtic origin, and from its summit one gets a good view of the city and surrounding country. We walked round and about it, and were reminded of the mound at Windsor, and of the greater, if not older, mound or "Bury" at Leyden.

We lunched down in the town near the old cathedral, when tired with sightseeing, not far from the spot where Chaucer's pilgrims likely lunched in their day, and told stories to each other as they did, if not so exquisite, and the same evening returned to London. And so ended our pilgrimage to Canterbury.

Chapter XXXI

N the preceding chapters a good deal has been said about England in detail, but something remains to be said of England in general. And, first, as to her size: she has only about sixty thousand square miles, or is a little larger than the State of New York or Pennsylvania, less than half the size of California, one-quarter the size of Texas, and one-sixtieth the size of the whole United States. Of course, I speak now only of England proper, Wales included, but not Scotland and Ireland. She has only about thirty-two millions of population, against our eighty millions or thereabouts. She is the most densely-populated country in Europe, except Belgium, having five hundred inhabitants to the square mile, while we have only about twenty-five to the square mile. Her total length is about three hundred and fifty miles north and south, by an average of two hundred east and west. Truly the "tight little island" is only a speck in the ocean. But she knows how to breed men, and rule men, and has made the name of England respected, if not feared, around the world. It was no idle rhetoric of Daniel Webster's, when he said, "Her morning drum-beat, commencing with the sun, keeps company with the hours, until it belts the globe with one continuous strain of the martial airs of England!"

England, as a whole, is not mountainous, but mostly rolling and level, much like Eastern Pennsylvania and Central New Jersey. Indeed, we were often reminded of the country about our home at Trenton, N. J. There are the same ridges and swells, the same hills and dales and fat fields, but fewer patches of woodland. England has more scattered trees and clumps of trees—a good deal more—in all her landscapes; but her forests, big and little, have disappeared, except where preserved as parks. Many of these are very spacious and noble, and she is taking good care to keep them so. Once the whole kingdom was densely wooded; but little by little her woodland has been converted into plowed land, *ex necessitate* with the growth of her population, until now her effort seems to be to keep what she has left. No well-conducted Englishman thinks of cutting down an old tree without planting a new one or two; and Americans will have to learn the same lesson. A tree is the gift of God. It means only beauty and blessing. It is always a psalm or a doxology, and should be respected, if not revered, accordingly.

England—Agriculture

English agriculture is not surpassed anywhere; seldom, indeed, equaled. Nowhere in Europe are there such fine farms and good farming; nowhere in America, except in Central Pennsylvania. Her fields are not large, but exquisitely cultivated; no weeds, no brambles, no unsightly hedgerows, but every foot of soil well looked after and growing something useful and valuable; good wheat, oats, and barley; fine turnips and potatoes; and lush grass, rich and juicy; the very paradise of horses, sheep, and cows. The constant clouds and mists, and almost daily rains, keep the fields green and

fresh, and they have no such brown and parched landscapes as we often get here in summer and autumn. All England, indeed, seems one vast garden, with a master-gardener in charge. But the hedges are fewer and poorer than we anticipated, and the roads not equal to those on the Continent. They are much better, indeed, than our average roads in America, of course; but they are not superior to our new macadamized roads in New Jersey and New England, though her climate is more favorable to good roads. Give us fifty years more of such progress as we have made the last ten years, and America will abound in good roads too.

The climate of England is certainly not good for us, but is far from bad for them. It is a moist, wet climate, more or less, the year round, and it rains so easily nobody seems to mind it. You get up in the morning, and it is raining. By 9 A. M. the clouds will break away, and the sun comes out; not a bright and shining orb as we see the "king of day" here, but more like a boiled carrot or pumpkin. By noon it will be drizzling again. By 3 P. M. the sun will peep out again, but by sunset it is apt to drizzle or rain again. Of course, I speak only of England in September; but I judge this is a fair specimen of English weather two-thirds of the year or more. It is not so cold in winter as we have it here, nor so hot in summer, but damp and raw, and everybody wears thick clothing accordingly, and heavy shoes and stockings. Nobody seems to mind the perpetual rain and drizzle. Umbrellas and mackintoshes are universal, and thick-soled boots and shoes, and, with these, people go about their business as usual as if everything was sunshiny and delightful. The general health is good. Peo-

ple are redfaced and chubby. And Americans, when they get acclimated, rather like the weather, though at first they think it "beastly." They have racking winds and tempests there also, that often sweep around the coasts and shake England to her center, as when Cromwell died, and every spring and fall nearly. But she survives them, and they only seem to clear her atmosphere after all, though sometimes church-spires topple and navies are stranded.

England is full of thriving cities and towns, and the number and prosperity of these amaze one. London itself contains six million people, or one-seventh of her entire population. But she has other great cities; as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Bristol, Hull, and scores of cities and towns averaging fifty thousand to twenty-five thousand inhabitants, more or less. Factories, foundries, potteries, workshops, and a perfect forest of smokestacks greet you everywhere, and everybody seems as busy as a bee and as smiling as a rose. The English workingmen and laborers, as a rule, are happy and contented, and would not exchange Old England for any other country on the globe. Of course, there is some discontent and misery, which seems inseparable from human nature. But not much appears upon the surface, and as compared with other European countries England certainly is paradise.

The architecture of England is not so good as on the Continent. It is superior to that of Germany and Holland, but Italy and France both beat her in this respect. Her cathedrals are grand and sublime, great epics in stone, but not so artistic and æsthetic as on the Continent. Her parish churches are simple and appropriate,

as if the natural outgrowth of English soil and character, and they always fit in with her gray skies and fat fields as a part and parcel thereof. Her city houses and buildings generally are solid and substantial, rather than symmetrical and beautiful, as if built for use and comfort rather than show. There are some fine buildings in London; but, as a whole, London can not compare architecturally with either Paris or Brussels, Florence or Milan, not to speak of Venice and Genoa, and the whole city is black and grimy with London smoke and fog. Her country houses are stately and commodious rather than beautiful; but their surrounding trees and spacious, handsome grounds make up for everything else. Her farm buildings and laborers' houses seem small as compared with ours in America; but they are better than on the Continent, and doubtless suffice for England's needs. Formerly they were mostly of wood—a good while ago. But now a wooden house is a rarity, both in town and country. In stone districts they use stone almost exclusively; but on the eastern coast, and in most of the cities and towns, brick also is largely employed. The general effect of English architecture, both public and domestic, city and country, I think is heavy and serviceable rather than airy and graceful, and this is no doubt due to climate and soil as well as national character. Her skies are not Italy's skies, nor is John Bull Jean Crapeau, and she has built and now builds accordingly. But she builds to last. There is no "gingerbread" nor gimcracks about her edifices, and they will stand for a thousand years to come, or longer.

The conditions of life in England are clearly harder than in America, but far better than elsewhere in Eu-

rope. Wages are nearly twice as high as in France and Germany and Italy, and food and clothing as cheap or cheaper; rents are higher, but fuel and transportation cheaper; and education is substantially free to everybody. Religion, also, is free, and while the Established Church is predominant, there are so many Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, that one may believe and worship as he pleases. England is certainly Protestant, and will never go back to Rome; but she tolerates the mass, and protects it—with a mild contempt, however, not much veiled. She is certainly a religious nation. Her great cathedrals suggest that, as a part of her national history. In traveling through England, you are never out of sight of parish churches, their gray towers and simple spires punctuating every English landscape. Bible texts and religious mottoes appear everywhere on public halls and buildings. England keeps the Sabbath and goes to church on Sunday morning, whatever she may do Sunday afternoon; takes a walk in the country usually, for Englishmen are fond of country sights and country air. Her higher classes have a real interest in her lower classes, and illuminate the relation of master and servant by many a kindly word and deed. In many a church and churchyard it is not unusual to find a memorial tablet or gravestone to some departed servant, set up by his or her grateful master in recognition of long and faithful service. And even the nobility do not disdain or neglect to do this, as we ourselves noticed not infrequently. The keynote of all England, taken as a whole, seems to be "duty." This was Nelson's great battle-signal at Trafalgar: "England expects every man to do his duty." This was Wellington's mainstay at

Waterloo. This was Clive's and Havelock's cry in India. This was David Livingstone's inspiration in Africa. This was Wilberforce's and Wesley's plea for the slave. Her great motto is, "Fear God and honor the King," which with Englishmen only means "Fear God and stand by Law and Order." Accordingly, they have no lynchings and lawless mobs over there, but every man is under the law and protected by it. It is true they have no Negroes over there; we saw only three in all England, and these were in London omnibuses, and better clothed and better behaved than our average fellow passengers. Her courts, indeed, are free and pure, both in organization and administration—better than in America—and if justice be not so cheap, it is at least surer and quicker, for high and low, rich and poor, white and colored alike. Her law and equity cases are all heard by the same judges, in the same courts, without extra or double time and expense, as in some of our States, and we might well profit by her example in this respect. She writes the word "Ought" with a big "O," and believes in it, and tries to enforce it both at home and abroad. Of course, she sometimes fails. But this was her "keynote" in both South Africa and China, and her average "man in the street" means it just as much as Salisbury and Chamberlain. Men look that way and talk that way all over England, and while she has some knaves and fools, of course, yet the heart of England is allied to that "mysterious Power in the universe, which makes for righteousness," and she is not ashamed to tell you so. And while she "sticks" to this, we may be sure, England will last. A century ago when all Europe was united against her, and she seemed collapsing, William Pitt

answered: "I have no fears for the future of old England. With God and humanity back of her, she will stand until the Day of Judgment!" The great Napoleon did not think so. But Napoleon died an exile at St. Helena, while England was never so potent and prosperous as to-day.

But what about her king and aristocracy? Of course, I have no sympathy with either of them. They would not suit Americans at all. But they seem to have suited England pretty well, and to agree with her tolerably even now. Evidently Victoria saved the monarchy for many years. What her successors will do will depend upon themselves. The aristocracy are not all knaves and fools, by a long sight. They know how to rule and govern—have been bred to that business for generations—and know how to *give* as well as *take*. On many lines they are useful and serviceable to her, as well as ornamental, or England would never have tolerated them so long as she has. On paper and in the House of Lords there seem to be a good many of them. But when you come to count them, there are not many to go around among thirty-two millions of people. You may travel in England for days and weeks, and never see a lord or a duke to know it. Of course, you can find them, if you want to do so, but you will have to hunt for them—with a telescope almost. As a rule, they know how to behave themselves and to efface themselves, as they do more and more every year. There is nothing in their dress or style or conduct to differentiate them from their fellow-citizens any more, as there was in the days of Elizabeth and Raleigh, greatly to the regret of England's tailors and man-milliners. John Bull thinks them

pretty good, if not all right; even intelligent Englishmen talk that way. If they ever cross his path seriously, however, or menace his rights and liberties, now well won and established through long centuries of struggle, why, then, good-bye to kings and lords quickly. They are already a republic over there in everything but name and form, and it will not take long to down with the monarchy and up with the republic when once England starts, or believes she ought to start. Of course, they are only an anachronism in this twentieth century—only mediæval mummeries and the ghosts of things ("Divine Right" and all). But John Bull dearly loves *stare decisis*, to stand by the established, and he is not going to give up King and Crown, Church and State, just yet. But, nevertheless, speed the Republic of Great Britain and her Colonies! They give their king about $2,500,000 annually, besides a dozen royal residences; while we give our President only $50,000 and one poor old White House; and nobody ventures to suggest, that Edward VII is superior to Theodore Roosevelt in either ability or character.

In dress and general demeanor Englishmen are very much like Americans of the better sort, and quite different from average Europeans. They dress mostly in sober woolens, as becomes their climate, though some affect stripes and plaids. The Derby hat and sack-coat or cut-away prevail among all classes, except bank clerks and professional men, who stick to "stovepipes" and "Prince Alberts," or double-breasted frock-coats. The silk hat may be old and shiny, and the Prince Albert threadbare and buttonless; but they mark a higher class and their wearers disdain to wear anything else. A Bank

of England clerk in a "Derby" would be a spectacle, and a lawyer in a sack-coat, or cut-away even, would be ruled out of court. The average Englishman is not inclined to talk, unless you attack England or English institutions, and then he is quick to answer, and to fight too, if need be. We did not find them uncivil, but little inclined to be civil until they got acquainted, and then there was nothing too much to do for one. The Italian will walk a mile to serve you. The Frenchman will be all bows and smiles before your face, and mock at you behind your back. The German will be delighted to smoke and drink with you, and bear his share of the expense—a "Dutch treat." But the Englishman, when he gets to know you, will open his heart and home and purse to you, and pray God to bless and keep you, and mean it, too. Of course, he smokes a pipe and eats and drinks a good deal. But there is something in his climate that necessitates or tolerates this, and we did not see anything like the amount of drunkenness that we anticipated. There was wine on every table nearly, both lay and clerical, and beer everywhere, substantially; but neither was used to excess, as a rule. They said Temperance Societies were increasing, and temperance had much increased; there was less drinking than formerly. But there is room for reform and improvement here, and Christian England will not lag behind long in even this respect. A clergyman we met repeatedly, a high ecclesiastic of the Established Church, who drank his port at every meal, said he did it because he "liked it," and because he believed it "good for him in his advancing years." But his wife and sister did not touch it, nor did he attempt to influence others that way. It was "the cus-

tom of the country," he said; but a custom, let us hope, soon "more honored in the breach than in the observance!" The whole country abounds in old inns and taverns, but London particularly. Of the old taverns in London there are yet seven "Adam and Eves," five "Noah's Arks," and as many "Olive Branches," and one "Samson's Castle." Oldest of all is a "Simon the Tanner" in Long Lane, Bermondsey, the heart of the tanning industry in South London. Here her yeomanry gather, when their day's work is over, and talk politics and finance, and settle the affairs of the empire. England still holds on to old names and old things, and will continue to do so while the bulldog strain remains in her blood.

Your true Englishman is fond of horses and dogs and all domestic animals. There are no finer sheep and cattle anywhere, though the Hollanders claim to beat John Bull in this respect. They take better care of them in Holland, blanketing and housing them more, because they have to—they have such "beastly" weather there—but they have less intelligence, and a poorer soil, and the English flocks and herds are simply incomparable. As to horses and dogs, the English are away ahead of everybody, not excepting Americans. John Bull is "sporty" and "horsey," if nothing else. He likes fine horses and good dogs, and is eager to spend his money on them, and give his attention to them. His saddle and carriage horses are really superb, and his racehorses visions of speed and beauty. England's great races—the Derby, Ascot, Goodwood, etc.—are national events, with members of Parliament and royalty even in attendance, and in the season all England and Scotland become one vast

hunting-ground. Every county has its pack of foxhounds or buckhounds, or more, and every well-conducted Englishman his bulldog or terrier. Wherever you go in the country, you will meet a mechanic or workingman out walking, but with a dog of some breed scouting ahead or tagging at his heels. The dog seems to be a national institution, quite as much as his beer or his pipe, and no true Englishman would be bereft of either, as a rule. The English women have their "Pugs" and "St. Charles Spaniels" everywhere in evidence, especially in their parlors, carriages, and on the street, and all England may well be termed the very heaven of the horse and dog.

What about the Established Church? Well, it is a pretty good Church. It might be a great deal worse, but is not. No doubt it was a decadent Church in John Wesley's time and before. But that was a century and a half ago, and Christian England has made great strides in that time. The day of the foxhunting and cardplaying English parson is over, and the Church, as a whole, sets herself to a nobler life and worthier deeds. The curates and rectors, as a class, have high ideals, and do their utmost to carry them out. Their churches, as a rule, are open every day in the week, and at matins and vespers they are faithful in attendance, though their congregations may be small. On Sundays, however, they have large congregations, and the piety and devotion manifested are certainly beyond criticism. The music, as a rule, is excellent, and everybody sings, "with the spirit and the understanding also." During the weekdays the clergy interest themselves in all kinds of parish work, such as the sick, the poor, the schools,

the jails, sanitation, and they seem to be a body of hard-working and deserving men as a whole. Their stipends are not large, and as a class they are poor, though now and then rich rectors are found who take upon themselves the burden of a poor parish for sake of the honor and the service. As to the higher clergy—the bishops and archbishops, who sit in the House of Lords and help make laws for the kingdom—they are all rich or liberally salaried, but they are expected to spend their incomes, or more, in helping poor parishes, struggling schools, mission work, and the like, and their high places are by no means sinecures. As a whole, they are a body of good men, and England has had them so long, copes, stoles, chasubles, and all, that she would hardly know how to get on without them. Of course, they will all have to go overboard some day, "Established Church" and all; but England is not yet ready for such a "new departure."

The Nonconformist churches are large—Presbyterians, Baptists, Wesleyans or Methodists, Primitives, etc.—and they have few disabilities any more. They lack the large endowments of the Established Churches and their ancient edifices, and some Government aid—not much nowadays—but they are active, bold, and aggressive, and have more hold on the masses of the people than the Establishment, and are lifting England to a higher and more modern plane of Christian thought and action. Their influence is great and increasing, and steadily becomes more so, and it is they that will yet abolish all distinctions, both civilly and ecclesiastically, and make England a republic one of these days. But their radicalism "goes slow"—is what

a good many Americans would call conservatism—and it will likely be several years yet before we see a President installed at St. James and Windsor.

England—Its Monuments

England certainly knows how to take care of her great men, and to commemorate them. All through London and England you find statues and memorials of Wellington, Nelson, Chatham, Pitt, Peel, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gordon, Shakespeare, Milton, Gladstone, and others, and America may well take example by her gratitude and devotion to such men. Or have we no heroes, statesmen, or poets whose memories and services we wish to perpetuate? It is true we have Bunker Hill and the Washington Monument; but is not our land singularly bare of fitting memorials? Perhaps when our new "Hall of Fame" (New York) materializes more, we shall do better on this line. England has not yet erected a fitting monument to Oliver Cromwell; but she has some minor ones, and has just celebrated his three hundredth birthday, and will yet build him a monument worthy of her greatest son and ruler. There was a pretty monument building for him in London when we were there, I think by private subscription. But the time will come when the British nation will build a great mausoleum for him in Westminster Abbey, where he was buried originally, but from which he was afterwards ejected by her recreant rulers, and hanged and drawn and quartered, his body buried at Tyburn among thieves and murderers, and his rotting head exposed in ignominy and derision over Westminster Hall.* For shame!—

*His skull blew down in a winter storm years afterwards, and a sentry on duty sold it to a passerby for "tuppence" to buy a glass of beer.

for "Old Noll" was her greatest Englishman. But time, at last, sets all things even, and

"The mills of the God's grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding fine!"

The English have their faults, no doubt, but they also have great virtues, and the stock is good. Their bulldog courage is proverbial, and is the simple truth of history. "Men," said a British officer to his company in India, when they were in a tight place, "if we retreat, we shall all be killed; if we advance, we shall all be killed; if we halt, we shall all be killed. Forward, charge!" And they did charge, and were not all killed, either; but it shows the racial tendency. They simply believe in themselves, and in their "tight little island," and are ready to go all lengths for her. They fearlessly face France and Russia; but they want to keep on good terms with America, and frankly avow it. We found this sentiment everywhere in England, and Americans and American sympathy were never more welcome there. She did not want to fight Kruger and the Boers. Never did a nation go to war more reluctantly. But she found she had to do it, and "faced the music," as we did the war with Spain; and as she gave us her sympathies then, she hoped for ours somewhat against the Transvaal. Perhaps she would not get all she expected; but, all the same, she had bared her sword for Equality and Justice, as she understood them, and for British supremacy in South Africa; and, like Grant in the Wilderness, she would "fight it out on that line if it took all summer," and all winter, and all next summer; and she did—all honor to Roberts and Kitchener! Her chiefs of finance and trade literally

belt the globe with their enterprises. Her money and markets fix the currency and prices of the world. With one hand upon Canada and another upon India; with one foot upon Australia, and another upon Africa, she looked mankind calmly in the face (including China), and will have "peace with honor," if she can; but, otherwise, will fight for it, if need be. It was something to be a Roman citizen, but it is ten times as great to be a British citizen; for the whole British Empire panoplies and protects him with its whole might and power wherever he may go. Already she rules one-third of the total population of the earth, and controls one-half its surface, and more than one-half of its wealth and resources. The "weary Titan" now and then groans beneath his burden of worldwide empire—the "White Man's Burden"—but he does not shirk, and he sticks to his job. Of the same stock, with the same traditions and aspirations, with a common voice and a common language—soon to be the chief language of the human race—with a common Shakespeare and a common Bible, both of us great world-powers forever, why should we not now and always march side by side in the common interests of a common civilization, a common God, and a common heaven? War between us would be madness. And if ever despotic Europe should band together against her, for her destruction, the best thing we could do would be to order the American fleet to the British Channel; and may God defend the right! Of course, I think America a great deal better than England. But as compared with other European States, in every political, religious, and human aspect, England is a hundred-fold superior to them all.

England—Civilization

Chapter XXXII

E left London, Sunday, October 1st, and did not reach New York until Wednesday, October 11th. It was a dull and rainy Sunday morning, a true and typical English day; and because it was Sunday we came near missing our train to Southampton. We had to go that day in order to catch our steamer the *Friedrich der Grosse*. Our steamer train left London at 3.30 P. M., and we counted on cabs, of course, to take us to the station, forgetting London keeps the Sabbath and there would be few cabs about. As it was, we barely succeeded in capturing two, and getting to the station fairly in time. Here we found several other Americans, who had come over with us in May on the *Aller*, and were booked to return on the *Friedrich der Grosse* also. Of course, our reunion was delightful, and we had a thousand things to tell each other of our varied experiences, not only on this first day, but the voyage over. Our run down to Southampton was quickly made, through a picturesque and lovely district of country, with fine farms and charming country-houses, and by 7 P. M. we were on shipboard, and headed for home again. Just before reaching Southampton the sun came out, and a lovely rainbow spanned the landscape; a good omen, as it seemed, for our voyage. But once out in the Channel

we found a high wind and a choppy sea, and pretty much everybody turned in early.

It continued much the same for several days, the sea rough, the weather raw and cold, but no storms all the way over. Fortunately we had secured our steamer-chairs on the right side, away from the wind and scud, and so were able to sit on deck, well wrapped up, every day nearly. Porpoises were daily in evidence, as on our voyage over; but we saw only two whales, and these at a distance. We saw only two or three vessels from the time we left Southampton until our arrival at Sandy Hook. We made usually about three hundred and fifty or four hundred miles a day; but the voyage was monotonous, and we were glad when it ended. We had nearly one thousand passengers on board, both cabin and steerage, and it was not cheering to reflect upon what might happen in case of accident from fire or otherwise. One day I walked and climbed all over our steamer, and counted her boats and rafts, and computed their life-saving capacity, and the result was anything but comforting and reassuring to a half seasick landsman.

When we got well out into midocean, the sea never seemed so grand and sublime. It was not merely beautiful; it was all that, but something more. It was huge, and vast, and round like Achilles's shield, and terrible, and awful. It did not seem to be a dead mass of water, but something fearfully alive, and at times ferocious and ravenous, as if we were trespassers upon its domain, and it would like to seize and devour us. It came at us some days with its great mouth wide open, and its huge fangs white with foam and wrath, roaring and thunder-

ing about our good ship, as if it were a tiny victim; and one can never realize how helpless he is except on such an occasion. Upon land you are always more or less safe, so to speak, even in an earthquake or a railroad collision. But what chance is there on the vast and cruel sea, with no ship in sight, and none crossing your path perhaps for days or a week together? The ocean never seems so cold and pitiless as then, and day after day, when we did not see the sun, this creepy feeling grew upon us. We seemed but a speck in the midst of the illimitable and fathomless deep—a mere atom on the wild waste of waters — with only a pulsing engine between us and eternity, plunging blindly along over an unknown sea, and liable at any moment to end in a puff or a plunge. I never felt so but once before, when lost on the prairies of the great West, many years ago, with not a house or tree in sight, and no passing travelers. But, even then, there was the road, and the old familiar wagon-tracks that came from somewhere and went somewhere; whereas on the sea, of course, there are no tracks, and you come from nowhere and go nowhere apparently. On bright days, however, when the sun comes out warm, you forget all this, and think only of the intelligence

A Big Wave, A Snapshot.

and skill of the mariner, and of the might and strength of your magnificent steamer, and of Somebody's superintending providence, and walk and talk or read and sleep as serenely as a seagull on the evening waves. New Foundland

When we reached the banks of New Foundland, with their constant fogs and possible icebergs, and our great foghorn began to blow day and night, and kept it up, it was still more discomforting and disheartening. Nothing could well be more dismal and depressing. Fortunately we encountered no icebergs, but our officers were constantly on the lookout for them, with a keen appreciation of their danger, and when the fogs thickened up or shut down and concealed everything, our devoted captain never undressed or went to bed. Night after night, and day after day, he spent mainly on "the bridge," scanning the sea far and near with his glasses, and only left it for needed rest when the fog lifted or the sun came out again. One night, when asked to join in a social game of cards, I heard him reply: "What? The captain of the *Friedrich der Grosse* play cards? And suppose something should happen to our good ship while I was doing so; what, then, would folks say in New York and Bremen?" This, at least, was reassuring, and showed of what sterling stuff our good captain was made.

Sunday, October 8th, we were one thousand eight hundred and forty-two miles across, or nearly two-thirds way over. We had got out of the fog, and were approaching the coast of Maine. It was a cold, raw day, with dashes of rain, pretty stiff winds, and a pitching sea. At breakfast it was proposed to have divine service

in the cabin at 11 A. M., but we could find no clergyman on board. Finally it was agreed I must undertake it, with the promise of help from others, male and female, from New York and Brooklyn. The captain was seen, and offered no objection. The ship's orchestra, all Germans, engaged to play three or four hymn tunes they fortunately knew—"Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Rock of Ages," and "Old Hundred," the same in German as in English. Two young collegians (fine young fellows) circulated a notice of the intended service among the passengers, and the next thing was to prepare the service itself. To our consternation, not a hymn-book of any kind was to be found on the vessel, and only a solitary little Book of Common Prayer and Hymnal in English, that a lady had purchased in London as a souvenir. However, we found in this a few well-known American hymns, somewhat altered, and hastily adapting the good old English service to the occasion, we mustered our company at the hour designated, and had really an edifying and delightful service quite to ourselves. A large majority of the passengers gladly attended. The smoking-room habitues, even, stopped playing cards and put in an appearance; and when we got through it was proposed to hold a "Song Service" also at 9 P. M., after dinner was well over, and this also we carried through, though without hymn or song books, except as aforesaid. It was gratifying to find how many Christian people there were on board, and how much they knew of each other's hymns and songs, and everybody seemed grateful for the services. There was a Presbyterian Sunday-school superintendent from Cincinnati, a Methodist lawyer from Chicago, a Baptist

business man from St. Louis, an Episcopal physician from New York, a Methodist college professor from Maryland, a Hebrew merchant from New Orleans, some charming ladies of all denominations from Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and other cities, and altogether it was a very catholic and ecumenical occasion. Going over, we had no Sabbath services at all, though we had three clergymen on board. But, coming back, we laymen and laywomen thus "took the bit into our own teeth," and made the best of our necessities. And we were not left to ourselves altogether, by a long sight, either!

The next day was warm and delightful; American breezes were reaching us; and everybody was on deck and in good spirits. Soon a sail appeared in the distance astern, and not long afterwards another forward. This last we steadily overhauled, and by noon passed her. She proved to be the *Brighton*, a tramp steamer from England; but we easily outsailed her. By 5 P. M. it was raining again heavily, but just at sunset a little land-bird flew aboard, and we knew we were nearing home.

Next day, October 10th, was raw and cold, but we gave the captain and crew a vote of thanks at dinner, with some little speeches; and afterwards they gave us the customary "ball" on deck, with the German and American flags lovingly intertwined. The night shut down dark and foggy again, with our foghorn blowing incessantly, and the next morning we found ourselves at anchor off Sandy Hook, having sailed two thousand eight hundred and forty-nine miles in all. It was now warm, but a dense fog prevailed. Now and then

the fog lifted, and we found ourselves literally the center of a vast fleet of incoming and outgoing vessels—ocean liners, coasters, sailing vessels—and many were so close it was dangerous even to move. The fog lifted and shut down alternately for hours, and it was not until late in the day that we weighed anchor and ventured up the bay. We did not reach our wharf at Hoboken until 4 P. M.; but we found friends there faithfully awaiting us, and, after duly passing the custom officers, by 9 P. M. reached Trenton again, safe and sound.

Welcome Home.

Going over again? Yes, some day, if possible. But I am only sorry we did not go thirty years before. Then our observations and experiences would have stood us in good stead. But now I can not hope for many years more.

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